

VOGUE



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mini-shorts... bare legs for town

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marriage is not a trap

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what Lily Tomlin knows

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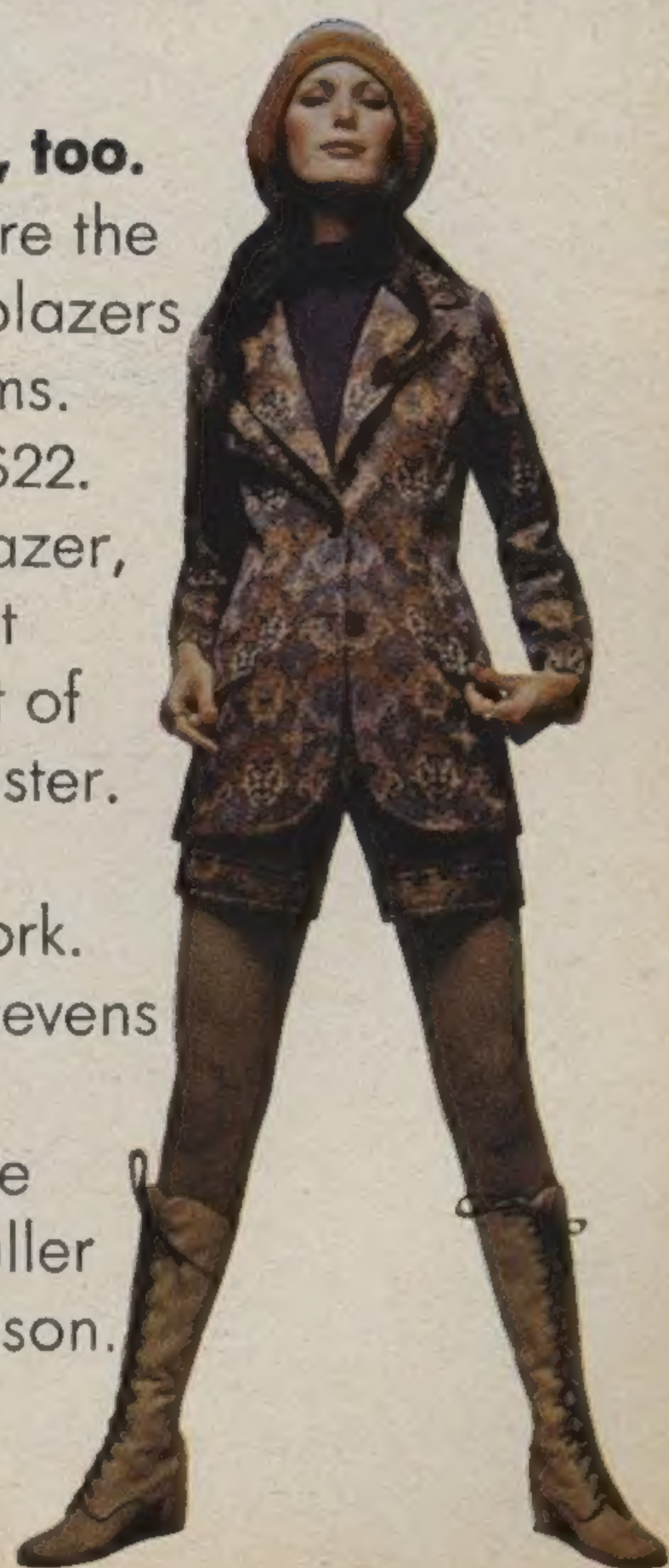
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PENN

COVER: The all-American, great-looking you . . . in a turquoise body-shirt by Ken Scott, matching scarf wrapping your head, and the summer-freshest face in town . . . eyes bright with Love-lid's blue shadow, cheeks warmed by Pink Bronze Gel, lips glossed with Tender Pink Lip Tint—all by Love, from Menley & James. Gold chains: by Bulgari of Rome, in New York at Danaos at the Hotel Pierre. Cotton damask shirt, about \$50, and scarf, at Lord & Taylor; H & S Pogue; Neiman-Marcus. Coiffure by Alexander of Kenneth.

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The PERSONAL TOUCH
of the world's
most unique hair brush

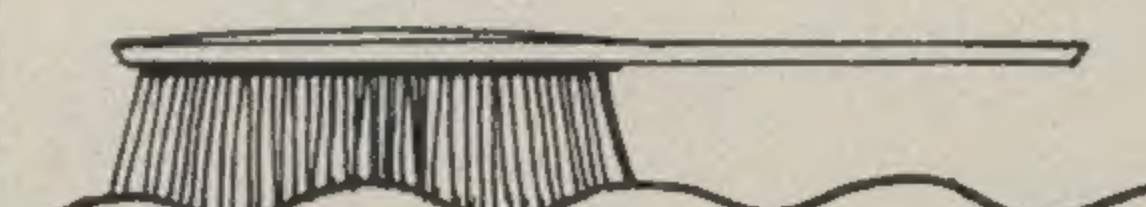
Touch the uncommon *MP* to your top-ography . . . and you'll discover the "beautiful hair" secret of leading models and hair stylists.

Floating bristles—bobbing up and down in a patented *pneumatic rubber cushion*—adjust automatically to every curvy contour and beautiful bump of your personal head shape. Designed by Britain's brushmasters—without-peer to roll with your waves gently, yet firmly . . . with total brushing action that doesn't miss a stroke.

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THE MASON PEARSON LINE follows your top-ography to a "t" . . . dips into the valleys, climbs every mountain—for total brushing without irritation!

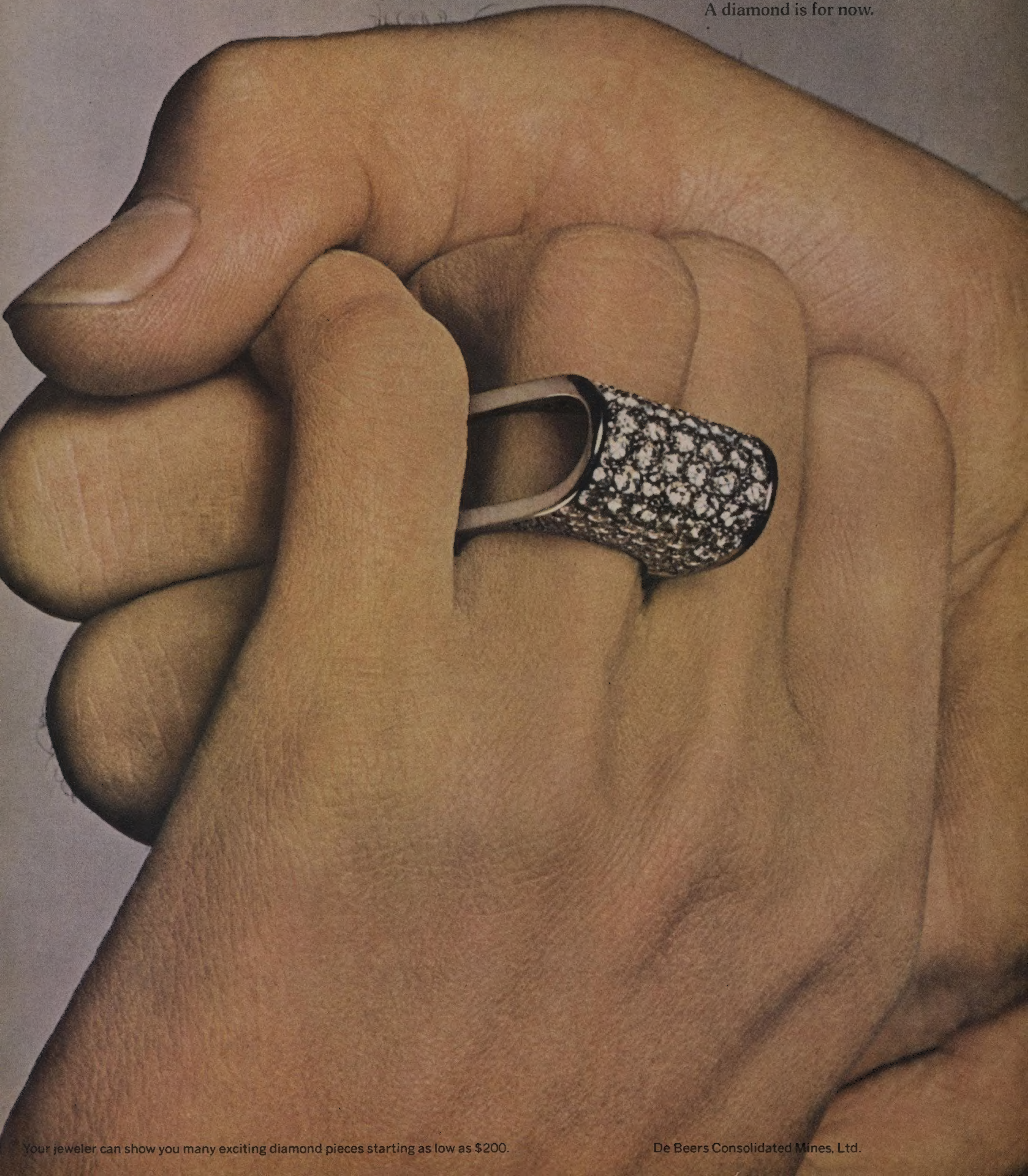
In a variety of styles for women and men: natural boar, boar and nylon, or nylon bristle, with ruby handles. At better cosmetics counters, \$5 to \$30. Or write for store nearest you to Harry D. Koenig & Co., East Rockaway, N.Y. 11518.

The MP

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Not just the usual ring around the finger.
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An Arc of Triumph, ablaze in diamonds.
That would easily charm any thumbs-down-Napoleon.

A diamond is for now.





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4 small, 19 large

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12 jumbo, 6 large



No one hairsetter can set all styles
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FREE \$5.76 worth of extra rollers in your choice of sizes.

Different styles need different combinations of rollers. And now Lady Schick is offering you a way to personalize your hairsetter. With free extra rollers in the sizes you need for the styles you want. Get \$5.76 worth of extra rollers free when you buy a Lady Schick Haircurler. Choose any three packages of small, large, or jumbo rollers. Whichever combination works best for you. And keep the extras for when you change styles. But the best thing is the Lady Schick Haircurlers themselves. They're heated with Beautifying Mist—so you won't dry out your hair. And the moisture actually makes the curl last longer.



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and warm intonations of color.
Superb tailoring shapes both coat and dress perfectly.
In Redberry or Autumn Grey. 14½—26½ and 38—46. \$185.
Price slightly higher in the West.

Specializing
LANE BRYANT
coast to coast



'I've always envisioned a lipstick more luscious and lustrous than any other on earth. Ordinary 'stick' lipstick couldn't convey the look I wanted. That's why I had to create something entirely *new*.'

Charles Revson

Introducing luscious new 'Lipstick-in-a-Pot'

This much luster-and-gleam—plus rich, concentrated color—could never be combined in a conventional 'stick' lipstick. (It simply had to be *poured* into pots!)

This is 'deep-dish' lipstick—the first of its kind. It's *real* lipstick (not just a gloss)—in real lipstick colors. With more shine than you'd get from even the *glossiest* gloss. And amazingly enough, it really wears for *hours*. So if you want the most luscious look imaginable, this is it. (It couldn't even be *imagined* yesterday.)


There are 15 luscious 'Lipstick-In-A-Pot' colors:

The Cremes: Pink Pongee • Pink Vermeil • Apricotta
Pink Cerise • Costa Rosa • Charcoal Red • Status Red
Real Real Red. **The Frosts:** Pearlskin Peach • Bermuda
Bronze • Caribe Coral • Hot Cocoa • Navy Blue Red.
The Transparents: Pink Blush • Beige Blush.



'Ultima' II
by Charles Revson

Going Up! Did you know you can get over 100 gorgeous Glare-Killers ... and the count's still rising? Rounds, hexagons, squares, free-forms. Lenses in magenta, blue, gold, gray. The great new metals are here. And more coming! Like them? Have fun. But remember: first and foremost, we're the *Glare-Killers*. We, and only we, have the famous Polaroid lens with the optical barrier that kills reflected glare ... and lets you see as well as you look. The Glare-Killers. They're darned good shades. They're also high, high fashion.

Suggested retail: Fast Back (she's wearing them), \$8. On her hat, bottom to top, Sun Flirt, \$5. Sun Glow, \$5. Sun Touch,  \$5. Jet Ace, \$7.

**Cool-Ray Polaroid
Sunglasses**





YOU'VE COME TO A PAGE WORTH TEARING OUT. RONA.

THIS DRESS AND STOLE ENSEMBLE IS OF 100% POLYESTER DOUBLEKNIT, DESIGNED BY MARIO FORTE. AVAILABLE IN BLACK/COGNAC, NAVY/TAUPE. IN SIZES 8 TO 18. ABOUT \$75. • FOR THE STORE NEAREST YOU, WRITE RONA, INC., 438 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10018.

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New 'Moon Drops' Hypo-Allergenic Skincare by Revlon.

Cleansing Lotion.

A very creamy, but not greasy deep-cleanser.

Toning Lotion.

A most gentle, but extremely thorough freshening toner.

Under-Makeup Moisture Film.

A very light lotion that retains moisture all day.

Overnight Moisture Cream.

The richest of all light-textured nightcreams.

Hand and Body Balm.

A luxurious, extra-creamy all-over body lotion.

If you're one of the many women whose skin is sensitive to *ordinary* products, you've probably tried hypo-allergenic products at one time or another. Chances are they may not have done the job you hoped for.

That's why, after years of research, we've perfected a never-before kind of hypo-allergenic skincare, with a combination of *natural* ingredients other hypo-allergenic products have yet to discover. We've screened out every *synthetic* irritant. So there's nothing to upset the temper of even the touchiest skin.

And because your skin deserves the best of everything (—including a young, *dew-drenched* look) we've added something no other hypo-allergenic products contain. We call it 'active moisture'. It's what nature uses to keep an apple moist, or an orange plump and juicy. And it can keep your skin luscious as a peach.

Everything about this unique series is 'just what the doctor ordered' for your particular kind of skin. Even the *prices* are pure pleasure. They start at 2.25—and you can't pay more than 6.00 for even the *largest* sizes! Isn't *that* good news?

P.S. It goes without saying that everything is 100% dermatologist-tested. And totally fragrance-free.

The 'Moon Drops'



woman lives



There's no such thing as a dumb blond.

But some blonds are smarter than others. You can tell the difference right away. Just by looking at them. One blond does her hair at home. Alone. And she looks it. The other blond has it done by a professional. And she looks it.

It's the professionals that make the difference. And they make it with Helene Curtis

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Helene Curtis colors are so sophisticated that only a professional can give you all the benefits of its many advantages.

The range of shades, highlights and tones are so subtle that we wouldn't dare try to sell it to you off a shelf someplace.

We wouldn't dare have you deprive yourself of all its benefits.

Since no state will permit any hairdresser to color your hair without long hours of training, what makes you think you can do it, after reading only 2 minutes of instructions?

Be smart.

See you at your salon.

The Professional Hair Colorings by Helene Curtis



Talbot

Dacron® Bouclé.

Elegant simplicity is the word for Talbott's own Travler® collection. A full fashioned ensemble knit in machine washable and dryable

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TALBOTT KNITTING MILLS, A DIVISION OF U.S. INDUSTRIES, INC., 1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 10018.

COTY ORIGINATES THE OFF B'WAY LOOK

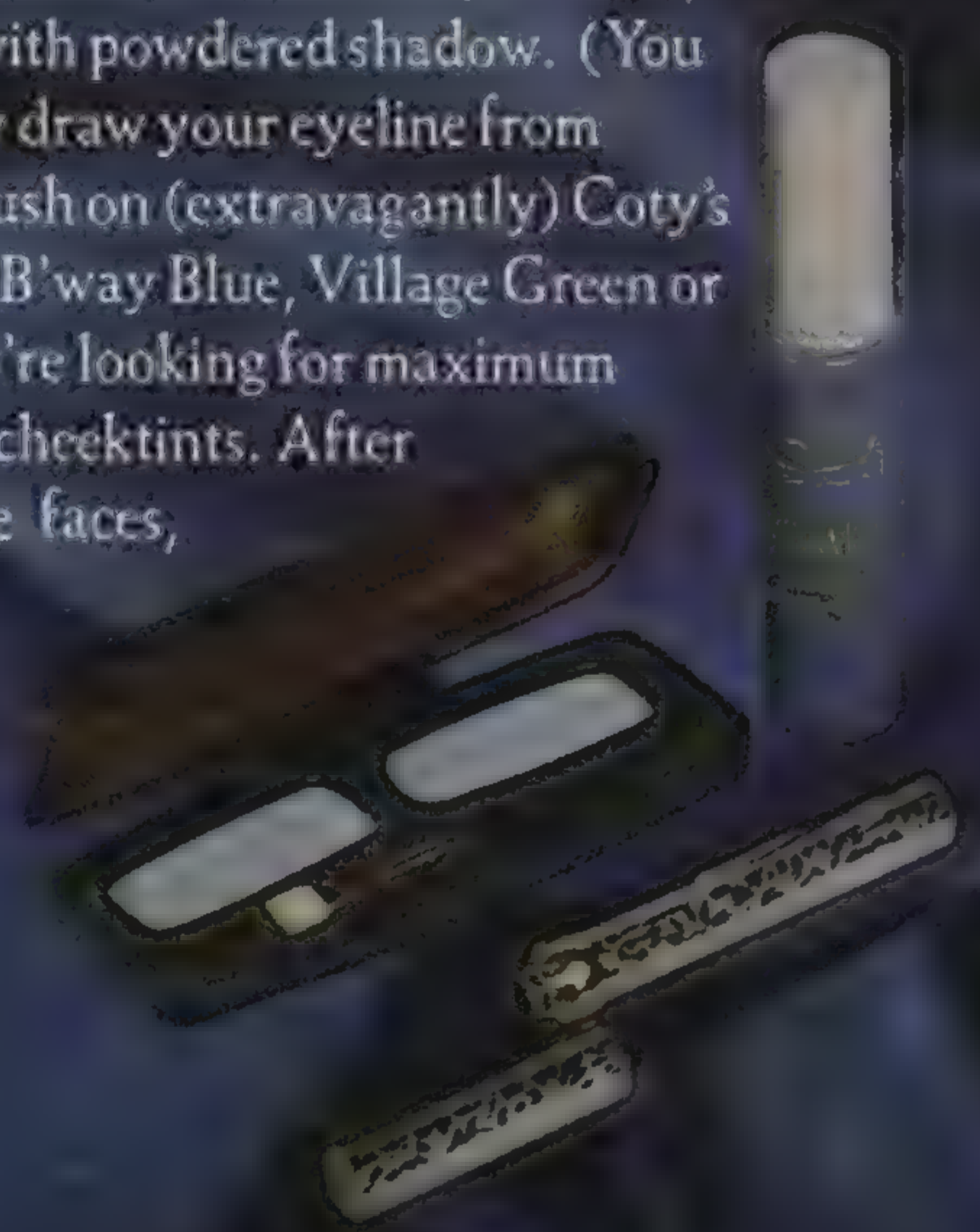
How to make an off b'way face:

The idea is to use makeup freely, deliberately and a little madly. Using one or two or all five of Coty's new cheektint gélées. (They come in clear lucite Blush Pots, but they're a lot more than just blushers). Gloss on your color just below the cheekbone and all the way up around the temple. Or, if you want to be completely cataclysmic, drench your cheekbones in Blushing Pink or Red or Burgundy and bring Blue or Green down to the jawbone in one explosive sweep. One thing. Don't be afraid to invent. To improvise. To play. Remembering always that the face is the thing. On stage or off.



How to make off b'way eyes:

You do them in one color. The shadow. The liner. The mascara. And you do them so they stop everything. First, surround the eyes with cream shadow. Start under the brow, then swoop over the lid and around and under the eye. Next, intensify the color on your lids with powdered shadow. (You get them both in one case.) Now draw your eyeline from corner to corner. And finally, brush on (extravagantly) Coty's colored mascara. Do it all in Off B'way Blue, Village Green or Plum-in-the-Round. And if you're looking for maximum smash, match your eyes to your cheektints. After all the years of pale eyes and pale faces, won't it be something to make one big breath-stopping, thunderous entrance?





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ORIGINALS

***Your
little travel robe—
bright and summery***



Whether you're off for a weekend in the country, a week by the sea, or two months on the Aegean, you'll need a good traveling robe—something that rolls up in a corner of your suitcase and looks pretty first thing in the morning, last thing at night, or whenever else a robe would come in handy. Here, it's short, bright peony pink with a zip up the front, long sleeves, and string-tied waist. By Olga, of Du Pont nylon tricot (Webco Mills); \$15. Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Swanson's; J. W. Robinson. Maurice Tidy of Vidal Sassoon coiffure. Brass canopy bed: David Barrett.

PENATI

Max Factor creates
the slow-whipped make-up that blesses
your skin with moisture all day long.

UltraLucent Whipped Creme Make-Up

Suddenly, a make-up your complexion can thrive on.
UltraLucent Whipped Creme Make-Up. Slow-whipped
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light to the touch, so quick to pamper your complexion,
you'll forget you're wearing any make-up at all.

And for complexions that need more coverage,
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in the UltraLucent Era of
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is to step freely through
bath-time and
sun-time and
star-time.

Blue Grass
is to splash, to
spray, to touch,
to dab,
to soothe.



Blue Grass
is to wear the wisdom of
jasmine, the innocence of
lavender, the coolness
of moss.

Blue Grass
is 21 fragrant
variations on
one timeless theme.

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calls for the richness of
Estée Lauder's Tender Lip Tints
in rare new shades of Summer Wine.

Estée Lauder gives your lips new depths of color, new
dimensions in intensity to enrich the richest mood fashion has
ever been in. New Summer Wine shades of Tender Lip Tints
are: Claret Pink, Rum Swizzle, Mulberry Punch and Sherry Fizz.

Estée Lauder



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Basic Silk 'n Hold® gives more silkiness and softer-holding body to all types of hair. Instantly you have the perfect balance of body and silkiness, firmness and smoothness that you always wanted to get from one product. Your hair has added body, a silky new feeling and shine.

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Breck Satin® gives dry, brittle, or color-coarse hair the deep conditioning it needs. Because it brings back the smoothness and shine it's lost. Not a grease-heavy conditioner, Breck Satin gives your hair new smoothness, new sleekness, new shine. Makes your hair more manageable. Yet leaves your hair feeling clean and natural.



Beautiful Hair
BRECK®

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MOISTURE/35



IRMA SHORELL

"No — you can't change the age — but you can change the appearance. We have succeeded in creating the world's first and

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MOISTURE/35 effectively combats the three threats to a youthful appearance . . . one, of course, is dryness; the second, air pollution and the third, cosmetic pollution.

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Beauty Checkout

Helen & Bob & Nanette & Tony

These names, not exactly a regrouping of people who romp through movies. Nanette, far from being a No-No, is one of the hottest tickets on Broadway, one reason being the razzle-dazzle of Helen Gallagher, *below*, who



sings, dances, wins Tony Awards and wears hair that is Bobbed—as they used to say—in quite a marvelous way. Dark brown, healthy, glossy, her hair swings and bounces through lively scenes, seems always to return, by itself, to polished smoothness. After putting some questions to Helen about her Bob, we learned. . . . Her hair is cut every three weeks by Bruce Steier who was trained by Vidal Sassoon. She likes to wash it herself (sometimes at 6:30 P.M. at the theater), dry it with a towel, has learned to cup it with her hands to shape it and have it ready for the 7:30 show. Sometimes Bruce comes to the theater to shampoo and brush it dry; in a real rush, they use a hand dryer. Whoever washes it, the shampoo is the same: Amino Pon, followed by Climatress conditioner, both by Redken. "The combination," she says, "gives terrific luster and brilliance." What she loves about this routine: "My hair turns out not dead-straight—as it used to be when I wore Buster Brown bangs." (She was asked to get rid of the bangs for this show.) "Now it has a curve, and falls into shape. People are forever asking if I'm wearing a wig. I say No, No. . . ."

Delicious . . . and Zen some

Plenty of action upstairs at Serendipity 3 these days—that's where this New York fun-fashion-and-food place has opened its new macrobiotic

health-food restaurant, the Zen Hashery. Walking in is like coming on a garden: all bright and sunny with fresh flowers and big pots of greenery against sunshine walls—natural setting for the natural foods served up on shiny brown earthenware with wooden spoons and chopsticks. For your aperitif: a frothy blend of celery, carrot and apple juices. Which might be followed by a delectable yoghurt gazpacho that's pale pink, tangy and cool as its cucumbers. In the way of main dishes, there's a pizza such as you've never dreamed of—wafer-thin whole-wheat crust with crisp onions, mushrooms, peppers, alfalfa sprouts and tomatoes topped by melted mozzarella. Also: Zen hash (mostly zucchini and carrots) with brown rice, a snappy fruit-and-vegetable curry, and a sensational open-faced ricotta sandwich on thick homemade whole-wheat bread, spread with lemon-curd dressing and sprinkled with alfalfa sprouts and cucumber slices. Sinfully rich desserts include lemon curd on its own, yoghurt with honey, ricotta paste. The Zen Hashery people will gladly make up anything on the menu to take out, and off-menu treats as well—like a coarse-grained whole-wheat loaf crammed with chunks of dates, walnuts and orange peel. Or, if you'd rather do it all yourself, there's a Z.H. recipe book on the way.

You've come a long way, baby oil

Like the boy next door, some things might have been right under our noses for years and not appreciated for their true, sterling worth. Such a thing could be dear old familiar baby oil—we always knew it was good for slicking up babies, and had some side benefits as well (good for rubbing into nails, for instance, or polishing off flakiness from suntanned legs) but now we hear, from some of our well-oiled and well-beautified model-friends, that this excellent stuff by Johnson & Johnson has a lot of other possibilities. . . . Athletic types rub it into insteps and knees before getting on their surfboards; say it helps prevent those rough patches known as "surfer knobs." Many models stroke it on their cheekbones to make highlights for the camera to catch. And, in various ways, some use it as a mixer: Mixed with lemon juice for the bath, to soften and whiten skin. Mixed with salt, for a grainy face massage. Mixed with water, for soaking feet in. Mixed with half as much cucumber juice, for a dry skin treatment or a brisk after-bath rubdown. . . . (More Beauty Checkout pg. 33.)



Love's new high-gloss, super-smooth, tinted mouth.

The best way to give it to you is in a tube.

Love's Glossy Lip Tint™ is the super-smooth, high-gloss lip tint. Its colors are rich, and shimmering and translucent. And Love's Glossy Lip Tint tube is easy to use. So the high-gloss, super-smooth, tinted mouth is easy to get.



Honey.
Tender Pink.
Crystal Frost.
Pink Amber.
Ginger.
Pink Mauve.
Wine.
Soft Red.

**Love Cosmetics
by Menley & James.**

THIS IS LOVE IN 1971

Introducing Illumination Souffle Liquid Foundation. Lovely light. Liquid light. Light right from a bottle.

There's a special light that women always look their best in. It's part candlelight, part moonlight, part just plain love light.



Photograph by Marie Cosindas. © 1971 Helena Rubinstein, Inc., Fashions by V. & J. Designs, Inc.

Now, Helena Rubinstein has captured all these lights and put them in one beautiful new bottle and called it Illumination Souffle Liquid Foundation. It's a sheer, new, gently whipped moisturizing makeup that covers lightly, makes your skin seem smooth, silken and practically poreless. Looks like an inner glow that stays with you everywhere, day or night. In any light. New Illumination Souffle Liquid Foundation. Five dollars.



**Illumination Souffle Makeup
Helena Rubinstein**





Summer in sight

Look around! It's Jean Shrimpton in B&L Sun Glasses. Head-turning shades. For summer fun and sun — and a nifty now look. B&L's Sun Tints. In cool contemporary colors lightly framed with golden wire. Ray-Ban® Sun Glasses, chic classics with a purpose — to ban harsh glare, keep eyes bright. Great fashion all — and all are optically correct. Bausch & Lomb really cares about your eyes, your look. From \$10.

Left, The Shrimp breezes into summer in great fashion from Oscar de la Renta Swimwear. Her B&L shades: Sun Tints "Belhurst" and "Square I-Shape," Ray-Ban "Black Metal."

Bausch & Lomb
OPTIMUM OPTICS

If coloring gives you a case of the frizzies, Protein 21 Shampoo can help you beat them.



Sure, changing colors can improve on nature. Trouble is, it can fight nature, too.

You don't need a professor to tell you that changing your color can just plain make hair dead-looking. But with a little education you can do something about making your hair look nice and healthy again.

You see, hair is almost all protein. The more protein it loses, the shabbier-looking it can get.

All sorts of things—like sun and hair dryers—can take away protein. But colorings and bleaches can *really* rob your hair of protein.

So you can end up with dull, dry, brittle hair. And split ends. In other words, coloring can give you a bad case of frizzies.

But if you use Protein 21 Shampoo regularly, we can help you. Because Protein 21 is loaded with protein to help make your hair look alive again.

Out goes dirt. In goes protein.

Protein 21 has an incredibly rich, thick, foamy lather. Which gets your hair really squeaky clean. But the real trick is, while you're lathering dirt and

oils out of your hair, you're actually lathering in the good stuff—protein.

Incredible body, control, softness and sheen.

You'll find that you've actually lathered in extra *body*. So when your hair dries it feels thicker and has an exceptional tendency to behave. You'll find it less fly-away, yet softer feeling, even at the ends.

And what you'll really like is, you'll see it really shine. Shine like good healthy hair is supposed to shine, instead of looking all dried out.

The disappearing splits.

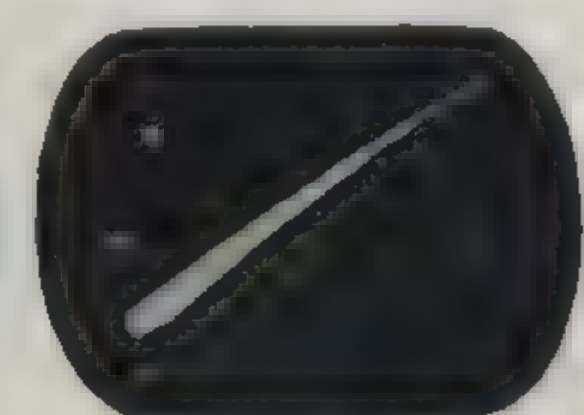
The most amazing thing about our formula is that if you use it regularly, it can actually help make split ends disappear. Actually help you beat those split end frizzies. You'll probably find that after several months of regular use even more splits will have disappeared than did in the first couple of weeks.

In short, Protein 21 *puts back* that healthy, lively, shiny look that coloring can take out. And it helps make split ends disappear.

That's what our shampoo does. What does your shampoo do?



Human hair with split end, magnified 50 times.



Same hair. After putting on Protein 21 and water, the split disappears.



Protein 21 Shampoo really helps you beat the frizzies.

Beauty Checkout

Norell by Norell

Whatever a perfume needs to be successful is possessed in lavish quantity by Norell—the perfume launched two-and-a-half years ago by Norman Norell, crack American clothes designer. Norell's Norell was an immediate hit, and its continuing best-sellerdom has made it a phenomenom in the perfume world—especially since, as an American perfume, it was presumed to have at least one strike against it. Apparently, women of all ages decided to call the plays themselves: They bought it, and they went on buying it; they can't seem to get enough of it. . . . How did it all happen? How did this keen American fashion Eye become an equally discriminating and successful Nose? To find out, we went to see Norell himself—a charming man, famous for his gentle courtliness. “I sniffed,” said Mr. Norell. He sniffed several hundred fragrances brought to him over many months by the perfumers who were trying to work out his ideas. “Finally, I began to learn something about perfume. The chemists tested me, bringing back things I'd smelled before and hated. I still hated them. I wanted something fresh and pleasant, but with a hell of a bang to it—something that would reflect the woman of today. . . . I think you have to start on the premise of what *you* like, and just hope enough other people will like it—that's what I do with clothes, anyway. One thing I do know: you can't sell anything with just a name—you've got to have a good product behind it. It's got to be made properly.” . . . One day he sniffed a fragrance that was made properly—and “that was it. I liked it so much there was never any doubt in my mind. I didn't have that agonizing feeling I do before a collection opens. It just went.” And it's been going ever since, a classic before its third birthday. One reason, perhaps, for its instant and insistent popularity is that it fulfills this Norell requirement: “I don't see the point to a perfume that leaves a woman unscented after a few hours; from the beginning, mine was going to last and last or it wasn't going to be mine.” . . . Norell, himself, also designed the handsome bevelled flacon with its chunky stopper (“I hate long skinny things that tip over and break”); the black-and-white packaging (“it took a long time to get that simple package”); even the color of the perfume (“amber—not too deep, but with some guts to it”). Like his clothes—worldly, timeless, superb—Norell reflects Norell.

The tattoo rose

. . . and set. But the tattoo's on the rise again. Not so much Mother and mermaids and sailing ships, but a celebration of hearts and flowers. The young things are flocking to San Francisco's Lyle Tuttle for tattoos, and these—legitimate, applied somewhat painfully with needles—are permanent. A pretty New Yorker named Annabel returned from a recent California sojourn with a tiny red heart à la Janis Joplin tattooed on one earlobe, Tuttle's first earlobe, in fact. On the other hand, one New York dermatologist—who complies with occasional requests for a beauty-mark tattoo—spends much more time erasing change-of-heart tattoos with dermabrasion. To avoid that trauma and still enjoy the fun of body decorations this summer in a bikini or bare party dress, there's the food-coloring tattoo: just as pretty, absolutely painless, and definitely temporary. A bright butterfly on a tanned shoulder, a cluster of stars in the curve of the waist, a heart over the left breast . . . sexy. Takes minutes to do, and as few to remove; a scrub of soap-and-water does the trick. And it's do-it-yourself, depending on location. Fold a piece of two-inch adhesive tape, sticky-side in. Draw half a heart, or whatever, flush against the fold, so that cut-out and opened, the design is complete and even. Press the tape firmly on the skin, then fill in the outline with a cotton swab dipped in food coloring, adding details with a felt-tipped pen if you like. (One word of caution here: never use food coloring around the eyes.)

Moustaches Are Meant For Men



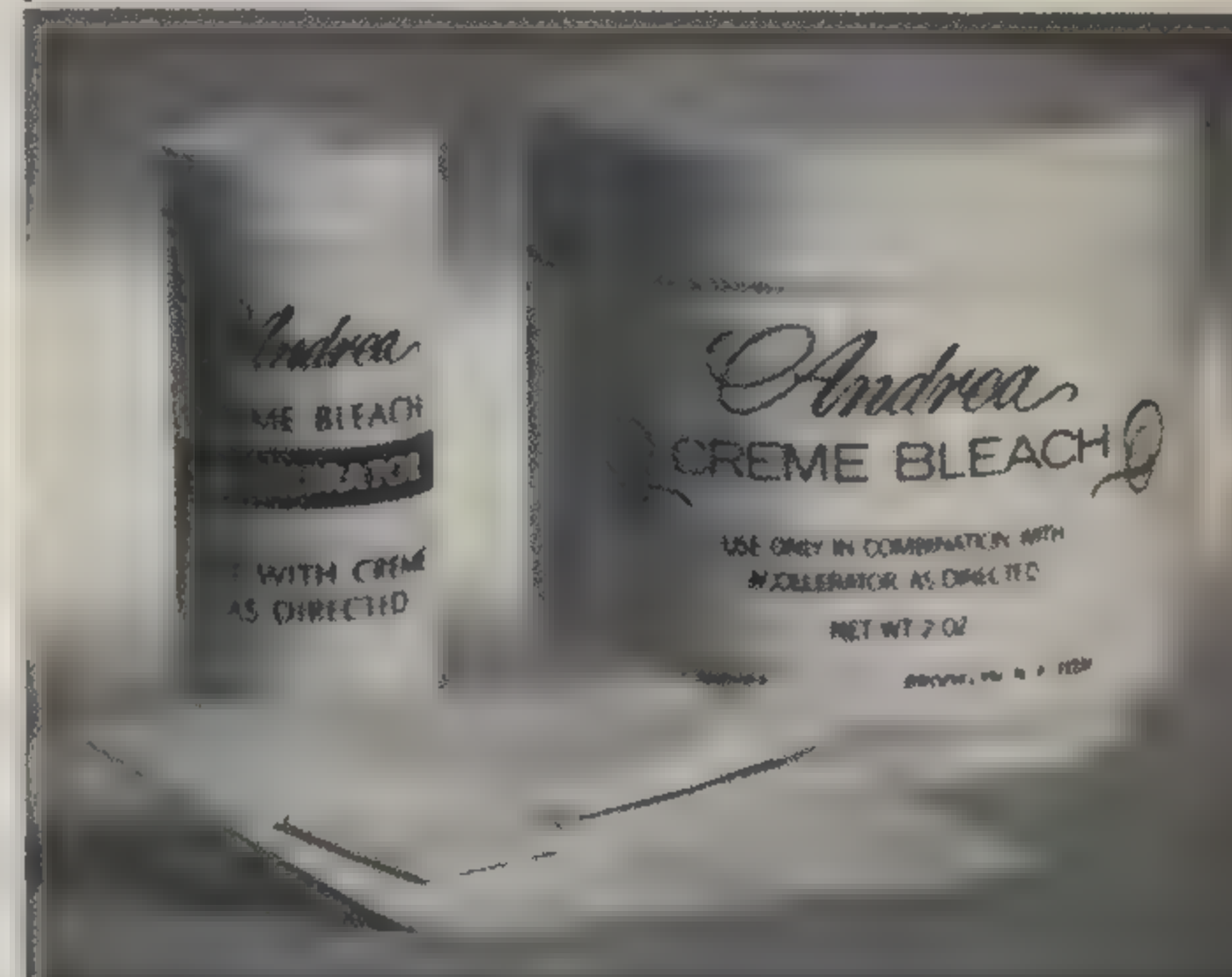
New Super-Lightener Creme Bleach Liberates Women From Unsightly Hair

Hair in the right place is equally beautiful on both sexes. Elsewhere—on face, arms, legs—it's still *Vive la difference!*

Female hair problems fade out of view . . . when you lighten those unwanted hairs with this latest product of Andrea's advanced beauty thinking. Quick, like lightning, superfluous hairs blend into natural skin tones. Simple...effective...medically tested and approved for even the most sensitive skin.

2 oz. \$3.00 4 oz. \$5.00

At better cosmetics counters



ANDREA

First Helene Curtis made hair beautiful.



Vagabond, \$45.

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA.

Now they make beautiful hair.

Voyager, \$40.

Helene Curtis
Wigs.

They masquerade as real hair.

Available at the finest
department stores in the country.

Chantilly
can shake your
world.



HOUBIGANT



Quelques Fleurs
The beginning of a
beautiful past.

PURE SPRAY \$5.00 EACH

Ready Beauty

Shower

power

Deep in every showerer, no matter how wedded to her habit, lurks the reluctant conviction that a bubble-banked tub-bath is where the luxe really lies. Well, hold on to your shower caps, because Jovan—pamperers of the tub-bath crowd with their oil-of-mink-rich bath pearls—have come up with a stand-up bubble bath. It's new Mink & Pearls Bubble Shower and it's pure sybaritic satisfaction, an ingeniously clever blend of bubblyzers, emollient-mad mink oil and delicious Mink & Pearls fragrance. Just step into the shower, pour a bit of the pearly lotion into the slotted coral-red sponge that comes along, too, and wrap yourself into a sudsy, frothy, foamy head-to-toe blanket of bubbles. A body steps out cleansed, smoothed, lightly scented and slightly giddy with the bliss of it all....

Nails...

and other

handy tips

First tip is tried and true: fresh lemon-aid for smoothing and whitening hands. Then, getting down to fingertips: news of a whole line of treatments from Elizabeth Arden planned to nurture your nails the way other Arden products have loyally cared for your skin. Take-off point is Extra Gentle Remover which strips nails of old polish, leaves natural needed oils behind. The Cuticle and Nail Oil brushes on, rubs in to help rev circulation, loosen cuticles, discourage splits. Next, there's a protein-conditioning Very Special Base Coat to smooth the way for a long, even show of color. As for the color itself, two dozen shades range from Natural to wonderful murky hues like Rosewine and deep Cinnamon Crisp. And each—cream, frosted, or translucent—is in a new formula that whisks right on, dries fast and really gleams. Last step: Nail Protecta Top Coat keeps all this handiwork intact till the next week's manicure—and during the lull Cuticle Softening Cream and Moisture Lotion for Nails work day and night to prevent dryness from getting to the breaking point.

(More Ready Beauty, page 38)



TURILLAZZI

VOGUE, June, 1971

Lose 4 pounds the first week!

Slender's nutritionally balanced protein formula gets quick results

When you go on a diet, one of the most important things in all this world is to get an immediate sense of success. The moment those first pounds disappear you know you're on your way *at last*. That's where Slender from Carnation *really* helps. It's one of the best programs you'll ever find for peeling off pounds sensibly — and fast.

Slender's balanced nutrition

Every nutrient of a well-balanced meal is present in Slender, including nourishing protein. In fact, when you go strictly Slender, (four Slender meals a day) you get your *full* recommended dietary allowance of protein. Plus your regular vitamins and minerals, including vitamins C and B-complex.

Clinical study reports exciting results

A group of men and women were placed exclusively on Slender for three weeks. That is, four Slender meals a day, totaling 900 calories. The dieters lost 4½ pounds the very first week. During the next two weeks, their losses dropped to an average of 3.5 pounds a week. Dieters reported they were not unduly hungry and that they found Slender "surprisingly filling".

Why is Slender so successful with problem dieters?

Rich, satisfying taste is the most important reason. Mixed in cold, fresh milk, or chilled from the can, Slender's taste is, frankly, unbeatable. And that's without artificial sweeteners.

Obviously, anything that tastes this good has to wear well in your diet plans. Freeze a can of Slender at night and take it to work with you. By lunch time, it'll be thawed, chilly and delicious! Or carry a packet of Slender powder in your purse and buy a carton of cold, fresh milk. There are lots of luscious flavors to try.

Some suggestions for dieting with Slender

Much depends on how many pounds you want to lose. We think going strictly Slender for the first week is the ideal way to give yourself the results you need for an immediate sense of success. After that, substitute Slender for a meal or two a day. But remember, anytime you *really* want to get it off, with no nonsense, that's the time for Slender.

You can count on Slender. It's from Carnation.



Slender® diet food for weight control, Carnation Company, Los Angeles, California

Have a love affair with the sun...

Enjoy the deep, rich, long-lasting tan that kisses you with color.

Regular, White, Fluid or Foam.

\$2.00.



Leg Make-up for sheer loveliness.

Also protects against the sun. In 3 natural non-streak shades.

\$2.50.

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Ready Beauty

Catch the 405

There is something immensely confidence-building about using a beauty treatment that has a number for a name. It hints broadly of laboratories, men in white, things *good* for you. Such is Formula 405, a tube-contained, gently-scented, face-body-hand moisturizing cream by Doak Pharmacal Company, a name long respected in medical circles. Over a five-year period, some 2,500 dermatologists tested Formula 405. The results were smashingly sanguine on complexions that had seen too much weather or simply too much. A fortnight of daily light massage with this deep-action moisturizer into dry, lined, problem areas—at bedtime and before making up—can re-hydrate skin to its former dewy glory (maybe better); continued use can *keep* it dewily glorious.

For a seismic reaction...

That reputed world-shaker, Houbigant's Chantilly, is fresh upon us this summer in new-this-month Spray Cologne Refresher form. Refreshing it is, as in walk-in-the-woods, this leafy, mossy fragrance laced with bergamot, sandalwood, patchouli, and such. A light, cooling cologne, eight ounces of which have been snared in a pretty pink go-anywhere spray flacon to spray on and on for just the head-to-toe tingle you'll need to beat the summertime heat. And the reverberations are apt to go on and on. . . .

Soft spa

Who has the niftier bath—the girl in the soft-water region or the one where the water is hard? Some unofficial checking around leads us to conclude it's the bather in the disadvantaged area. She is quick to seek the solace and beneficence of water-softening, skin-nurturing additives, while the other tends to take her good fortune for granted, missing out on the exquisite extras. A cheering way to bathe in any area is with a capful of Almay's new Aqua Pura Pure Mineral Foambath frothing up the water . . . turning it a clear, inviting blue under the bubbles . . . scenting it to make you think, eyes closed, you're in a moss-edged meadow stream . . . softening it and every immersed inch of you. It's one of the delights in the new all hypoallergenic Aqua Pura Bath and Body Collection, developed particularly for the sensitive-skinned. Other Aqua Puras for pure, safe, scrumptious bathing and grooming are Pure Bath Oils for dry skin; Pure Moisture Fluff for after-bath emollience; and Pure Friction Lotion for after-bath tingle; and Pure Mist Feminine Hygiene Deodorant Spray.

Adieu, frail nails

One's self-image so often includes flashes of hands busy at good and necessary deeds . . . fingertips prettily punctuating every motion . . . nails smooth, even, shaped just so, polish pristine. Why is the reality sometimes different? Needn't be if nails are kept healthy and strong, polish protected from the onslaughts of daily living. Cutex nail experts have come up with a way to keep nails from splitting, polish from chipping. It's new Nail Body which does for frail nails what conditioning preparations promise to do for problem hair . . . i.e., gives them "body." A brush-on every other day or so can have nails coming on strong, polish staying on ditto. Colorless Nail Body goes under or over (or both) your new bright polish; Natural Nail Body stands guard alone in its own rosy glow . . . while you get on with your good deeds.

(More Ready Beauty, page 40)

Deal with a woman's body like a woman,

protectively
lovingly
tenderly
smartly
sensitively
femininely
honestly

to curb vaginal odor use Bidette Mist daily...

new intimate feminine hygiene deodorant mist



and when a spray is not enough, cleanse it away with Bidette Towelettes.



I would like to try Bidette. Please send the refillable Purse-Pack, 3 Towelettes and literature. I enclose 25c to cover postage and handling. Youngs Drug Products Corp., Dept. VO-716, P.O. Box 2300, G.P.O. New York 10001



Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

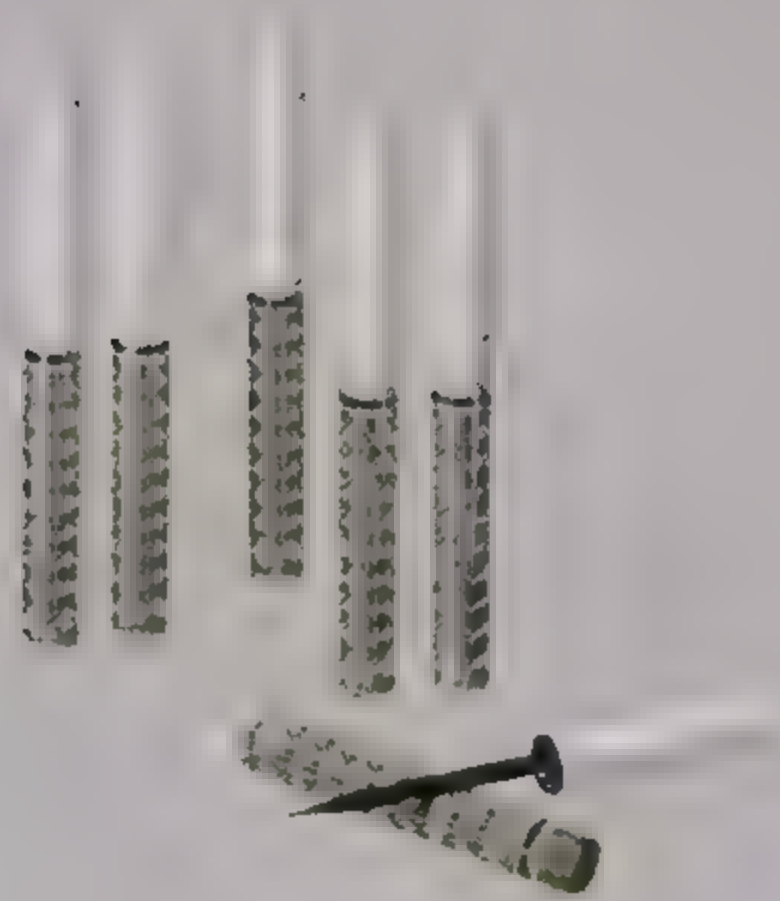
What makes your eyes
look twice as big,
with twice as many colors,
and is twice as easy to use?

The answer: new Maybelline Automatic Overliners and Underliners. Each with pure sable brush and creamy stay-put formula all in one case. Absolutely the fastest, smoothest, easiest, most accurate way to draw well-shaped, big, beautiful eyes. And...you get a fashion-first. Maybelline liners come in unusual shades you wear two at a time. Fashion-dark Overliners in Charcoal, Navy, Ash Brown, Olive. And coordinating pastel Underliners in Soft Blue and Mint Green to mix and match. It's a brand new trick of contrast to draw added attention to your most important beauty feature... your eyes.



Charcoal	Ash Brown	Navy	Olive
Soft Blue	Mint Green	Soft Blue	Mint Green

AUTOMATIC
OVERLINER
UNDERLINER



Maybelline
The finest in eye make-up, yet sensibly priced.



**GUARANTEES*
LONGER
NAILS
IN 5 WEEKS!**

*Living
Nail®*

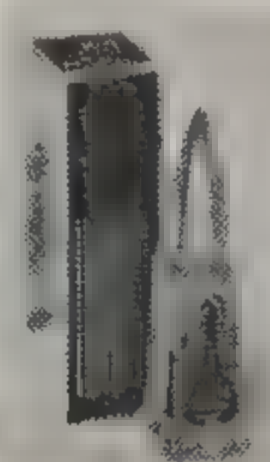


Living Nail is the only penetrating nail hardener which guarantees to end nail splitting, breaking and peeling with a **ONCE A WEEK** application. Thousands of women swear by it . . .

beauticians rave about it. So easy to apply, too, with Golden Cuticle Shields.**

Yes, with Living Nail you are five weeks away from longer, lovelier nails . . . mark them off on your beauty calendar and see!

With Cuticle Shields, .
\$5.00 (economical
10 month supply)



Available at Lord & Taylor, I. Magnin and fine stores everywhere or write:

BENDYNE LTD.
150 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10011

*or your money refunded
**U.S. Patent No. 3,382,878

JUDITH PEABODY

(Continued from page 98)

taking up space" in this world, that her existence has some significance.

For much of her life Judy Peabody has been a character in search of an identity. Her upbringing didn't give her much to go on. When she left Bryn Mawr and wanted to go to work, she was told by her parents she didn't need the money. So she became a volunteer at a New York City home for delinquent boys on the Lower East Side. She has also had brief careers as a blues singer (she was even on a couple of television shows) and as an Off-Broadway producer. And, of course, back in the days when she was regularly starred in the pages of *Women's Wear Daily*, she was a volunteer fund-raiser. This meant a benefit almost every night. Her friends attended her galas, she attended theirs.

But what made Judy run was a need to make contact not only with herself but with others. And this made her run smack into, of all people, the late stand-up seer, comedian Lenny Bruce. It happened in the mid-'sixties, at the end of Bruce's New York obscenity trial. Judy read a column by Dick Schaap asking, "Where are the friends of Lenny Bruce?" At that point it was worth a nightclub-owner's license to hire Bruce. As the song says, "Nobody knows you when you're down and out." After reading Schaap's column, Judy Peabody, who had seen Bruce work once and been knocked out by his monologue, wrote him a "Dear Mr. Bruce" letter assuring him that there were those who still cared and that she was one of them. He telephoned her, he later told her, because he was curious about her stationery, with its turquoise lettering.

It was the beginning of an odd and close friendship that was central to the metamorphosis of Judy Peabody. She had always viewed life in America from within its center of privilege. Bruce was a funky, paranoid, Jewish moralist who viewed the system from the outside looking in, from the bottom up. Like a spaced-out Diogenes, he pursued honesty not with a lamp but with X-ray vision that stripped away the sham and the shuck and

burned right to the heart of whatever matter was at hand. Judy Peabody met this man from outer space when she was in her mid-thirties, an age when, she felt, a woman had better start getting her thing together if she expected to find any fulfillment in the second part of her life. She was beginning to reorder her priorities, and Lenny Bruce had a profound influence on the outcome.

Before she met Lenny Bruce, if you had asked her then if she thought the system was rigged, she might have thought you were talking about the air-conditioning system at Kenneth's. Ask her that question today, and she knows exactly what you mean. And her answer is yes. She had the question answered firsthand when she saw how Bruce was hounded by district attorneys in three states for corrupting the morals of adults who had freely chosen to pay money to hear what Bruce had to say. In helping him with the appeal of his New York conviction, she saw how difficult it can be to seek justice if your money has run out or if you never had any in the first place.

Bruce's death was shattering for the Peabodys. For Judy Peabody, the need to give her life more meaning became much more immediate and imperative. But how? A friend suggested she try doing some tutoring at Exodus House. She did, as much for her own sake as for the people she was helping. And she got much more than she bargained for. She found people there who needed her not because she was rich or influential but because she was a human being who could help assuage their loneliness and offer encouragement to them in the painful task of reconstructing their lives. And she discovered that she needed them as much as they needed her. She, too, after all, was trying to reconstruct her life. Coming from opposite poles, she and the enrollees at Exodus House, and now at Reality House, were and are heading toward the same goal—a way of living that has meaning for themselves and those they touch.

They offer each other the same emotional support, the same warmth, the same love. And Judy Peabody makes no bones about what she is getting out of all this. She will still not say that she has gotten it all together. But she is probably a little less worried now that she is "just taking up space." ▼



**You'll find
the Schiaparelli Wig
of Elura®
at these stores:**

Asbury Park, N.J.	Steinbach & Co.
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's
Augusta, Ga.	J. B. White
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Baltimore, Md.	Stewart's
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Buffalo, N.Y.	Adam, Meldrum, and Anderson
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Charlotte, N.C.	J. B. Ivey
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Columbia, S.C.	Berry's
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Grand Rapids, Mich.	Paul Stekette
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Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox
Hartford, Conn.	Sage, Allen
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. S. Ayres
Knoxville, Tenn.	Miller's
Lancaster, Pa.	Walt & Shand
Lincoln, Neb.	Hovland Swanson
Los Angeles, Calif.	Robinson's
Los Angeles, Calif.	Bullock's
Louisville, Ky.	Stewart's
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Memphis, Tenn.	Goldsmith's
Miami, Fla.	Burdine's
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Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minn.	Donaldson's
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Montgomery, Ala.	Montgomery Fair
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Nashville, Tenn.	Harvey's
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New Orleans, La.	Maison Blanche
New York, N.Y.	Bloomingdale's
New York, N.Y.	A & S
Orlando, Fla.	Jordan Marsh
Parkersburg, W. Va.	Dills Bros.
Paterson, N.J.	Meyer Bros.
Philadelphia, Pa.	Wanamaker's
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Joseph Horne
Portland, Ore.	Meier & Frank
Providence, R.I.	Gladding's
Providence, R.I.	Shepard's
Richmond, Va.	Thalhimer's
San Antonio, Tex.	Frost Bros.
San Francisco-Oakland, Calif.	Emporium
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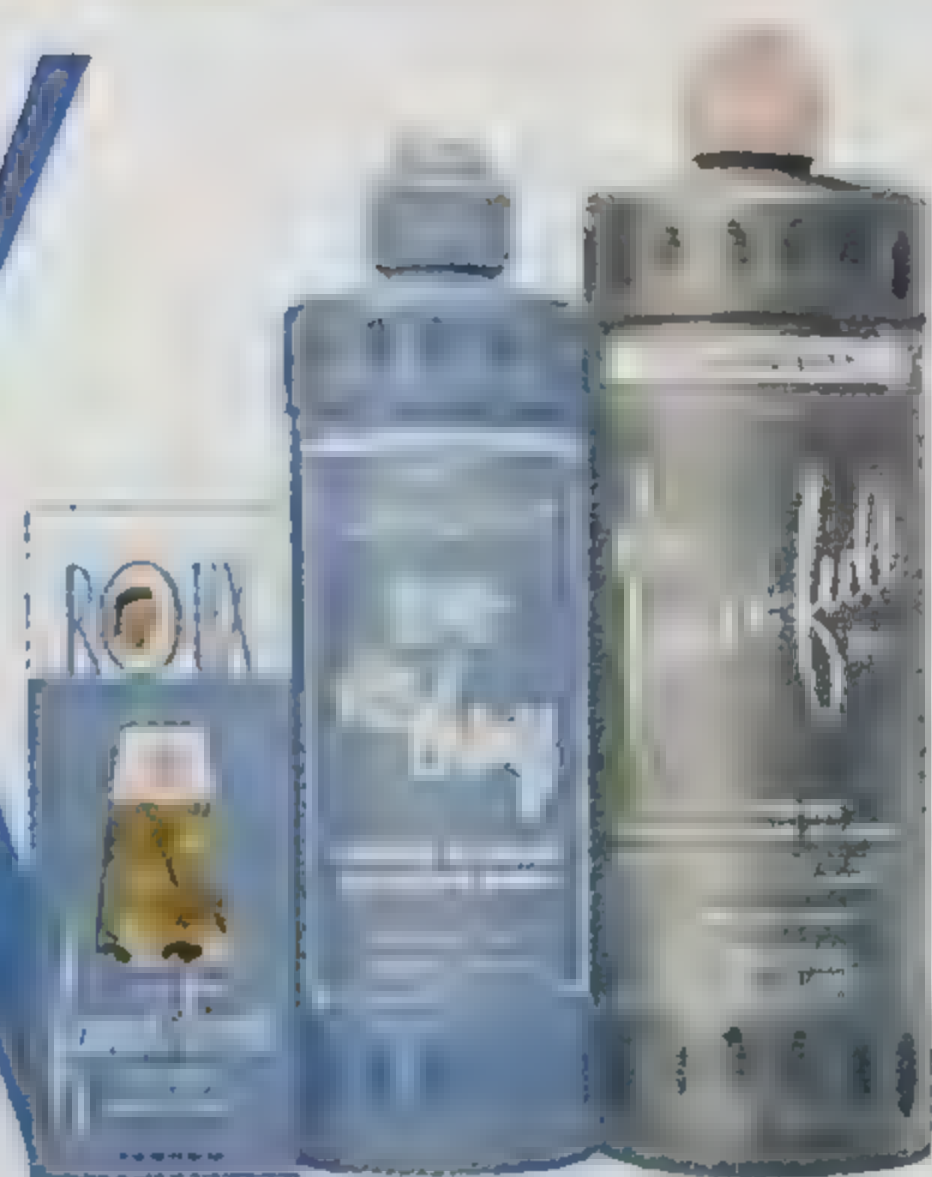
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Christine Valmy's **VEGETALE COSMETIC PEELING** is the same quick face-saving salon treatment that professional models and other busy beauties depend on when they've got to look fabulous... *right away*. Just imagine! Salon scientific skin care is now available to

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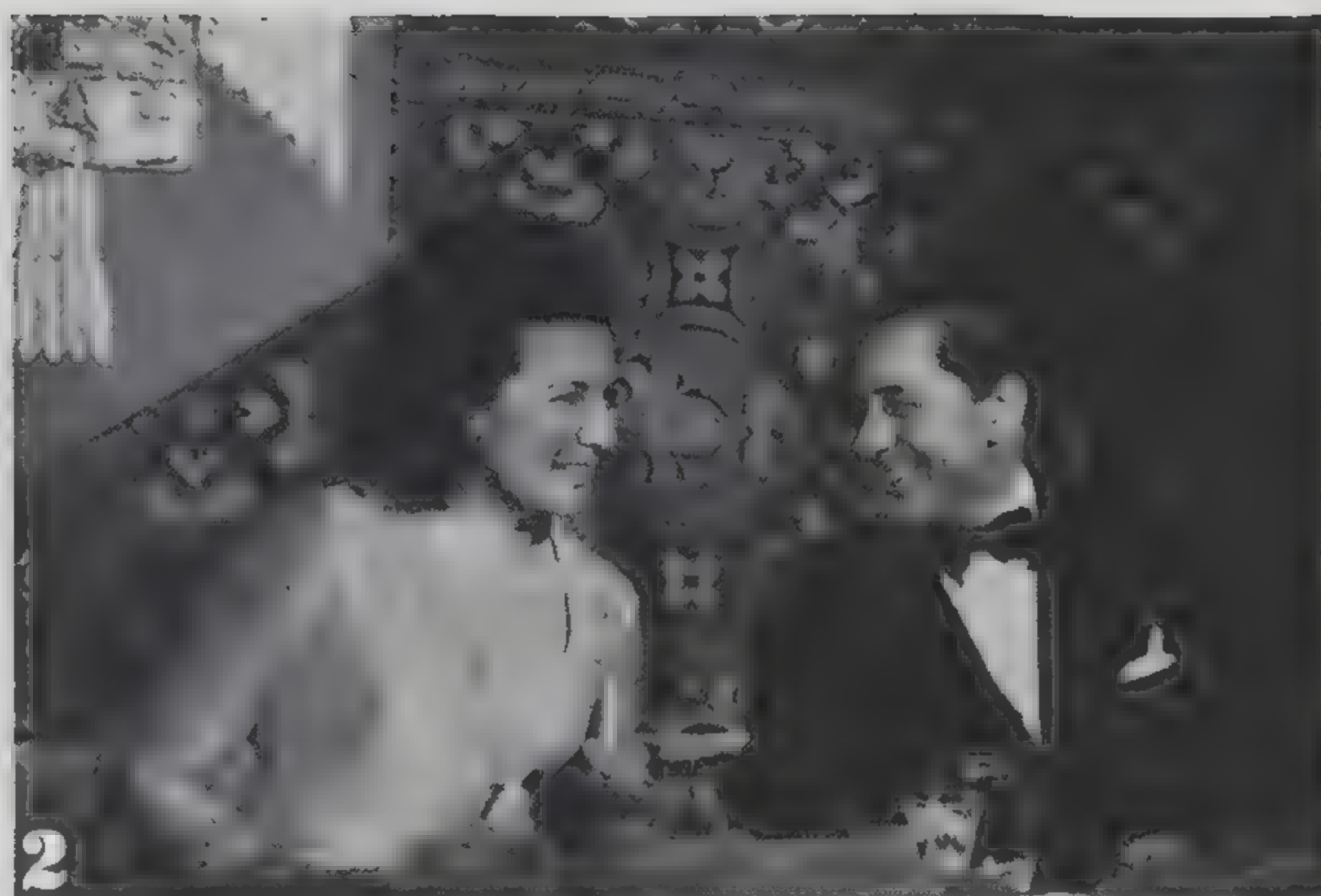
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Spain in Alabama: the party celebrating Birmingham's smash of a festival



Birmingham has a great Southern way with the arts—each year giving the city over to a festival. This year, for two weeks, it was “A Salute to Spain”: the streets aflutter with Spanish flags for a great International Fair with the Ballet Español and a mammoth replica of a Spanish castle. The Spanish Ambassador and Mrs. Jaime Arguelles were given a dinner dance at The Birmingham Museum of Art—rock and flamenco competing in easy disharmony.

1. The Spanish *tuna*, a group of student musicians and singers from the Superior School of Architecture at the University of Madrid.
2. Mrs. James L. Cox, Chairman of the festival; H. E. Jaime Arguelles, Spanish Ambassador to the United States.
3. Mr. and Mrs. James M. Burt, III.
4. Mr. Miguel Guitart, Miss Jere M. Dabbs.
5. Miss Lucy B. Trabue, Dr. Benjamin H. Johnson, III.
6. Mr. and Mrs. William J. Cabaniss, junior.
7. Mr. and Mrs. James E. Simpson.
8. Mr. and Mrs. A. Key Foster, junior.
9. Mr. and Mrs. Joshua R. Oden, junior, before a fourteenth-century polychrome Madonna.
10. A view of the party on the main floor of The Birmingham Museum of Art.



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EATING HIGH, IN MEXICO CITY

BY QUENTIN CREWE

For a European, the discovery of Mexican cooking is an amazement—nearly a third cuisine. (I admit to only two real cuisines, French and Chinese.) The thick sauces, the almost secret herbs, the exotic fruits, the endless varieties of pepper so alter otherwise familiar ingredients as to create a new world of taste. The **blend of influences**—the Chinese with their trading ships, the conquering Spaniards, the French—has progressively added to the Aztec cooking: Montezuma used to eat duck, stuffed with *xoconxtles* (sour prickly pears) and aromatic herbs, that had been rolled in a thick ball of mud in all its feathers and buried in a charcoal fire accompanied by little cakes of *alegría* seed and ant honey.

Even for Americans, Mexican cooking could be a surprise, because the finest of it remains now only in private houses or in places where commercial considerations have no importance. In Mexico City, the best meal I ate was in the Industrial Club in the Camino Real Hotel as the guest of the General Manager, Don Jaime Saldivar, whose knowledge of Mexican food is unsurpassed. We ate quail. "How could any restaurant make this?" he asked. "The birds have to be marinated for three days and steamed for twelve hours."

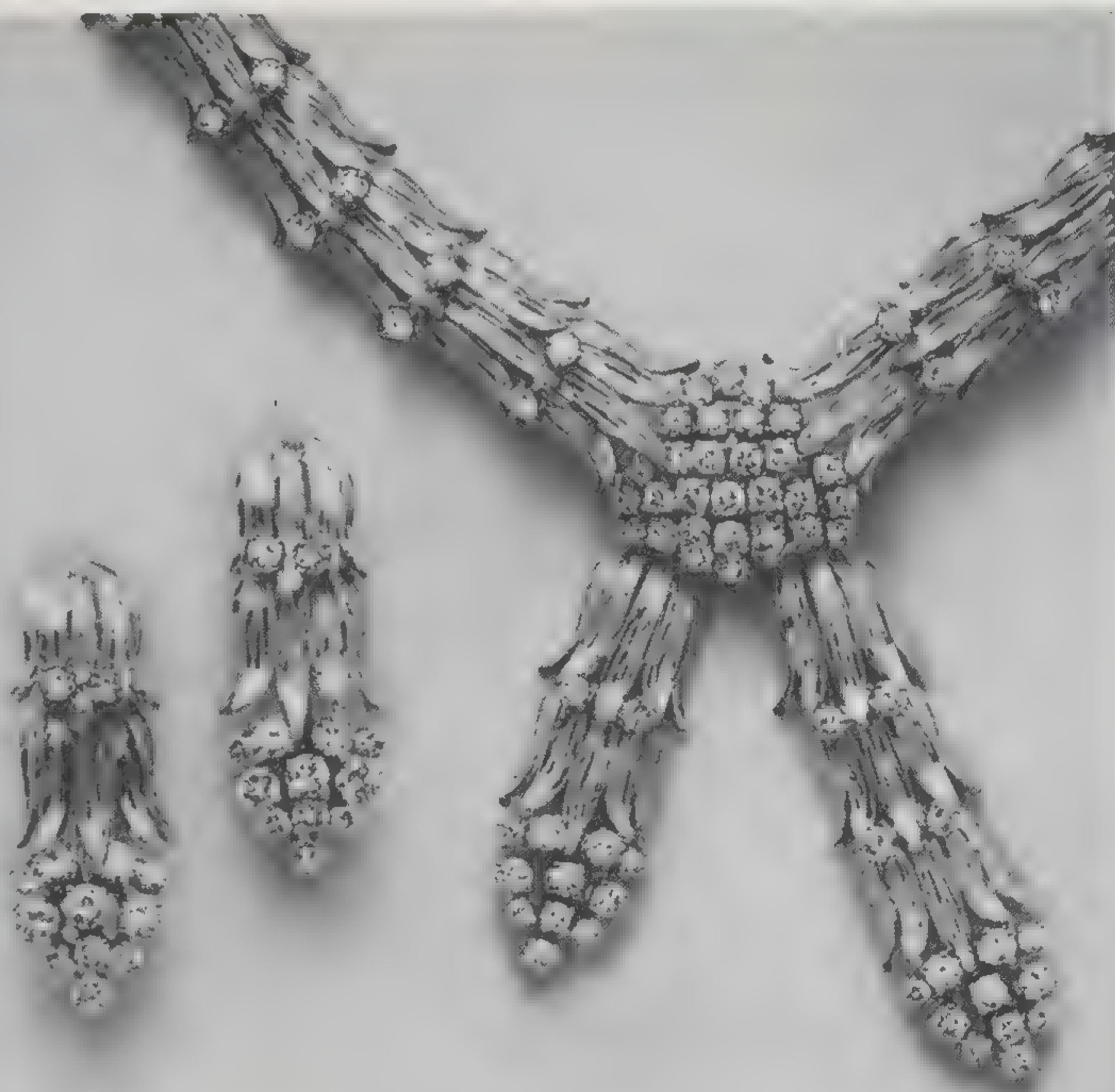
Don Jaime does also run a restaurant in the cloister of an old convent at Tepotzotlán called the Hosteria del Convento, some miles outside Mexico, which is excellent, charming, well worth a visit; but even with his direction, it cannot equal the nonprofit freedom of the club.

Nevertheless, there are a dozen or more restaurants that make Mexico one of the most exciting eating capitals in the world, the more so because several of them rate highly in international dishes rather than only Mexican. But let us look first at the more strictly Mexican.

At the grandeur end of the scale are two converted old haciendas—a notion that has strange-

ly only recently occurred to the Mexicans. One is the San Angel Inn, Las Palmas 50 (548-67-46); the other the Hacienda de los Morales, Vazquez de Mella 525 (540-32-25). Both are enormous, with large cool patios and magnificent dining rooms in which one expects to see Marlene Dietrich in riding breeches. The curving brick ceiling in the Morales is worth studying. On the whole I prefer the Hacienda de los Morales because it seems to cater less cautiously to the tourist. While the San Angel Inn produced a rather floury clam chowder, the Morales had a soup of *huilacoche*. This is a black fungus that grows on the ears of maize. In consistency, it is somewhat like a crisp sponge, but its taste is exquisite and unfearful. They had bull's testicles (called Mountain Oysters), again delicious. At the San Angel I had brains with green pepper sauce, which was good but accorded more with what one would get in a Mexican restaurant in the States. The check in either will come to about \$8 a head.

At the cheaper end of the scale, probably the best purely traditional restaurant is La Fonda del Refugio, Liverpool 166 (528-58-23). Mexican decor varies from the absolutely plain to heavy, overdone ornateness. The Refugio falls gratefully into the first category—plain tiled floor, white walls hung with a few folkloric utensils, and for some reason some colored balls dangle from the ceiling, as if left-over from Christmas. Otherwise there is nothing, but somehow one feels an instant sensation of friendliness. There is little doubt about what to eat. They bring, to start with, four fillings for tortillas. So good are they that there is a danger of being unable to eat anything else, but this is the place to **try a mole**—a sauce varying infinitely but made of spices, almonds, and chocolate, ground and mixed with infinite skill. It can take days to make, and it looks dark and forbidding. It will not be perfect at the Re-



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fugio, but not many restaurants get as close to the real thing.

Rather on the same lines is La Fonda El Pato, Dinamarca 9-a (546-22-72). Its nature is slightly more tavern-like, with bright-pink walls, beams, and a stone floor. The soup with a whole frazzle-fried pepper to go with it is quite unusual; but I would go cautiously with the pepper, which, besides being unbelievably hot, tasted, according to my companion, of senna pods. A meal at either, about \$4 a head.

If you have now had enough Mexican food, there are two outstanding French restaurants. First, La Lorraine, San Luis Potosí 132 (525-52-29). This might just as well be in Lille as in Mexico. It is a very sparse-looking place, hung with posters and reproductions of French paintings. It is presided over by a magnificent French lady with blue, blue hair. The food makes no concessions to Mexico and would come near to rating one star in the *Guide Michelin*. It is a perfect respite from the alarms of the ubiquitous chilies, but in a higher class still is the Rivoli, Hamburgo 128 (525-68-62). It is a place of considerable elegance in the rather formal style of a country in which lovers still serenade young ladies. China cabinets, a tented ceiling in half the restaurant. Lots of gilt, mirrors and red plush. Roses in glass vases on each table. The only vivacity comes from the pistachio-green tablecloths. The service has that satisfying, genuine interest in what you want and in seeing that what you choose goes well together. We ate oysters meunière, which were perfect; and my companion had an unexceptionable steak au poivre; but it was with my Chichén Itzá that I was truly impressed. For here was French cuisine taking advantage of Mexico. It was nothing more than a beautifully cooked **chicken transformed** by a sauce made with *axiote* seeds. Dinner cost \$16 a head and was worth it.

Mexico, as Don Jaime pointed out, is a city where you can lunch at any time between one in the afternoon and eight in the evening. And, on the whole, most restaurants are more suitable for lunch than for dinner, which the Mexicans are more inclined to eat at home. Mexico is also not a city in which it is wise to wander

into just any restaurant. I had several disasters while making such attempts. One was so disgusting that I literally could eat nothing. Another, it turned out—although I could see little wrong with its morals—was, I was told, a place to which one would take one's mistress but never one's wife. For me it had a special charm because one of its dishes in English translation was listed as "pigeon dressed as toad." (A wife's description of a mistress?) So I am including places I would safely recommend for lunch.

Les Ambassadeurs, Paseo de la Reforma 12 (535-64-95) is a **frolic of grandeur**, no decorative device spared. Panels with golden Aztec suns, a classical *trompe l'oeil* of the Villa Hadrian type, black-and-gilt chandeliers, wrought iron, red plush chairs, flowers in silver pots, gold-and-red menus. The food is pleasant, rich and elaborate. Fish arrives in fish-shaped pastry; squab is stuffed with pâté. About \$10 a head.

Prendes, 16 de Septiembre 10-c (512-09-94). This is a very crowded luncheon place in the business area. It is somewhat like a French railway-station restaurant, high and vast. It was founded in 1892 and is of the epoch, with huge murals of volcanoes and pyramids and revolutionary leaders. I found the food adequate, although Mexicans think it very good; \$7 a head.

Bellinghausen, Londres 95 (511-40-56). A branch of Prendes, with more peace but less efficient service. It is fashionable for Sunday lunch, and one can eat either in the Edwardian-style dining room or outside by a fountain; \$8 a head.

Loredo, Hamburgo 29 (566-34-33). This calls itself colonial. While it, like Prendes, has a loudspeaker, calling out the names of businessmen wanted on the telephone, it is more peaceful if slow. The seafood here is particularly good; \$8 a head.

El Bistro, Río Lerma 9 (566-19-39). Possibly the most original of the luncheon places. It is not too crowded, and again one can eat outside. They had superb tiny snails and a salad with a leaf that tasted of anise. The owner insisted on our eating crêpes of chicken with almonds. He was right. Here the menu changes every day, so it is wisest to be guided by him; \$9 a head. ▼



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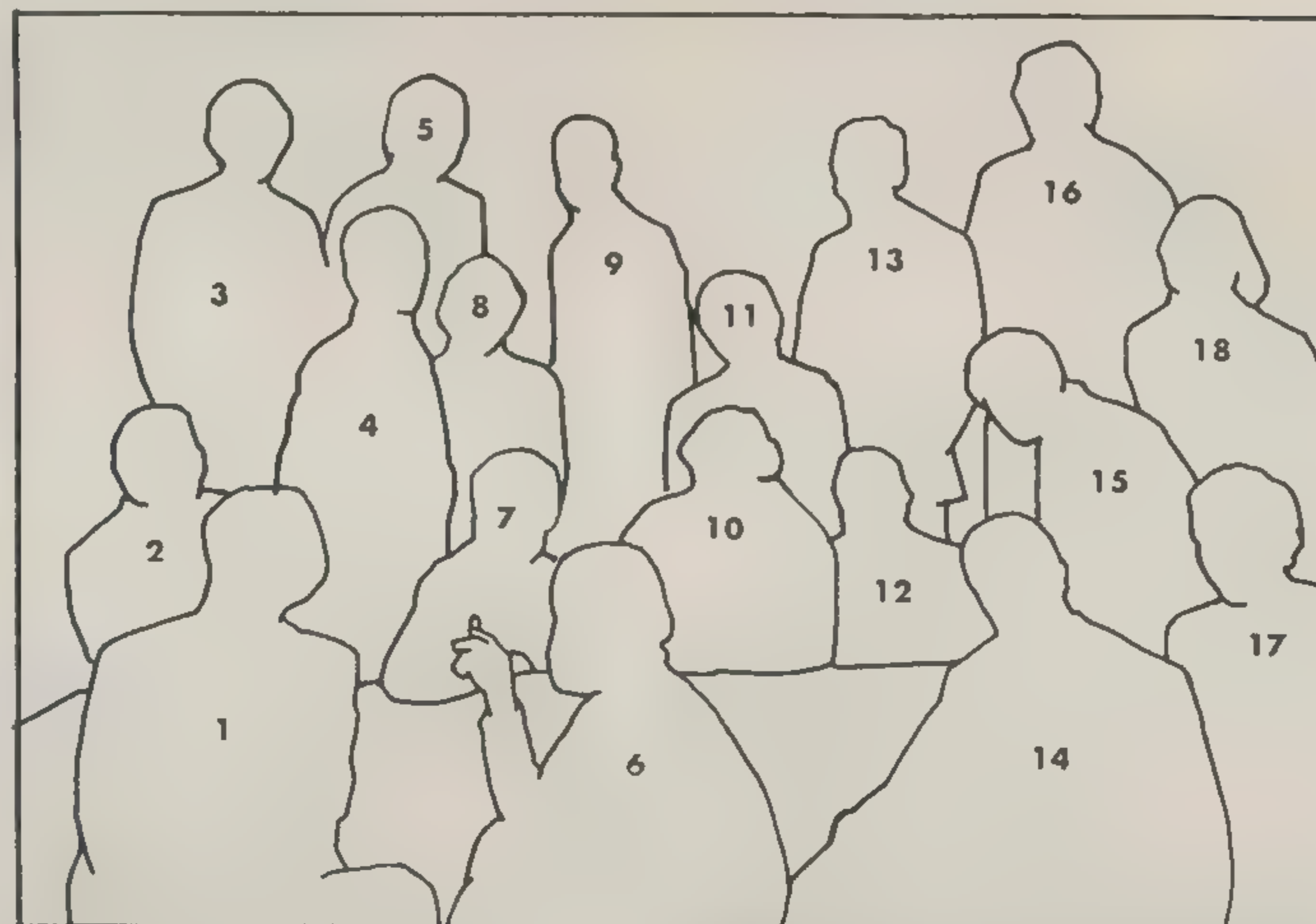
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ELAINE'S RESTAURANT

(Continued from page 89)



A KEY TO THE PHOTOGRAPH OF ELAINE KAUFMAN AND HER GANG

1. **Arthur Kopit**, playwright, *Oh Dad, Poor Dad . . .*, now at work on the screenplay for *The Sensuous Woman*. 2. **Willie Morris**, former editor of *Harper's* magazine, his book *Yazoo* published this May by Harper's Magazine Press. 3. **John Barry Ryan, III**, a former stage manager and partner at investment bankers Kuhn, Loeb & Co. 4. **Nicholas Pileggi**, reporter and contributing editor of *New York* magazine, whose book on John Lindsay will appear in the fall. 5. **Lewis H. Lapham**, contributing editor to *Harper's* magazine. 6. **Jack Gelber**, playwright and director, *The Connection*; his new play *Sleep* will be produced by The American Place Theatre, New York. 7. **Jack Richardson**, writer, drama critic for *Commentary*, book review critic for *The New York Review of Books*, at work on a book on gambling to be published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, Inc. 8. **Robert Brown**, editor and Shakespearean authority. 9. **Bobby Short**, singer and piano player; his autobiography, *Black and White Baby*, was published this spring by Dodd, Mead & Company. 10. **Elaine Kaufman**, the owner of Elaine's Restaurant. 11. **Jean-Pierre Rassin**, producer of Jean-Luc Godard's next commercial movie for which he has signed Jane Fonda and Yves Montand. 12. **Christopher Cerf**, editor-in-chief of Non-Broadcast Materials Division at Children's Television Workshop, which produces *Sesame Street*; his latest book, *The World's Largest Cheese*, was published by Doubleday and Co., Inc. 13. **William Styron**, novelist, the Pulitzer Prize-winning *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, now at work on a screenplay of the 'twenties Snyder-Gray murder case. 14. **George Plimpton**, writer, one of the founders and major supporter of *The Paris Review*, author of *The Paper Lion* and *The Bogey Man*, star of three television specials, three more to come. 15. **David Halberstam**, Pulitzer Prize-winning newspaper reporter, whose latest book, *Ho*, on Ho Chi Minh, was published by Random House, Inc. 16. **Bruce Jay Friedman**, novelist; his latest novel, *The Dick*, was published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. He is at work on a collection of short stories. 17. **Gay Talese**, reporter, author of *The Kingdom and the Power*, whose new book on organized crime, *Honor Thy Father*, will be published in the fall by The World Publishing Company. 18. **Bernard Farber**, writer and vice-president of Supreme-Mix, Norman Mailer's film production company, and a star of Mailer's film *Beyond the Law*. ▼



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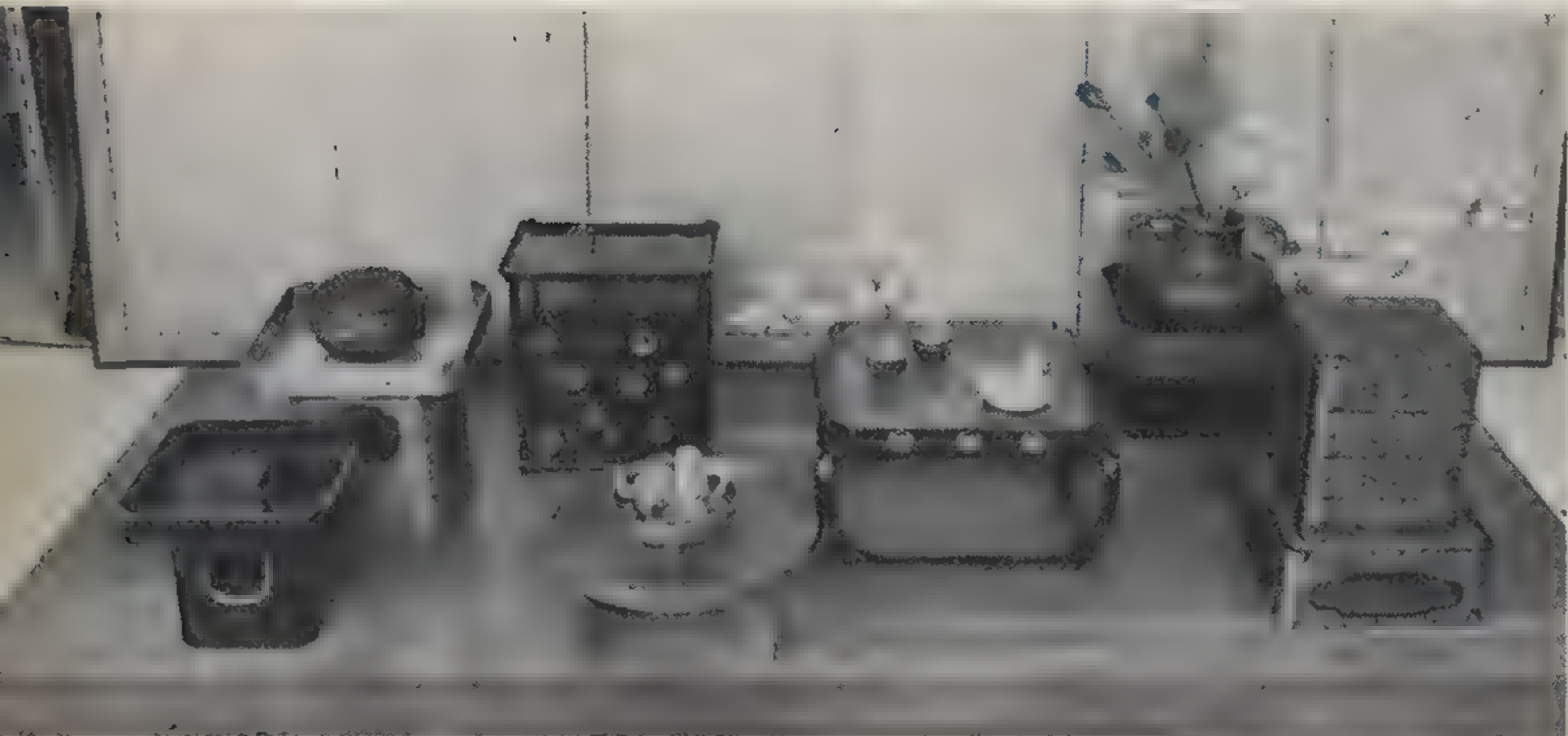
White Shoulders Satinglide



Body Lotion by Evyan



The Go Decor

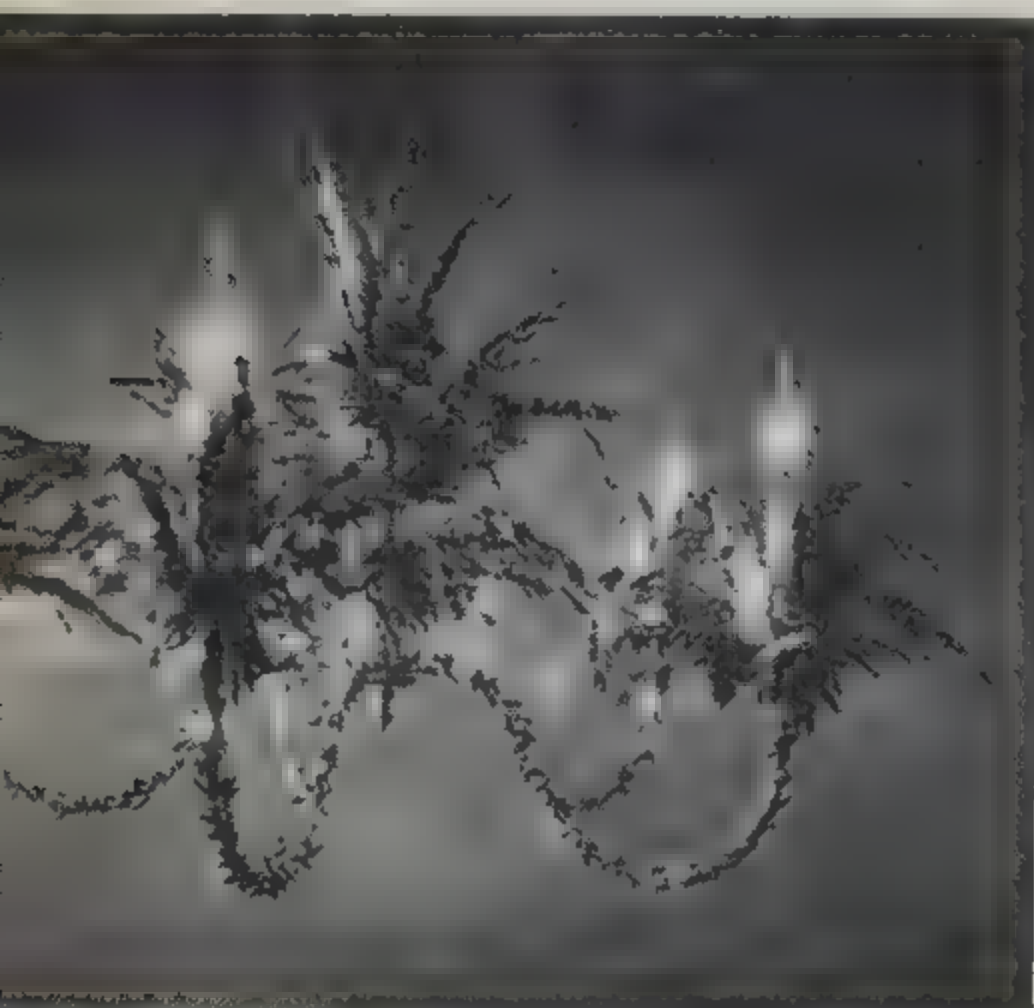


CAMERA HAWAII

Mini lacquer tables in bright colors sit on sofas, by low seats

Suddenly it's summer, soon the scene will shift to country houses and carefree living. So now is the time to line up the go-with-you decorative accessories. Delicious little things to make a big difference in any summer house. Find mini lacquer tables, for instance, in riveting colors, to sit on sofas or by low seats and cushions indoors and out. The collection, above, mixes antiques and reproductions in lacquer red, orange, black, and gold, ranges in price from \$12.50 to \$450. All at the Ala Moana shop, 1020 Auahi St., Honolulu, Hawaii. The Tin Man's shining chandelier, left, will spiff up a room like sparkling crystal, but is light, unbreakable. A fantasy of tin leaves over brass tubing. Desert Palm,

The Tin Man's chandelier



by Joe Leone. \$490. The Plaza Hotel Florist, Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. Needlework chairs, right: shiny white, folding, wood deck chairs have linen back slings and cushions. One printed with flowers and rabbits, the other flowers and butterflies. The idea is to while away lazy hours crewel-working them with the wool yarns included. Slip the slings on before, during, and after embroidery. A Carol Design at Altman's, Fifth Ave., New York. Each, \$46. Lightweight brass or chrome tubing open-cube table by Lane, \$60, at Macy's, New York.



Needlework chairs, cube table

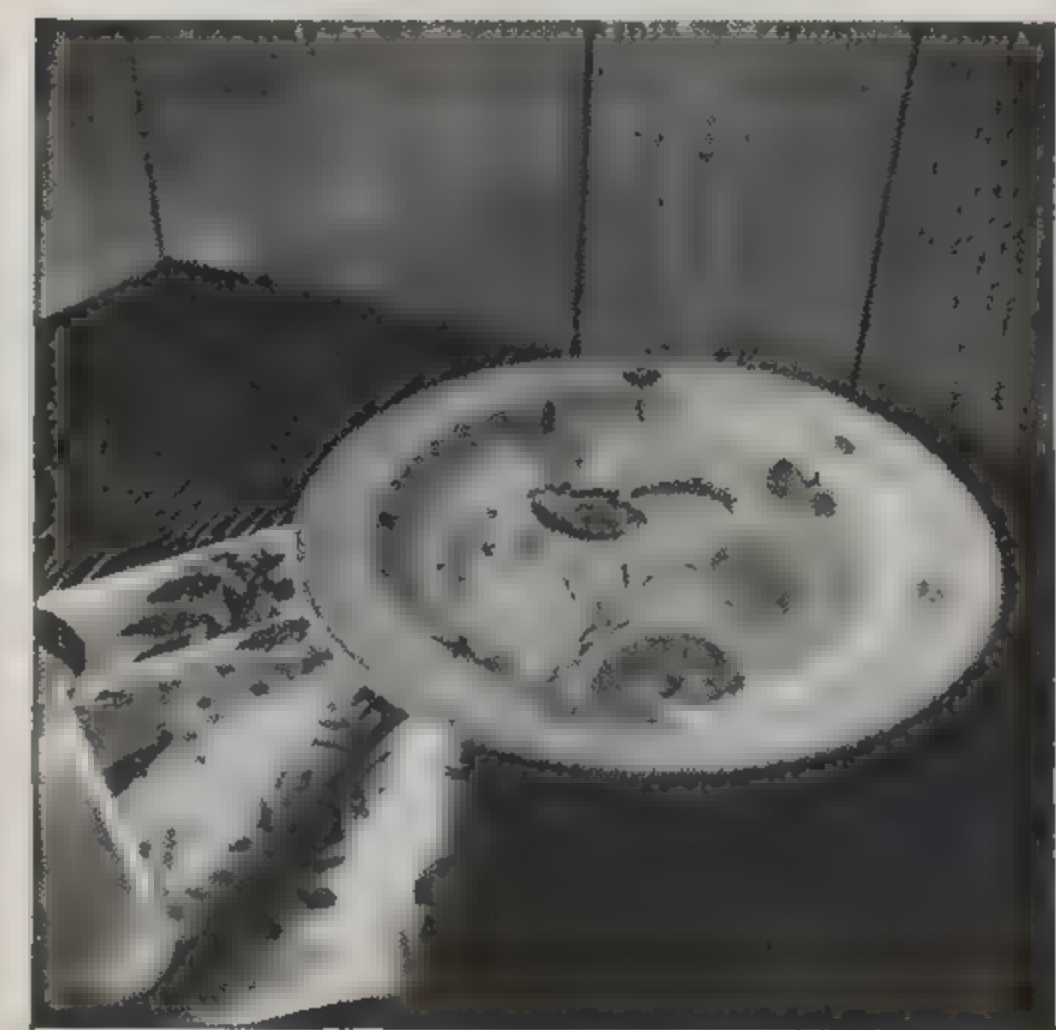
Four nested cylinders pop out of a canvas "sea bag," clip together in any formation you like to become a cloud-soft chaise or chair. Wet-look brown vinyl over foam over a white fiber-glass frame. Joe Colombo's indoor-outdoor Tube Chair is in the bag for \$269, imported by Gimbels, N.Y.C.

DAVID MASSEY



Flowering pottery . . . linens

Pretty pottery is essential to indoor-outdoor entertaining. It can even provide the flowers for a summer table. Here, on a straw hamper in which they travel, an orange-bordered yellow luncheon plate splashed with poppies, handmade in Italy for Mill Pond House, West Shore Rd., Oyster Bay, N. Y.; and their large, flower-print polished-cotton napkin, \$2. Set of eight plates, \$48.



Bold print cover-ups

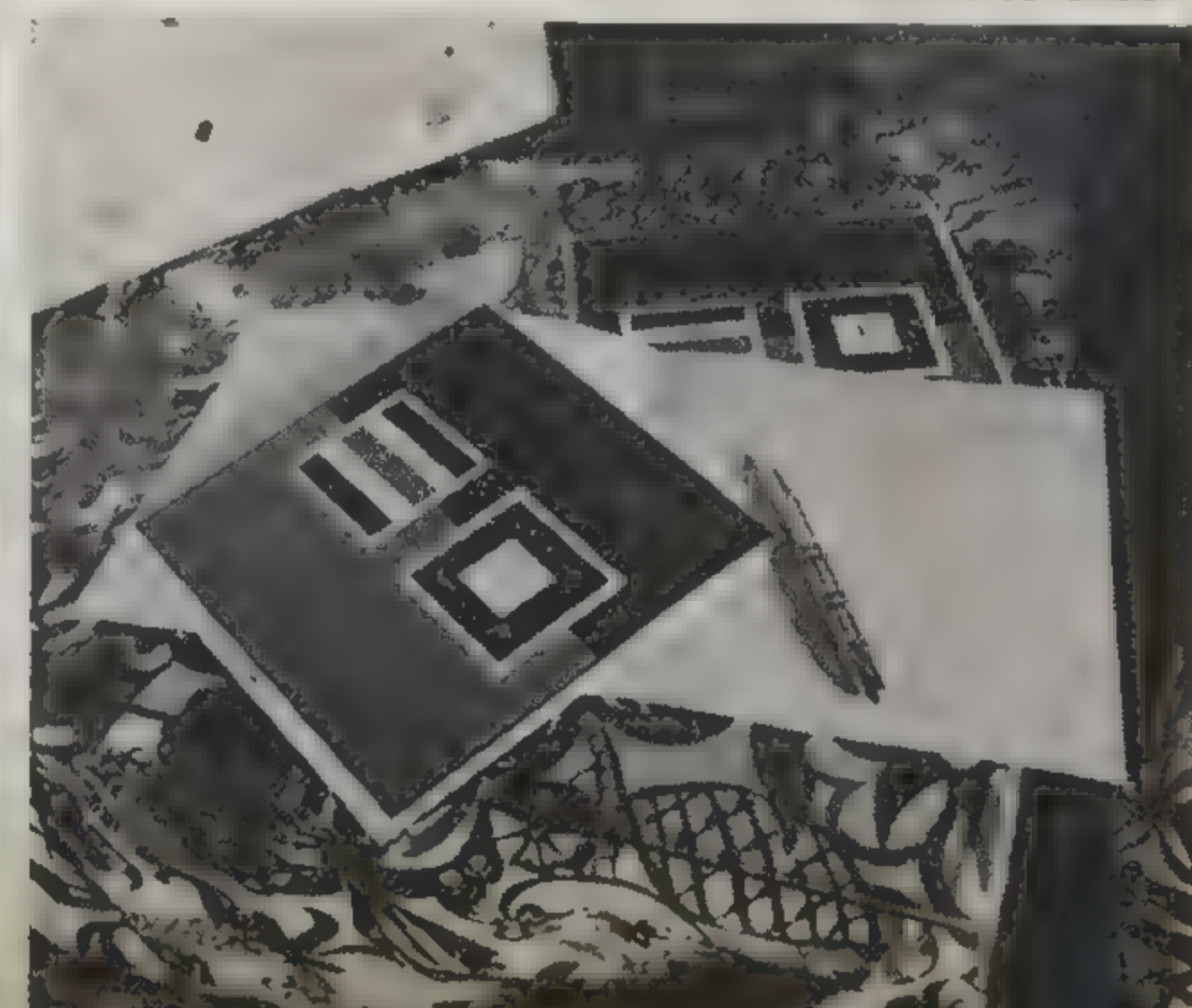
Forty-eight-inch squares of fabric in smashing prints can cover tables or chairs and, with matching pillows, add snap to summer rentals, pizzazz to summer slip covers. Lightweight, they travel easily. Here, reading clockwise, beginning lower left:



Geronimo, Summer Lightning, The Noble Savage, Geronimo, cotton prints by young English designer Billy McCarty for Kirk-Brummell, 979 Third Ave., N.Y.C. All 48", \$12 to \$19 yd. In the center, English designer David Hicks' Mid-Summer cotton print, \$13.50 yd. Connaissance, 979 Third Ave., N.Y.C. The leopard-print terry-cloth towel by Fieldcrest can cover outdoor furniture. Bath size, \$3.50, Lord & Taylor. Beige-to-brown, left below, is a new summer palette which men and women will love. The Wedgwood Queensware breakfast set is in a pale putty called Drabware. Beehive-covered dish, \$47.50; teapot, \$15; cream pitcher, \$7; butter plate, \$2.50; at Tiffany. The brown polka-dotted, white French percale pillow case and sheet, \$70. Porthault, 55 E. 57th St., N.Y.C. Signal-flag monograms on red-white-blue side-folded notepaper make waves. This one is "A H." 6 1/4" x 6 1/4", 500 sheets and envelopes, \$250. Printed to order, folio 72, 888 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C.

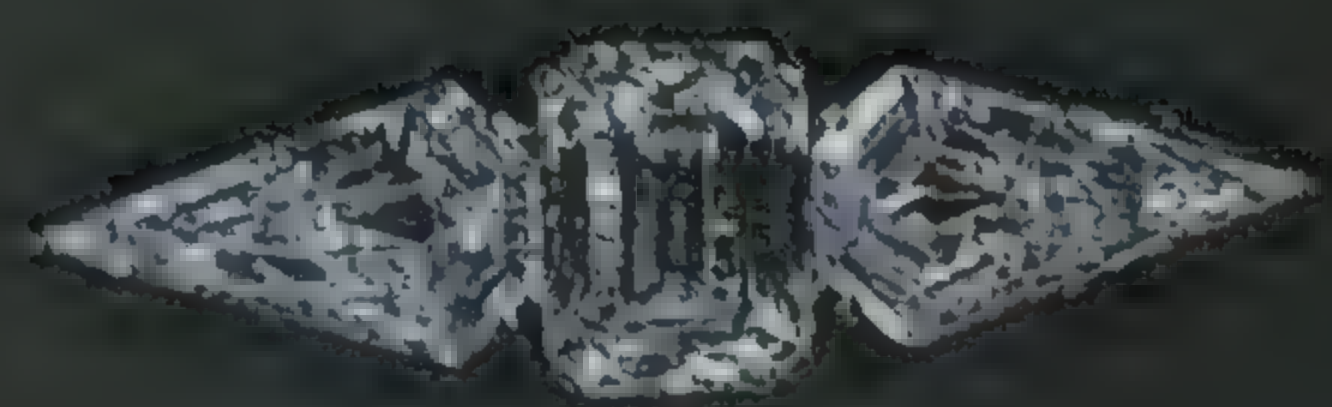
Beige-to-brown . . . red-white-and-blue

BERRY BERENSON



BVIL

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R I

AMERICAN WOMEN: REALLY COOKING

*American women don't leave
good cooking to men chefs.*

*Their native wit and resourcefulness
show up in kitchens they devise
and dishes they serve.*

BY MAXIME McKENDRY

MRS. JOHN BARRY RYAN, III, a New Englander who cooks New England dishes for her family in a New York kitchen brimming with intriguing gadgets, found on the island Martha's Vineyard, off the coast of Massachusetts' Cape Cod, a superb local way of preparing bluefish. "D. D." Ryan (she was born Dorinda Dixon) likes best fish just caught by her young sons—Beau and Drew—off the nearby island of Nantucket. Since bluefish is rich (that means *fattening*), Mrs. Ryan serves a meal designed "for summer appetites—huge, like ours—but not too heavy." Here, her menu, her recipes, her tips:

Corn Soufflé Nantucket bluefish

Cucumber salad Green salad Melba toast

Strawberries or raspberries with cream

Macaroons Coffee

NANTUCKET BLUEFISH

four to six servings

1 good-sized bluefish, cut in fillets

Sea salt

Freshly ground black pepper

1½ cups sour cream

½ cup mayonnaise (homemade or very yolky)

3 tablespoons chopped chives

3 tablespoons lemon juice

Wash and dry fillets; rub with salt and pepper; arrange in buttered earthenware baking dish. Mix cream, mayonnaise, chives, and lemon juice; season with salt and pepper; spread over fillets. Bake in 375° oven about 30 minutes; put under broiler about 5 minutes to brown a little.

CORN SOUFFLÉ

Make this, with cooked ears uneaten the day before, from any standard recipe—it's quick, light, and pleasantly teasing to the appetite if you add a bit of Parmesan cheese.

CUCUMBER SALAD

Slice cucumbers thin, marinate in white wine vinegar and safflower oil seasoned with dill, salt, black pepper.

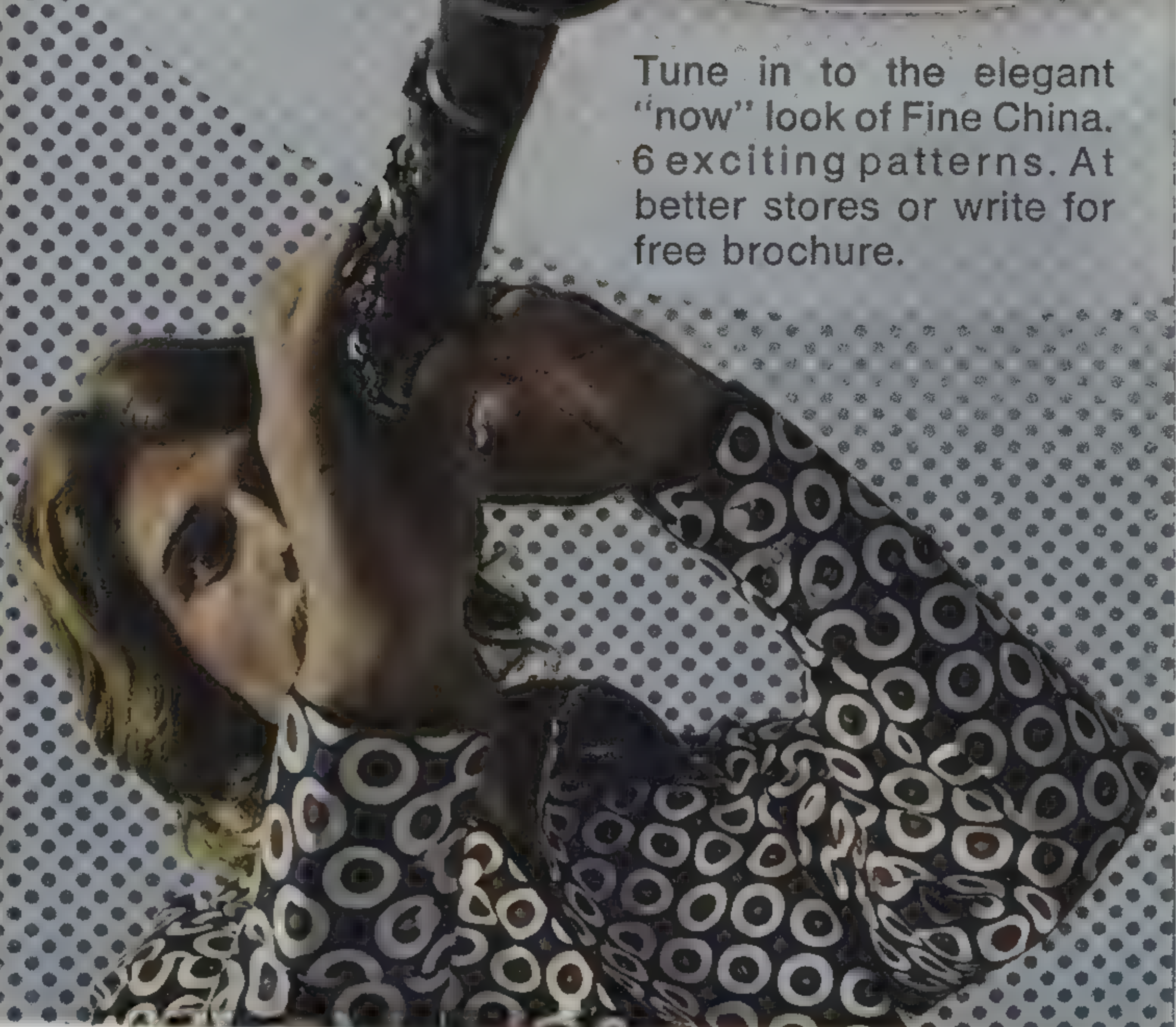
(Continued on page 60)

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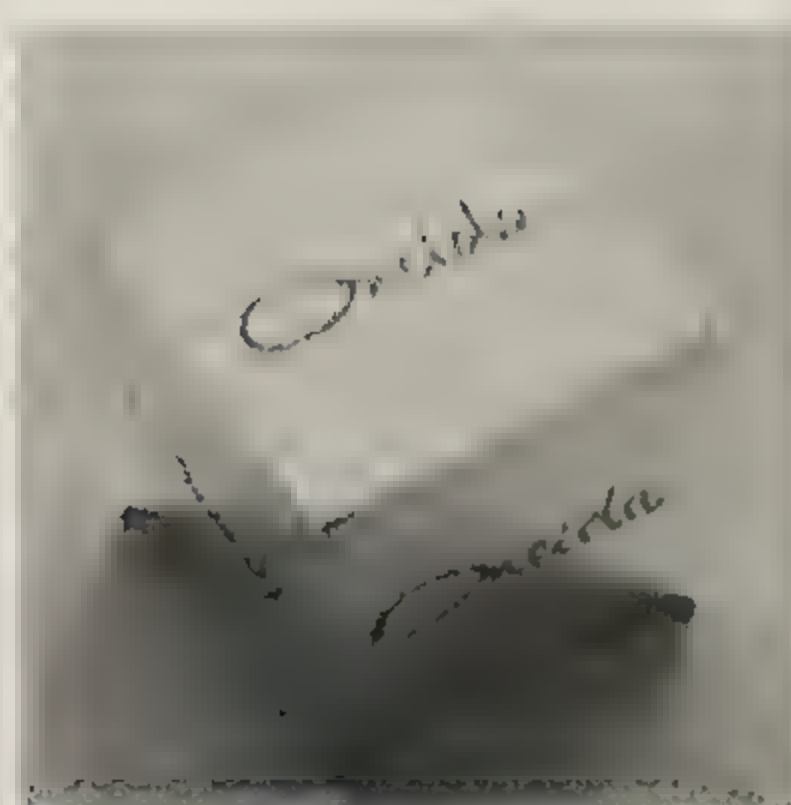


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(Continued from page 58)

GREEN SALAD

Combine fresh Boston lettuce, scallions, watercress, leaf lettuce; season with curly native Nantucket parsley, chopped, and dried summer savory. Dress with white wine vinegar, safflower or sesame oil, sea salt, pepper, and Nantucket mustard sauce.

STRAWBERRIES WITH CREAM

Whip heavy cream and sweeten with dark brown sugar.

MACAROONS

The very best macaroons anywhere, said Mrs. Ryan, come from the Nantucket Bakery.

COFFEE

After dinner, a coffee-chicory blend called Luzianne is good sweetened with granular brown sugar. Mrs. Ryan uses a French plunger glass Melior coffeepot.

MRS. JACOB K. JAVITS, a spirited Midwesterner who's the wife of a United States Senator from New York, is writing a book jammed with information about New York City, sharing her own special places. Thrift brings its own reward in flavor, when she redeems leftover party cheeses in this smashing spread:

- 1 whole stale Camembert cheese with rind, cut in chunks
- 1/4 pound mozzarella cheese, cut in chunks
- 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 3 tablespoons sour cream

Mix well in an electric blender, shape into a big melon ball, sprinkle with chopped fresh oregano, and chill. Marion Javits serves the cheese with black bread from Fraser-Morris in New York, likes it best along with hot fruit for dessert.

PIONEER FARE at Buffalo Bill's, a new saloon on New York's East Seventieth Street, includes this sturdy shepherd's pie at brunch—backed up with silent movies. For eight to ten servings:

- 10 potatoes, peeled, boiled, mashed
- 6 medium onions, grated; butter
- 5 pounds ground beef chuck
- 5 eggs, beaten
- 1 cup seasoned bread crumbs
- 1 teaspoon crushed garlic
- 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
- Salt, pepper

Sauté onions in butter until soft; stir into potatoes; salt and pepper to taste. Mix eggs, crumbs, and seasonings into beef and spread meat in a lightly oiled baking pan. Cover with potato mixture. Bake at 300° until potatoes are browned on top.

EGGS: SUNNY AND CLOUDY

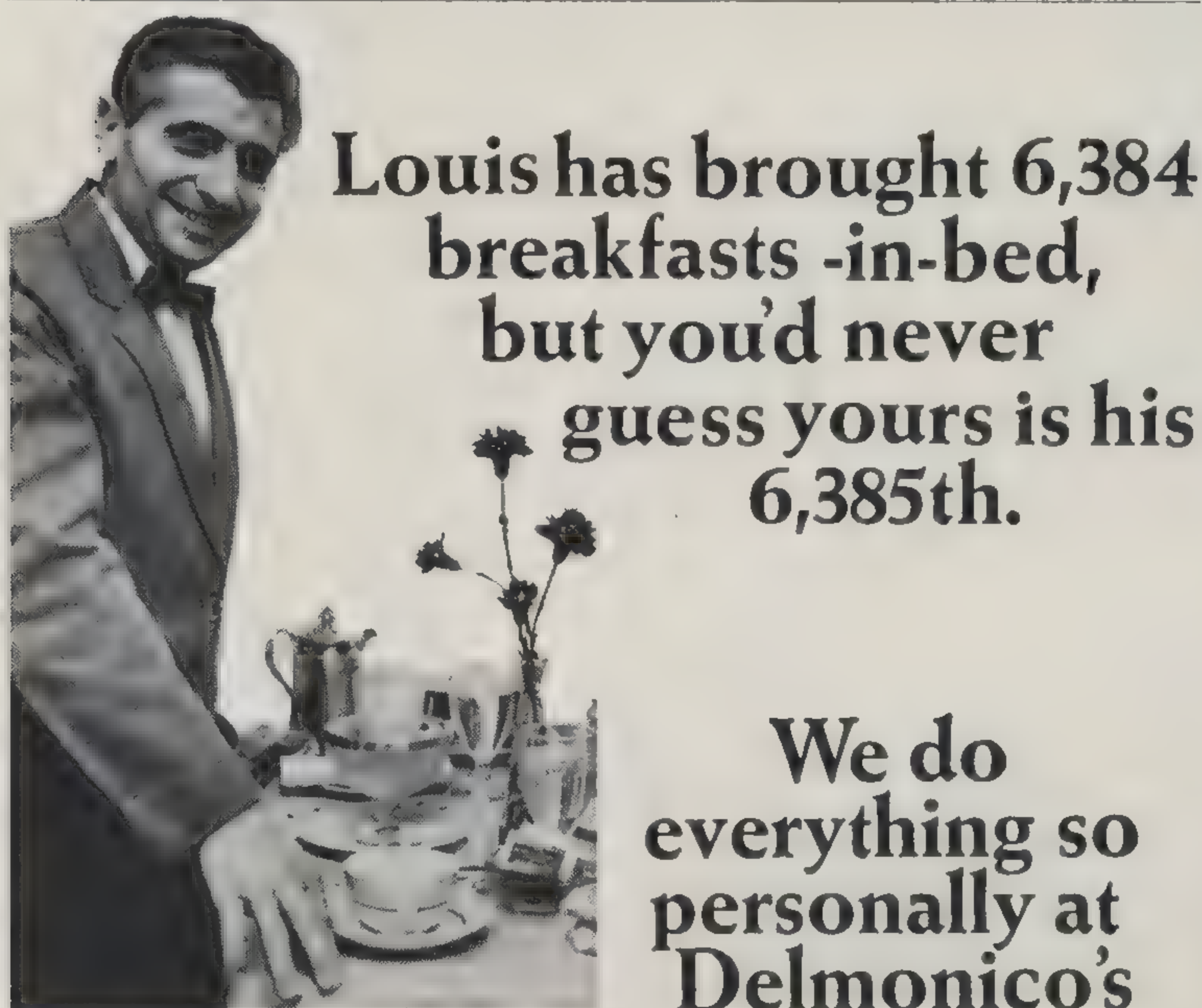
Separate eggs, keeping the yolks whole. Beat whites with salt and pepper until stiff, spread this foamy cloud on an oiled baking sheet. Gently place each sunny yolk in a small hollow in the whites and season. Sprinkle crumbled crisp bacon over the whites. Broil gently until yolks are just set and whites are slightly brown.



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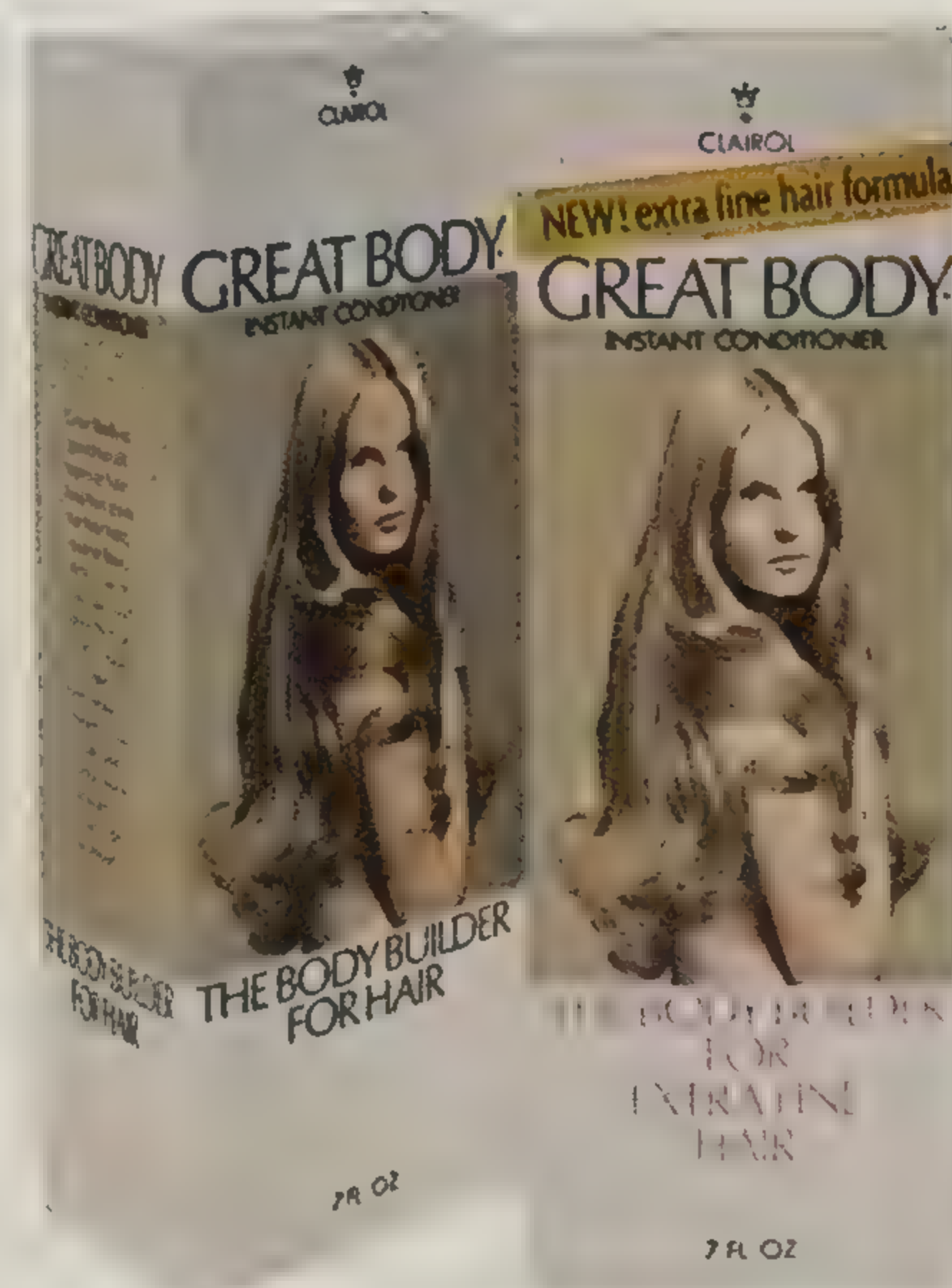
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After shampooing, each of the girls above combed Great Body through her hair and set it. And what happened to each of them can happen to you. In the time it takes to dry your hair, you can practically feel it growing stronger and healthier, thicker and fuller, curvier and curlier. With more of the strength it needs to hold a set.

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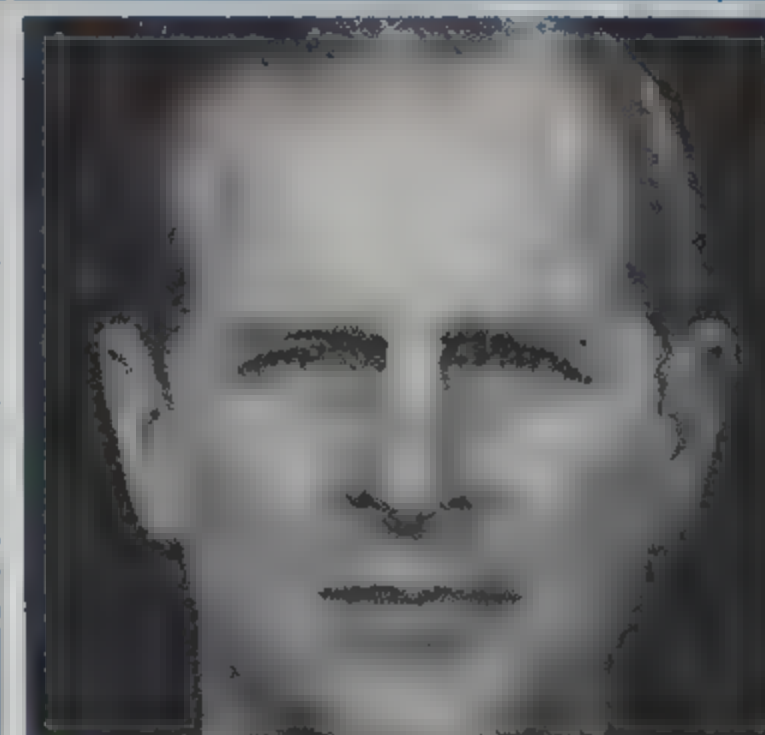


VOGUE'S

HORO-SCOPE

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE

FROM JUNE 1 THROUGH JUNE 30



H.R.H. THE PRINCE PHILIP, DUKE OF EDINBURGH, was born June 10, 1921, in the sign of last-
ing youth: Gemini. In his chart, of the seven signs occupied, five are in astrological sequence and represent the stages of youth—a pattern that shows an unusual ability to preserve continuity, to build toward a goal without interruption. Then, high in splendid isolation, Uranus—the planet of fame—rests in Pisces—the sign of inspiration. This is the aspect that brought him to the fore and will help him to accomplish some service in his vision for world improvement.

ARIES, March 21–April 20. Those born in this sign are “games players,” continually proving their physical excellence. They prefer original undertakings, especially those that give immediate results. Aries may overwork, careless of body in the drive to balance out. The first half of the month, restraints are pronounced; associates withhold endorsement because of finances. In the last two weeks, you move into a new program.

TAURUS, April 21–May 21. This month you have a stabilizing influence, supported by great vitality. If you become weighty in body or in attitude, there is a tendency toward torpor that diminishes your desire to accumulate. You would rather avoid provocation to mental activity or agree in order to preserve peace. During the first two weeks, you will be tested heavily economically and in decisions of importance.

GEMINI, May 22–June 21. You seem interested in every new idea and may give the impression of irresponsibility if the result does not involve you. Permanence in anything makes you restless. Gemini has a keen memory and records accurately, which aids intellectual analysis. The first half of the month, you may be depressed by three planets in Taurus; but when they move into your sign, planning and money ventures prosper.

CANCER, June 22–July 23. Cancer rules babyhood, which accounts for the childlike quality you never lose; it is a subtle way to get constant attention—complaining is another. Cancer shows little real vigor, finds contentment in idleness; to arouse you, some appetite must be stirred. The first half of the month, Earth signs occupied support your efforts; and many wishes are fulfilled. Messages concerning financial matters are good.

LEO, July 24–August 23. One expression of the Leo generosity is the genuine support for the goals of others. It gives authority to your vitality. You must be trusted or your best will be lost. Your strong approach (Continued on page 64)



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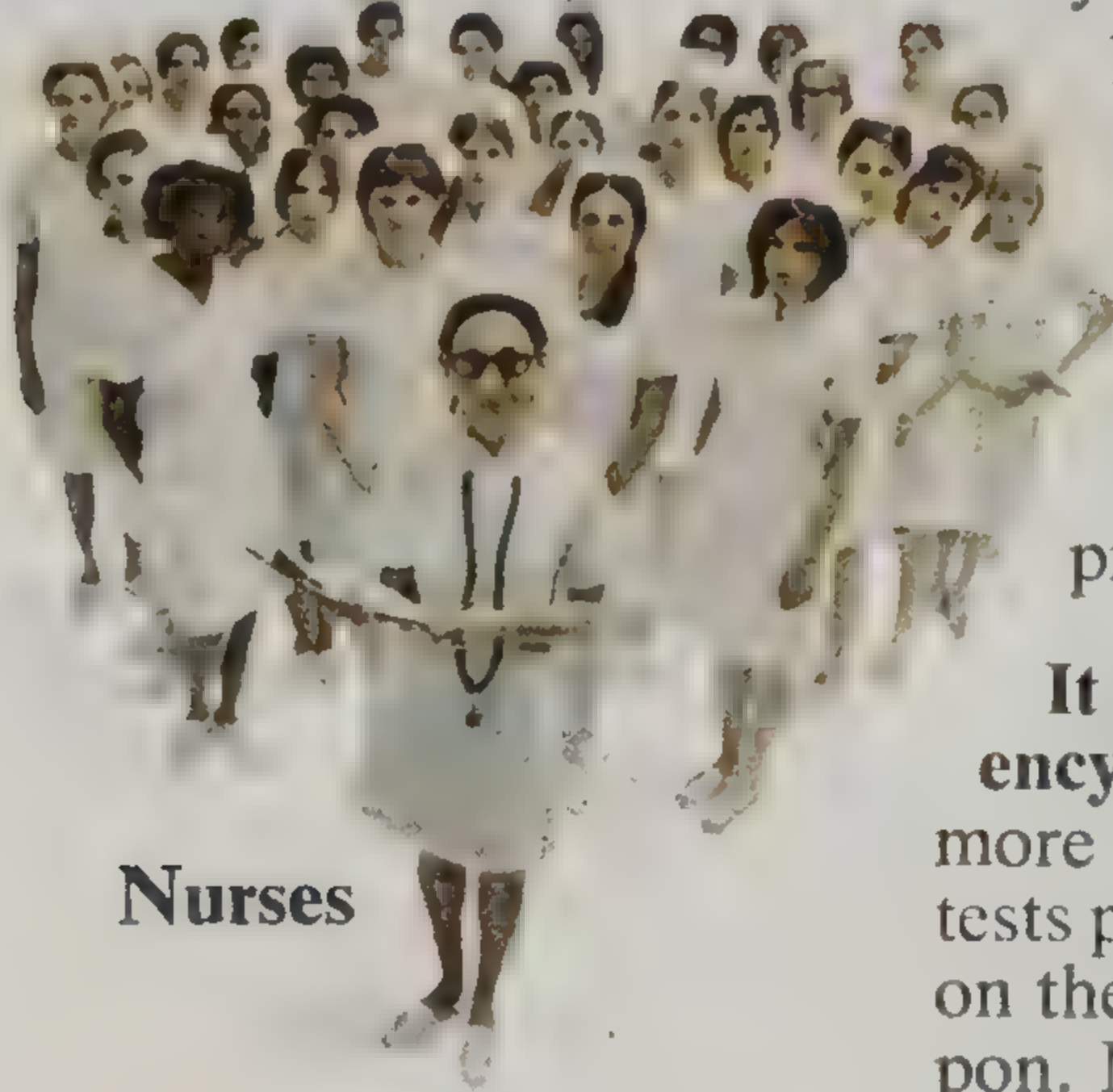


Secretaries

Chances are you'll want to switch too, once you discover for yourself how the improved Playtex Tampon protects you.



Housewives



Nurses

It actually takes on your shape. See it self-adjust to duplicate the glass's inner contours? That's how it custom-fits your own inner contours. That means maximum protection against leakage.

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Models



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The lady next door



College girls



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HOROSCOPE

may seem extravagant, but it is a token of your faith in winning. Until the last week, June is the most testing month of the year for you: You will be challenged on decisions; responsibilities will be heavy.

VIRGO, August 24–September 23. Virgo tends to hide idealism for fear of being thought vulnerable. A total commitment to your daily duties may seem to check your sympathy for fellow workers and keep them from performing effectively. The first half of the month, with Taurus heavily occupied, is good for your plans, advertisements, and money. Communications bring favorable responses. The last week ends in rewarding activities.

LIBRA, September 24–October 23. Libra reaches out to others to achieve balance through their appraisals. In your sense of justice, all the good points must be added up to arrive at a fair judgment. You would like to keep things even and smooth. Business of any kind annoys you. Most of this month's activities will weigh heavily on you, involving business matters that spoil your ease. At the new moon, the pace lifts in a new cycle.

SCORPIO, October 24–November 22. Scorpio reacts to failure or rejection longest. A realist, you re-enact an event over and over until you detect the break in the chain. In this way, failure strengthens your resourcefulness. During the first half of the month, your judgment is tested to the utmost. The decision made now to stay with the present situation or to gamble on a new way of life will influence your future for many years to come.

SAGITTARIUS, November 23–December 22. The power of the unconscious mind gives Sagittarius prophetic insights. Your passing remarks, unconsciously said, strangely come true. The term "horse sense" applies to you. Yours is a loving sign, and you never quite give up someone you have loved. This month you will be tested. Sagittarians must face the past to deal with an old debt. This ends a cycle, making way for a new path for you.

CAPRICORN, December 23–January 20. The self-consciousness of Capricorn shows in a certain shyness. Your strong sense of caution fosters this. Like Job, you anticipate: "That which I greatly feared is come upon me." More than half the month, Earth signs are occupied, favoring your plans. Financial matters clear up. News is encouraging. Programs are renewed. This whole period is strong for your enduring purposes.

AQUARIUS, January 21–February 18. Aquarians find spirituality per se too sentimental. Their occult intellectuality soars above limitations, and their view is universal. Ruled by Uranus—the divorce planet—you tire of people quickly, and you are happy to get rid of ideas that require responsibility. This month provides just such a turning point. Changes end old ties. The new moon is an appropriate time to seek new goals.

PISCES, February 19–March 20. Pisceans express themselves best in such visual media as painting and photography. Neptune, your ruler, creates illusion or masquerade. If your talent for images fails to exalt, you tend to isolate yourself, finding comfort in obscurity. More than half this month your projects will be bolstered by vitality and effective ideas, if you make your basic moves at the new moon. Success depends upon timing.

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The first tan of summer is the most important tan.

Your first tan is your most important tan because it's the one you build on all summer long. How good you'll look in August depends on how good you look by June.

First tan or first burn? What if we told you that to get your first tan you don't have to pay the painful price of a burn? That you don't have to peel and then start all over again with brand new tender skin?

As surprising as it sounds, you don't.

You see, the sun has two kinds of rays. Rays that tan and rays that burn. The secret was to find a way to keep the burning rays out while still letting the tanning rays in.

We found a way. A way that lets you go straight to tan.

How to get a beautiful first tan. You've tried enough suntan products to know that most of them don't live up to their fantastic promises.

One kind promises you a fast tan. This is the greasy kind. What it really does is fry you until you're burnt to a crisp. Then you peel and, instead of being left with a tan, you're left with nothing but bad memories. This kind of product lets in all of the sun's rays, including the ones that burn.

Another kind promises not to let you burn, and it doesn't. But it doesn't let you tan either. Instead of letting all of the sun's rays in, it doesn't let any of them in. And you come home from the beach looking like you were never there at all.

There is another kind. Sea & Ski.[®]

Both Sea & Ski Lotion and Sea & Ski Dark-

Tanning Oil are suntan products that are carefully balanced to keep the burning rays out and let the tanning rays in. They let you start your first tan of summer the first day you're out in the sun.

(For people who are lucky enough to never need any sunburn protection at all, there's Sea & Ski Dark-Tanning Butter. If you're one of those people, you can stop reading here. Everybody else, read on.)

Before using Sea & Ski that first day, let the sun warm your skin for a couple of minutes. Then rub Sea & Ski in. Don't forget the tenderest areas, like the insides of your arms and the backs of your knees. And look around for somebody nice to do your back.

Enjoy yourself, but take the first day's sun in short doses. Especially in early summer and around noon when the sun is at its strongest. And don't let a cool or cloudy day fool you into thinking the sun's not working on you. It is.

How to keep your first tan beautiful. After you've gotten your first tan, combine Sea & Ski with your own special tanning system. Concentrate on the sun, or run around and let it follow you. Do a sun dance, or take a nap.

Sea & Ski's moisturizers will keep the sun from drying your skin. They'll help you keep the tan you get. Use

Sea & Ski after you shower, too. As it soaks into your skin, it will help bring your tan out.

One more thing. Now that you know how to get a beautiful tan, we'd like to wish you a beautiful summer.

Sea & Ski
makes your first tan brown,
moist and beautiful.





Not a care in the world.

So much to feel and do. Anything's possible. Go ahead and try it.

There's nothing at all to worry about. Care-free 100% Kanekalon modacrylic wigs.

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Be suited to a T

this summer, look for . . .

Shape: Wide lapels curving to a two-button closing, patch pockets, side or no vents, high armholes, jeans-cut trousers . . . and the safari suit—now a classic. **Fabrics:** Sunstruck linens and cottons in tweedy finishes, denims, sleek poplins, coarse canvas, urbane light worsteds. **Colors:** Cream, fawn, cloud grey, light denim blue, warm brown, sometimes mixed with one clear, deep color—violet, or bitter brown. **Shirts:** Softly merging color and pattern, no more hard contrast prints; pale creamy jacquard weaves and shadow plaids in Jordan almond colors, crisp whites. **Ties:** Small figured or solid-color twills and shantung in darkling tones.

1. Tennis pro Alan Bolton in a rusty-beige cotton-and-wool jacquard suit by Cerruti 1881. \$215. Blue-rust-white shadow-plaid shirt, magenta tie. Madonna, 220 E. 60th.



1



3

5. Actor Nick Surovy in Cardin's greige silk-and-polyester with violet herringbone, \$275. Lilac shirt, anbergine Paisley tie. Bonwit Teller, N. Y.



4

2

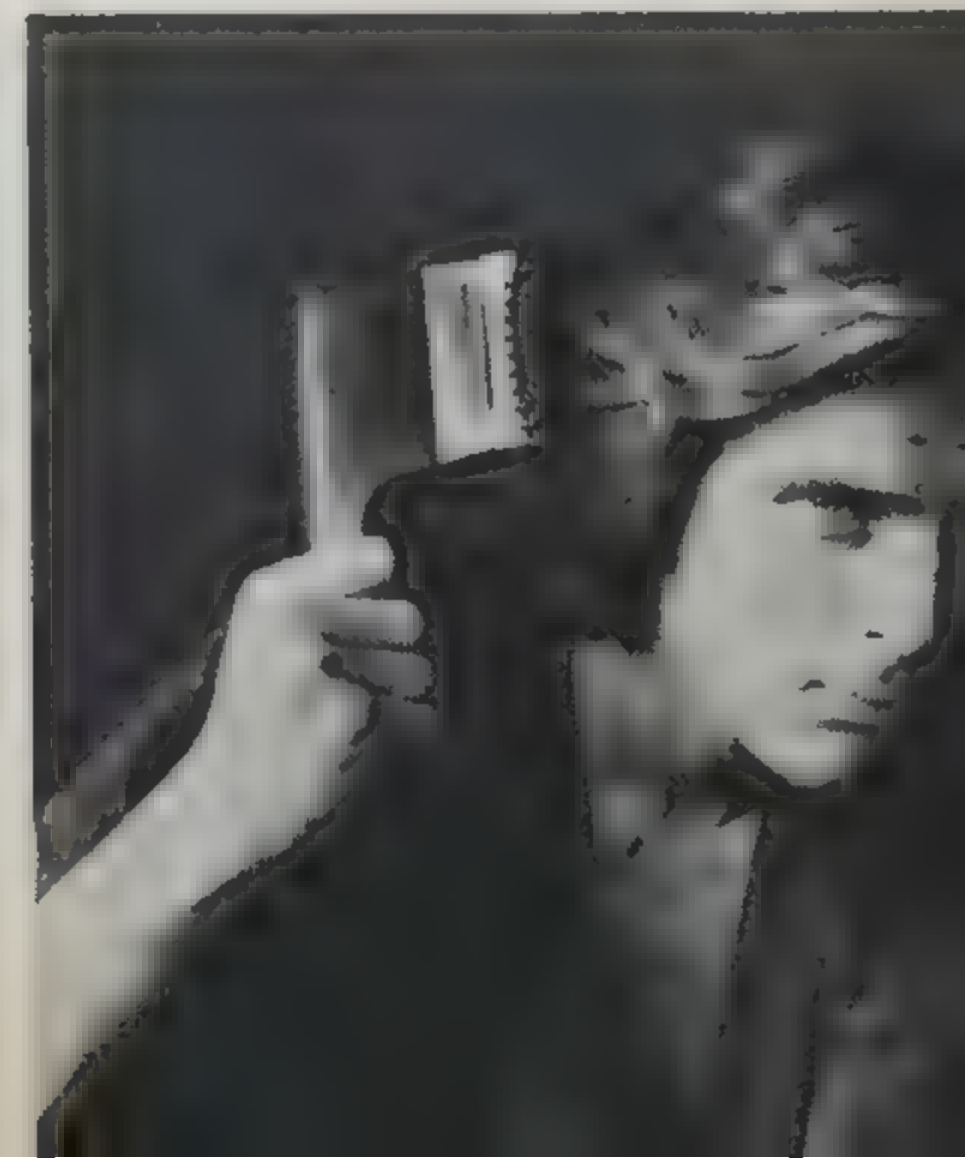
2. ABC's sportscaster Frank Gifford in fawn-brown wool denim. \$325 ready made; \$375 custom made. Cream silk jacquard shirt, dark-brown silk tie. All by Dimitri, 42 East 57th Street. 3. Cream cotton gabardine suit, bitter-brown top stitching, about \$225. Mocha-and-cream raw silk shirt, both by Testa at Jackie Rogers, 27 East 67th Street. 4. Prince Egon Fürstenberg in ecru cotton-poplin safari suit, \$70, DeNoyer, 219 East 60th Street, and his own antique silver belt.

OLIVIER GELBSMAN

Revving up Father

Great gifts to speed up the daily shape-up. . . . Remington Lektro Blade shaver: cutters mounted on the angled side make for a marked comfort difference in shaving. Cordless, about \$30. . . . Schick Styling Dryer: a must! Heated air blows through brush to stimulate scalp, allow drying and styling in minutes. Men's dryer with comb and brush, about \$20. . . .

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from those beautiful purity people

face nudes

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Near Nude Makeup Collection: New Translucent Liquid Makeup in 8 skin-mated shades. New Creme Blusher in 4 radiant colors. Soufflé Makeup. Facial Bronzing Gel. Liquid Blush. Pressed Powder.



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JUNE 1971

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW OF GIRL-POWER



RUANE MICHALS

A jam of jolly brothers, here—seven of them women, the first to be admitted as members to the Xi chapter in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, of the distinguished fraternity St. Anthony's, which was born in 1847. Why girls in 1971? "It seemed more natural this way. Why not?" Why not, indeed. A step away from rote of living, tradition as an unread book, routine for its own history. Let the sun shine in—and shine on the brothers, including those seven who have taken this springy step in the continuing liberation of the American woman, who has been, since the Declaration Of, the most liberated woman in the world.

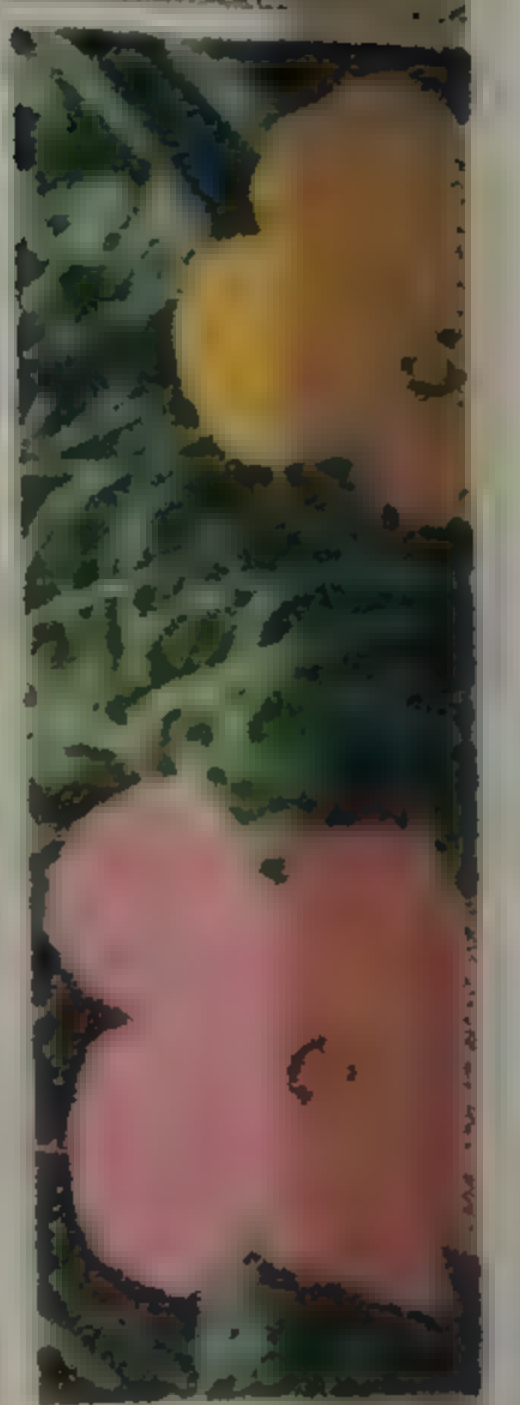
The new freedom of domestic bliss

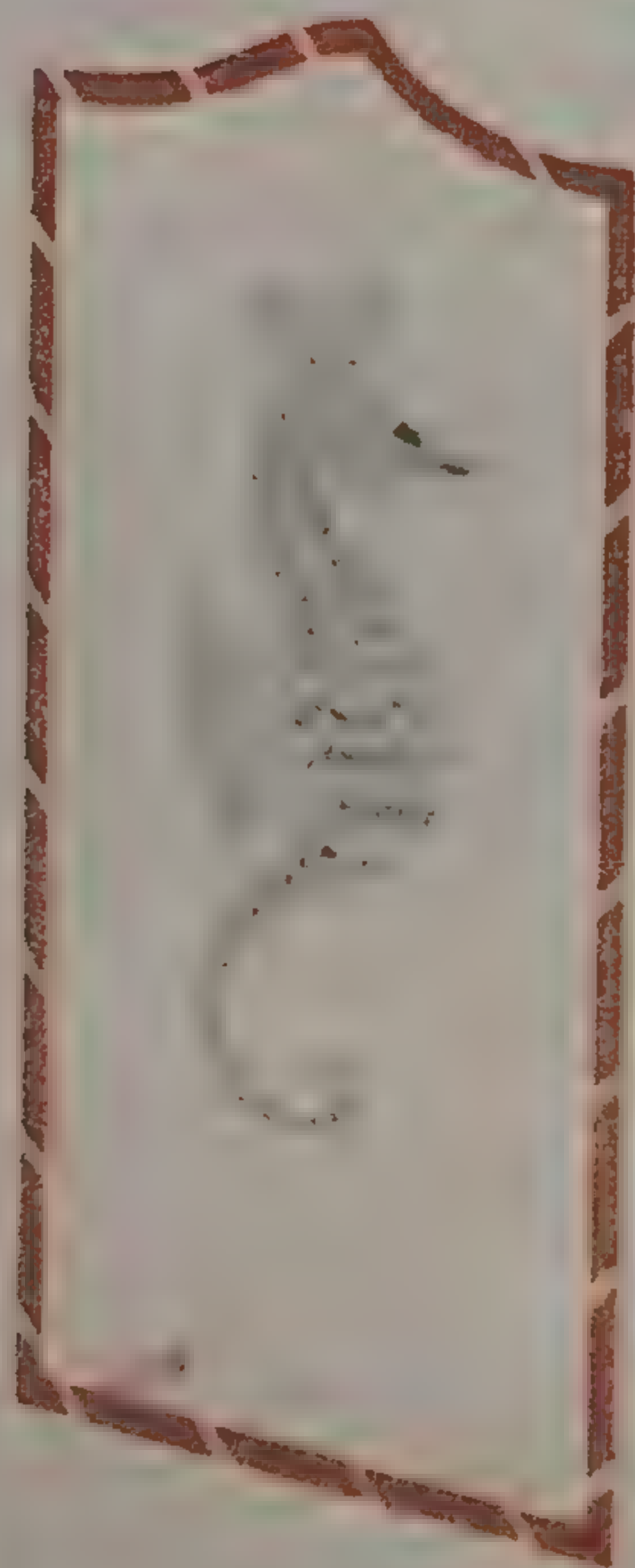
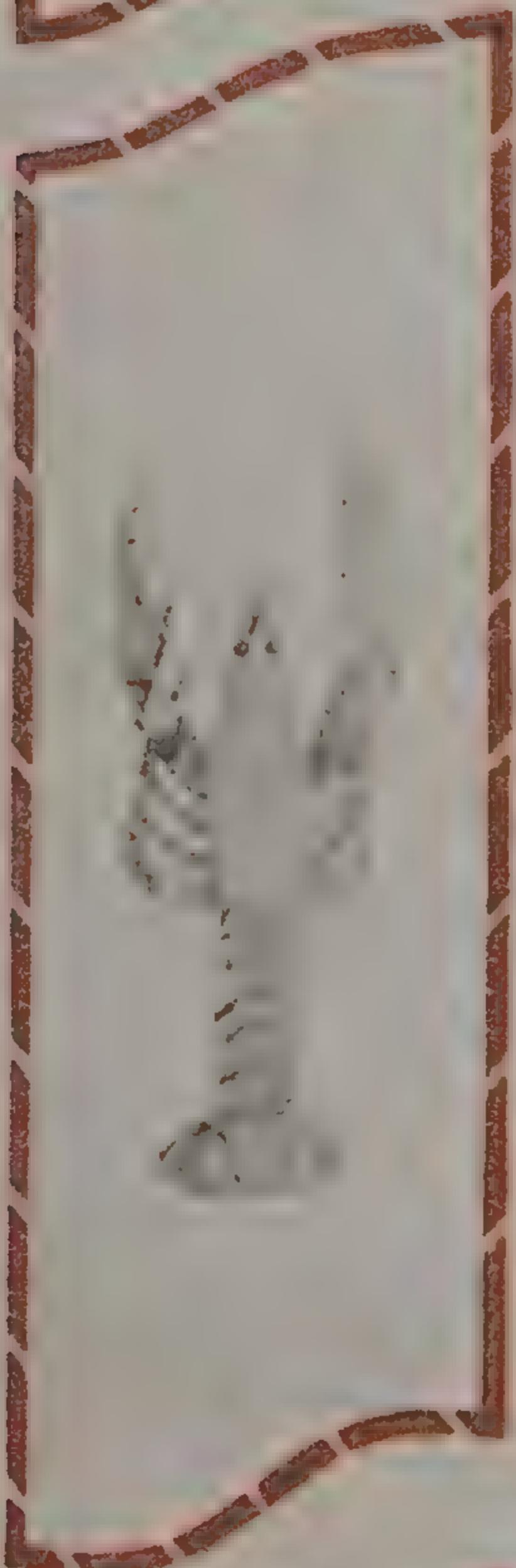
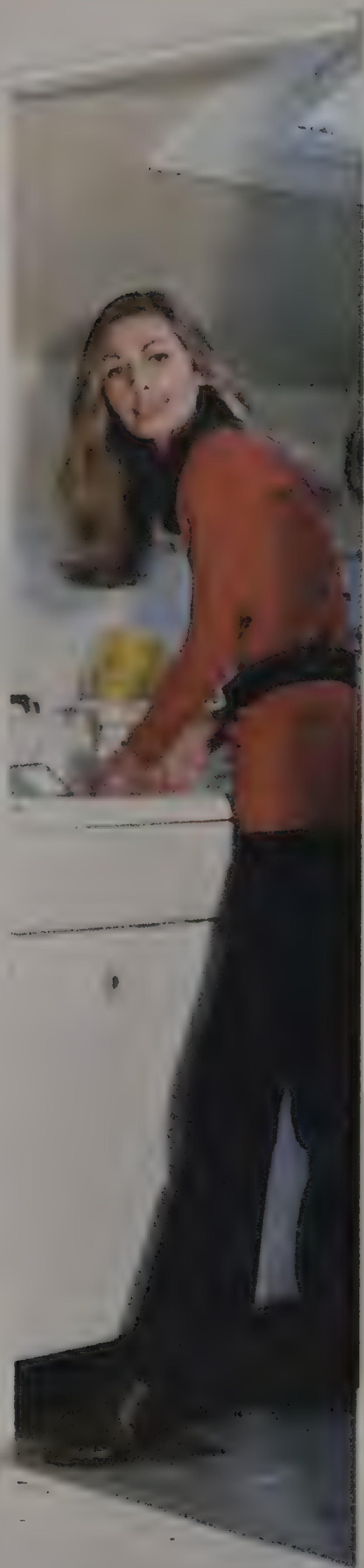
This was worth fighting for, a little thing really, a symptom perhaps: the pleasure of going back to the kitchen, not duty-driven, not ordered there by men, certainly not to face consuming chores (those went decades ago), not even because help for hire is as numbered as the whooping crane. For generations, women in America have been stretching their demands for fair consideration—shaking habits, resisting fictions, taking on risky causes on principle and unpaid, everyday causes that men cannot. Now, without losing faith with the new in their lives, and possibly because of new freedoms, they have gone happily crackers over cooking. Long before it became too menial or too tedious or too ritual-ridden, cooking was a creative act of sharing, sustaining. The art of cooking belongs, in good part, to the great chefs, men. The act of cooking belongs to women, forever the gentlers, refiners, and curators of our patterns of living. The practice of nourishing others is a fragment of love, an uncompromised joy.


"I cook in spurts,"

MRS. ALFRED G. VANDERBILT said—and the spurts, to the delight of her children (two boys, one girl), often take the form of desserts: "anything that features chocolate." All this goes on in a small, well-equipped kitchen, opposite, on the top floor of the Vanderbilts' Long Island house, where Mrs. Vanderbilt has her own special demesne—a studio-playroom-music-room-library. In no sense a retreat—family, friends, dogs, all are welcome—it's a place where Jean Vanderbilt can read, paint, play records, cook . . . be herself.

Starting here: fourteen pages of American women who accept "home" or "family" as further words for joy







Suzy "lives" in the kitchen: "I work out all my frustrations on kneading dough and pounding noodles."

SUZY PARKER DILLMAN'S in the kitchen with Dinah, five, and Charlie, three-plus, mixing up her sourdough cheesebread.

BRADFORD DILLMAN, opposite, described by his wife as an actor and a golfer, with Suzy and their six children: Jeffrey Dillman, up in the tree; Christopher, holding tight; Dinah, flat out; Suzy with her blond daughter, Georgia, and Brad's daughter, Pamela; and Charlie. All photographed at their 1926 Spanish house in Montecito.







Things I love to look at, things that make me smile"

CANDICE BERGEN

AND HER CALIFORNIA HOUSE— ALL-AMERICAN MAGIC AND SASS

I submitted to the desire for property because I happened upon a house that was unlike any other, and I thought living there would be something special.

The house was built by John Barrymore and called his studio. It served as projection room and aviary for a man who believed that if he stopped building he would die. It was the third addition to a compound that included the maze-like main house—with Meissen chandeliers, old monastery doors, and a rathskeller floored with redwood trunks—and the hacienda, or guest house—with heated dog kennels, a fourteen-foot Renaissance sundial planted squarely in the pool, and hand-carved doors from Bombay brothels. The man was not without style.

What I loved about my house was that it was like a castle conceived out of fantasy. A man who builds a stained-glass, domed projection room downstairs and a frescoed, skylit aviary upstairs cannot be called earthbound. What he achieved was a sublime time capsule where one could seek solace from a growing metropolis.

The theatrical proportions of the house are often overwhelming. The miniscule living room is crowned with a three-story-high cupola studded with stained-glass windows. A great rock fireplace splays grandly across one wall and a crusty iron chandelier hangs perilously from a stained-glass clipper ship at the top of the dome.

Empty, the room has all the warmth of a monk's crypt. Some of my friends refer to it as the lobby. When it is filled to its capacity of eight people, facing each other nose to nose in its tiny rectangular shape is like sitting in a tapestried train. All of which is its charm—I guess.

I wanted to accentuate the fantasy I loved in the house and from photographs I'd seen of his work, Jay Steffy seemed the only decorator whose mind could drift in distant places. No one's sense of fantasy is stronger than Jay's. He is the iconoclastic conceptualist who trespasses where others fear to tread.

The downstairs suggested something medieval, which I wanted to explore. Late Beowulf, I saw it; with fraying fabrics on fecund sofas and Moorish chests with dark patinas.

And that is, more or less, what we got. Tapestry and needlepoint materials and great old Persian and Moroccan rugs that were a trifle threadbare.

Jay painted the downstairs a terra-cotta that emerges as soft and seductive by night and a claustrophobic orange by day; and he emphasized the architecture of the cupola by painting the pilasters a deeper shade and striping muted bands of color around its base.

The crowning glory is a *copy* of the portrait of Victor Mature as Samson by Norman Rockwell that left the art world reeling. It is, at once, the worst and the best. If there were a fire, I'd surely save Victor.

Jay thought of a long slab of table to exaggerate the narrow dining room, and I wanted each chair at the table to be different, huge and comfortable. Jay slipped a cane and chrome Marcel Breuer in with all the carved medieval monsters just to keep people on their toes. As if they weren't already.

(Continued on page 79)

CANDICE BERGEN IN HER VERMEER-YELLOW KITCHEN: AMERICANA AND TOYS, left. "A place for sitting around in," with a rug to warm the floor, a "crummy" Mexican painting, and an allure for dogs: Candice's rescued black mutt, Leonard, and a nosy neighbor in the window. Candice Bergen's new film: "Carnal Knowledge."



CANDICE BERGEN

calls her bedroom, once John Barrymore's aviary, right, "the Rainbow Room, the happiest room of all."

HENRY CLARKE









CANDICE BERGEN: "A living room like a tapestried train (above) . . . a den for an elderly Arab" (left, right).

(Continued) The kitchen assumed shape gradually, a repository for memorabilia I was too embarrassed to have anywhere else: A hideous lamp, the base a toy brass stove with moveable pots and an oven door that opens, is a favorite plaything.

Cats'-tails from the beach were relocated in a copper cauldron on top of an Americana breakfront. And during a brief fling with *découpage*, I spent an afternoon decorating cupboards leaving half the job unfinished. Then I threw down a slightly impaired Persian rug to unify the chaos.

Bathed in light, the upstairs is the antidote to the downstairs, like walking from winter up into spring. As the aviary, it was designed with large, high rooms and skylights to soften the blow to a bird in captivity.

I wanted the smaller of the two rooms for a den, with Paisley and a huge, high couch crushed with pillows. Jay got Michael Kelly, paint wizard, to work geometric wonders on the walls, and the great felt-topped gaming table is a sensational desk. The den, with the most outrageous of my lamp collection, ended up resembling the home of an elderly Arab. (Continued on page 162)

HENRY CLARKE





I think being happy makes a woman as beautiful as she can be."

GAYLE HUNNICUTT

talking about life with that outrageously attractive actor and husband, David Hemmings, and their baby, Nolan—"the most admiring baby," said one observer. The Hemmings' are together in the movie *Fragment of Fear*, and David is writing and directing *Running Scared*.

We are tall,
lean people
who work
the land."

LAURA AND MICHAEL PEAKE

Laura, speaking for herself and her husband, photographed with their baby, Graham, at home—high above Montecito looking out to the Channel Islands and the Pacific. Michael cleared their land himself, built the house, his photographic studio, a Japanese hot bath, is now working on a 37' trimaran in the yard.



We subordinate
'you' or 'me'
This means respect
for each other's
time, taste, talent,
and moods."

ROBERT AND PAMELA SAKOWITZ

Bob speaking for the "we" of their marriage. Work days they lead the city life of Houston; weekends, they're off to the Thunderbird Ranch, owned by Mr. Sakowitz's parents, spending hours on horseback; eating wonderful fresh Texas food; and boning up on plans to raise a new strain of Appaloosa horses.





FAMILY-POWER

all the way

"So many people dwell in the past. Enjoy the present."
—**Rose Kennedy**

BY ALLENE TALMEY

The mildest adjective used about Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy is extraordinary. At almost eighty-one, she in effect has been a Boston politician since she was five. She has relished the successive—and later sometimes simultaneous—roles of daughter, sister, wife, daughter-in-law, mother, mother-in-law, and grandmother.

Quick, eager, guarded, pretty, Mrs. Kennedy, a Papal Countess in her own right, recently walked quickly into the small library of her Palm Beach house that her husband bought in 1934. Designed by Addison Mizner for Rodman Wanamaker, the white stucco house by the ocean has a compact casualness, a big-windowed serenity, a look of flowers, of family photographs, a feel of stillness. An album of her life for almost forty years, the house is like a document. Over the library mantelpiece, a large printed copy of President John F. Kennedy's Inaugural Address with, in the right-hand corner, a handwritten inscription, "For Mother and Dad—with affectionate best wishes on Christmas," followed by a difficult signature that Mrs. Kennedy cannot read. On the walls, three large photographs of some of her twenty-eight grandchildren. In the big, comfortable living room stand framed photographs of Joseph P. Kennedy; of Mrs. Aristotle Onassis in her wedding dress for her marriage to John F. Kennedy; of Ambassador Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy, a diamond tiara on her dark hair, with Their Majesties Queen Elizabeth and King George VI in 1939.

That recent morning Mrs. Kennedy in a plain white dress, her figure slender, beautiful, her dark hair full, vital, looked no age, for she does not try to be young, to be youthful, to disguise her eighty years. Closeup, she shows no wrinkles, wears only a touch of rouge and powder, no eye makeup, light lipstick on her slightly crooked mouth. Her eyes are bright, her carriage erect, her smile brilliant and easy. A woman of the world, a cultivated appreciator of music, art, books, history, she has been almost everywhere, has met most of the celebrated, has been photographed for the public from an early age, been interviewed since she was sixteen, and has deliberately kept a part of herself remote, solitary, secret in the midst of an *intimate* family group that numbered cumulatively about one hundred, if not a little more.

A. T.: What was your relationship with your parents?

MRS. KENNEDY: I was particularly close to my father, for I was the first girl for a long time in the Fitzgerald family when I was born on July 22, 1890. He was a political man, serving three terms in Congress before he was elected Mayor of Boston. During his first term in Washington, he was the only Democratic Congressman from New England and the only Catholic in Congress.

Full of exuberance, of *joie de vivre*, of enthusiasm, of pep, he loved to sing and dance and talk to crowds; for he had the gift of Irish oratory, of laughter. He had initiative. What he liked was all the

camaraderie of politics, the hoorah, the power, the fun. He was known as Honey Fitz and he kept lists of the people needing jobs in his Irish ward in the North End. He liked to buy great extravagant plumed bonnets for my mother, my two sisters, and me from Hollander's.

Later, when my father became the Mayor, we moved to Dorchester; and I went around the city on the subway and the streetcars. When I was graduated from Dorchester High School, I wanted to go to Wellesley and was accepted, but my father sent me to the Sacred Heart Convent on Commonwealth Avenue as I was only sixteen. My father loved to take me around with him to rallies and all sorts of political gatherings. Then, he sent me to the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Aachen, Germany, where I went further with German and French and piano and more music. After I was graduated from Manhattanville College in New York, I studied at the Boston Conservatory of Music. At home we sometimes had fun in the evenings when I played popular songs on the piano and my father and mother, my two sisters, and my three brothers sang and danced. My father took me with him to South America and Europe and Palm Beach, and, in 1912, to the Democratic National Convention in Baltimore.

My mother, Josie Hannon, was so sane, so serene, so practical, so lovely, so beautiful, with many responsibilities. She was extremely religious, rather retiring, and stayed away from the whirl of politics. From my mother I learned never to complain.

I learned about politics from my father, the strategies, the tactics, the whole rush, the pleasure of seeing political accomplishment of problems on a city scale. It was accomplishment that motivated the whole family later on a national scale. Oddly enough, my husband didn't like the political crowds and the hoorah—he preferred to work behind the scenes. Teddy is rather like his grandfather, a hard worker, doing his homework, and exuberant about politics.

A. T.: What about marriage?

MRS. KENNEDY: We were married in 1914. I had known the Kennedy family for years. Joe's father was deep in politics, too, but not in office. While I was at the convents, Joe had been to Boston Latin and then graduated from Harvard in 1912. We were both interested in music, in politics, and were about the same age. We never had a cross word. He was never around when the children were born. Afterwards, he came in, said "wonderful wife," and brought me a present. Sometimes we took separate vacations and came back renewed. He did not like to travel. I did. He liked to stay in Palm Beach to rest. We played golf together there and on the Cape. His changes of business kept me on my toes, challenging me as I met so many different kinds of people in so many different fields from bankers to diplomats. It was exciting and fun. [The (Continued on page 149)]

MRS. JOSEPH P. KENNEDY



THE TIES WOMEN *cannot shake* AND HAVE

"Perhaps a woman needs to have worked not to hold herself above the splendors and miseries of the daily, the domestic."

BY ELIZABETH HARDWICK

I have never felt free. I do not speak of the constraints of society but of the peculiar developments of my own nature. All my life I have carried about with me the chains of an exaggerated anxiety and tendency to worry, an over-excited imagination for disasters ahead, problems foreboding, errors whose consequence could stretch to the end of time. I feel some measure of admiration for women who are carefree, even for the careless; but we work with what we are given, and what I know I have learned from books and from worry.

When I was young, living in Kentucky and later in New York unmarried, I was emancipated in my ideas, even radical; and yet I worried a great deal about "disgrace": about pregnancy, promiscuity, gossip, mistakes. And here I am remembering the fears of a girl in her middle twenties, not those of a teen-ager. Suppose, I would think with a shudder, Mama and Papa *knew*! Looking back, I believe my watchfulness, in the midst of what the conven-

tional would have called daring, had to do with the fear of losing the greater freedom, something beyond the moment. There did seem to be a happiness and usefulness over the horizon that one wanted to be ready for, worthy of. Life was a minefield, strewn with traps—the wrong man, the wrong marriage, and, because of them, not being able to live where you wanted, to have the friends, the life you wanted.

When my daughter was born, her smiles were, in Sylvia Plath's phrase, "found money." But what an enslavement my feelings were. Not necessity but grave intensity of feeling made me wish to be spared pleasant possibilities for travel, too many opportunities to "lead my own life." It was a joy to sit around with even the most commonplace women, "talking about nothing but their children." The truth was that for a few years my pleasure in my child was greater than any fatigue or restlessness, and it was a misery to be away for any length of time. This fury, fortunately, abated after a while, but not entirely. I well understand the nearly deranged passion that led Madame de Sévigné to write volumes and volumes of letters to her daughter, a girl who, alas, turned out to be greedy

and ill-natured.

I have always worked, but I never felt I was working hard enough. Fitfulness of ambition seemed to accompany the general anxiety, and yet *to do something* was an almost puritanical pressure, bearing down like the pain of a boil. This sounds agreeable enough, even with the image of the "boil," but it was not pleasant and soothing in the least. Creative and intellectual work is difficult, hard, and disturbing in the deepest way. You are up against the limits of yourself, your mind, your knowledge, your talent, your courage, your fineness, your energy.

Perhaps a woman needs to have worked not to hold herself above the splendors and miseries of the daily, the domestic. The cloth of memory is made of all those sofas and back stairs, the Sundays in the kitchen, the alleys and avenues. Your parents give you, in your youth, their unique dailiness and this becomes a part of your "I." There is a sovereignty in housekeeping, and housework itself is a matter of honor. Old housewives, left aside, forgotten, eking out their last days on Social Security, are not more to be pitied than retired secretaries and schoolteachers.



CECIL BEATON

The German writer Gottfried Benn tells of a bitter proverb he saw on the face of a sundial, commenting upon the hours: "All of them wound, the last one kills." Loneliness, a hard end, will come to most of us if we live long enough. We must not ask too much of our work. It is not in the nature of work to be always gratifying. Humanity is desperate. A good person need not be ashamed to make the bed or even to turn it down at night if that makes someone else happier. What difference does it make?

We are as good and as useful as men—everyone knows that. Equality is self-evident. We do not want to be slaves or married to slaves—but this is the condition of so much of the suffering world. When that happens, human beings can only cling together, huddling under the blanket. In his beautiful book *Tristes Tropiques*, the French anthropologist Claude Lévi-Strauss tells of a miserable, angry tribe, the Nambikwara, going to sleep by the fire-side at night:

Always they are haunted by the thought of other groups, as fearful and hostile as they are themselves, and when they lie entwined together, couple by couple, each looks to his mate for support and comfort and finds in the other a bulwark, the only one he knows, against the difficulties of every day and the meditative melancholia which from time to time overwhelms the Nambikwara.

The self always matters, no matter how great the

crisis and disruption of the world. If you are allowed to live, your singular, solitary self will be gnawing at you all the time; you never wish to surrender the whole of yourself to the general. We do not want to be engulfed in the universal; but interferences are everywhere, in the nature of things, in the recalcitrance of others, in the world of accident, necessity, circumstance. Our desires war with those of our fellow men.

Dispersion, loneliness, rootlessness—these are carried on the wind like a pestilence. Everywhere one goes there are young or middle-aged women raising their children alone. "You will be aware of an absence, presently, growing beside you, like a tree," the same Sylvia Plath poem said. It is called "For a Fatherless Son," and it does not refer to the downtrodden and orphaned but to the children left by the educated, sophisticated man when he has changed his mind.

Some of these lone mothers are sad, some are managing, but none seems to grow used to the missing person. It was not Women's Liberation that left these women ironically sunk in self-reliance but a slow and steady corrosion of the sense of responsibility to the past, to consequence. We will never get that back; it is one of those things that will not be reversed. The right of the self for renewal, change, another chance is more sacred to us than gratitude or accountability. The brevity of love must be acknowledged. I look at little girls with wonder and with anxiety. I do not know whether they will be free—the only certainty is that many will be adrift. ▼

Elizabeth Hardwick, a presence, a writer-critic with a commanding view, soft blue eyes, and a voice, colored by her Kentucky origins, that can break easily into a knowing laugh, is a reckoning force of the American literary scene. Her headline drama reviews—sharp, with the moment but not of it—for *The New York Review of Books* often have more staying power than the plays she reviews. She is now at work on a series of connected essays on the world of women as seen through literature and culture, which will include this personal essay as well as her splendid re-evaluations of the women in Ibsen. With her daughter Harriet Lowell, Elizabeth Hardwick lives in a rambling two-story New York studio-apartment, above filled with the paintings and books she and the poet Robert Lowell collected during the twenty-one years of their marriage.



PENN

ELAINE:



Elaine Kaufman, monument to *chutzpah* and pasta, is the owner, co-founder, and presiding genius of a club for men and their women, "not women and their men," that is also a restaurant. Elaine's Restaurant, 1703 Second Avenue, at Eighty-eighth Street, on New York's Upper East Side, in a brick-tenement section that once was predominantly German and is now chiefly young-marrieds, is in its eighth year of glory—two long flanking rooms with tin ceilings, *The Paris Review* posters, murky murals, and johns with highly literate graffiti. Elaine, who uses her bar the way some Czars used Siberia, welcomes patrons herself, and takes reservations on a pay phone, said, "The only thing I work at is the food and getting people in and out." Her fraternity of internationally famous whiz kids, including the seventeen surrounding her at left, usually stays after the kitchen stops serving (mainly Italian dishes) at one or one-thirty. "I like men and I hate small talk. An intellectual man keeps his head and body together. Everything is 'no' when you come from a middle-class background. You should stay home and write from nothing? Besides, I keep these guys off the street."

Elaine Kaufman, who started working when she was in grade school in a combination stamp and used-book store on New York's Forty-second Street, learned the restaurant business from a friend, recently bought the building that houses her restaurant with money she made on the stock market using tips from her customers. "Every night's a party. But it's a me-me world. Why am I a success? Because I have an open door. I don't care who you are or what you're wearing." Her informality has replaced the full-course meal as well as the full-dress rig.

Elaine Kaufman's manner doesn't always win friends. One paranoid customer, rebuffed when she asked Elaine how she lost weight, wrote on stationery with a large coat of arms, "There isn't one gauche person who has parlayed a plate of fettuccine to fame. . . . They once turned my husband away from the Stork Club and where's the Stork Club now?" Reading the letter from a stack of mail on the bar at 11:30 in the morning—she works until four in the morning and then shows up some seven-or-so hours later to pay bills—Elaine Kaufman shrugged. D. D. Ryan, wife of one of the regulars, said of Elaine Kaufman, "She satisfies all the fantasies of her men. She's their mother and their friend. Everything." To discover the names and identities of the men—in case you didn't know—of Elaine's gang photographed here, turn to page 54. ▼

The alimential force behind the most exclusive men's club (and restaurant) in America



Gloria Steinem, left, thirty-five, a major writer on politics, mainly for New York magazine, is perhaps the most attractive activist in Women's Lib, and an outspoken, unyielding crusader for the causes she believes in. She is photographed here in her apartment, against a wall plastered with pictures of, among others, Governor George C. Wallace, Che Guevara, Senator Robert F. Kennedy, and her favorite writer, Isak Dinesen. Her "essence," she insists, is "lunch meat with mayonnaise on white Wonder Bread." With the looks—and the publicity—of a film star, she turns men warm at the sight of her and women green—not very comfortable assets for such a straight-speaking woman.

COMING OF AGE *in America*

"Race, economic condition, and sexual preference don't matter. We are all women."

—**Gloria Steinem**

BY LIZ SMITH

Around Gloria Steinem is that faint nimbus of sexy fanaticism thrown off by those who are righteous in dedication and devotion, who can't be bought or bossed, who have turned their backs on the usual rewards. Gloria is an incipient excitement—any minute she may cut loose, grab a rope and drive the money changers from the temple, do battle in behalf of women, lettuce workers, grape pickers, Black Panthers, peace students, draft dodgers, the racially deprived, or anyone who is disenfranchised or underprivileged in her eyes.

"Gloria is my symbol of the modern woman. Intelligent, beautiful, and idealistic. She's thought out the way she wants to live and acts on it."

—Clay S. Felker, editor, *New York* magazine

"You know that guy in Chicago who killed all those nurses. That's Gloria—the Richard Speck of the Radical Left."

—Al Capp, cartoonist/columnist

"Miss Steinem is a political analyst of acumen and influence."

—*Newsweek*

"If you were a man, I'd hit you right in the mouth!"

—Hans Conried, actor, to

Gloria Steinem on television talk show

With the exception of a few such enemies as Al Capp and Hans Conried, the general feeling among even those who find the Women's Liberation movement a hateful toad is that Gloria Steinem is the shining jewel in its forehead. When Gloria rises to give her "Fundamental Revolution" lecture, eyes glaze with admiration.

Gloria figuratively struck down the tough reporter Pete Hamill like some Saul on the road to Damascus. Pete was on his way persecuting the "Christians," as it were, but Gloria turned him into a regular Paul and he's now for Women's Lib. "I was slow to catch on: I'm Irish you know. I couldn't take the Ti-Grace Atkinsons, and so, like a lot of men, I tended to trivialize the movement. But Gloria explained it. Her point of view is eliminating a lot of these crazy barriers. She is the best spokesman the movement could ever have, because it's not like she's into some kind of freaky public therapy when *she* does it."

Gloria appreciates Pete, but not such compliments and distinctions. She believes the movement is breaking down barriers between women of *all* kinds, between the beautiful and ugly, the married and single, the old and young, and, surprisingly, between the housewives of middle-class suburbia and lower-income Black women. She says she's even learned to stop reacting to the occasional fearful male who assumes any Women's Lib member is a lesbian. ("If one reacts in a shocked defensive way, saying, 'Well, I'm not gay and I can prove it!' she's just condemning her lesbian sisters in and out of the movement. Women who are lesbians are twice discriminated against. And the movement is for *all* women. If I'm happy as I am, why should I feel threatened at being called something I'm not, or putting lesbians down by acting offended.")

Why is Gloria Steinem so effective? For one thing she is a beautiful person, both in the lower- and upper-case senses.

She has made it in the world and doesn't need recognition, so her integrity stands fairly unquestioned. The eligible attractive men in her life dispel any notion that she might be—well, you know, not normal. She speaks softly and looks as cool, effortless, and unfrenetic as a rich girl on a frat picnic. This is an illusion—she is burning for causes, dying inside of stage fright, trampled with care born of undertaking too much.

Gloria Steinem is a good writer (her socio-political articles for the weekly magazine *New York* won a Penney-Missouri Magazine Award last year). She is brave (she answered Hans Conried: "Why don't you? At least you'd be taking women seriously"). She put her money where her mouth is (withholding taxes meant for Vietnam defense is a time-consuming, troublesome bookkeeping juggle; and she distributes lecture fees around to women's movements). She is an activist (not only traveling hard as a spokeswoman for Women's Lib but for populist labor causes and politicians in whom she believes). Her personal life is a rebuke to racists (her current man is the Black athlete-actor Rafer Johnson; her best friend is the dynamic day-care-center leader Dorothy Pitman Hughes). She is scrupulously uncompromising these days in her work (although in demand by most of the mass

media, she has almost stopped writing for money, her philosophy being, "If someone else *can* write it, then it's not for me to do it").

Inevitable martyrdom must be in store for this creature who sums up today's liberated, committed, involved, dedicated, individualistic, independent woman as the kind of female who simply won't conform, compromise, sit down, shut up, or stop pointing us all in the way we should go. (Every bit as irritating to David Susskind of television and Murray Kempton and Jules Feiffer of the liberal press as Joan of Arc was to the Earl of Warwick.)

Yet, Pete Hamill said: "She is just the greatest girl around. Most of the men I know are in love with Gloria Steinem, and it isn't difficult to understand why."

Asked about this overkill of popularity. Gloria's broad, serene face goes concerned around the eyes. "Well, I must be doing something wrong. Because sometimes I think I could call for a Viet Cong victory; and with the exception of a few vitriolic enemies, I'd probably get away with it."

"This always makes me realize that I'm just not getting my points across. I see that now and again when I realize people I dislike intensely like me. Then I know something's wrong with my life, as if my convictions aren't strong or emphatic enough to overtake some dumb image of what most people stupidly call 'feminine' or 'successful.' Of course, it's my own fault. It reminds me of the Dorothy Parker dictum about the girl who lost her virginity for fear of seeming impolite. I think I have an authority problem."

It hadn't seemed so the day I went to The Plaza hotel for Gloria's act before The Copy Club of New York. Scene: She stands there long-legged in a blue print challis mini dress that could be wadded up for a hankie. Her shoes are still the sling Chanel type. Her Alice in Wonderland hair, with its blond streaks, falls artfully over her bosom. She looks just right, peering through her perennial blue-tinted prescription specs. The effect is all very "together," though she isn't talking quite loud enough. Voice just barely shaking with nervousness, she makes the points she has been making before college groups and others for almost two years now:

"This is not a frivolous revolution; it is deep and fundamental. We will never have a less violent society until we realize that manhood doesn't depend on the subjugation of other people and womanhood doesn't depend on submissiveness or being cheap labor."

"The best women are not thin and rich, and neither are the best men."

"Money and success are not sexy. That is an obscene statement. Masculinity isn't measured by the size of the paycheck."

"Making women supportive secondary beings only creates women so angry that they then control their men by guilt, nagging, and underhanded pettiness."

"If a woman gets her identity from a man or plays the game as a conspicuous consumer, a sex object, it teaches her to use slaves' tactics in order to 'win.'"

"There is a myth, just as there is about Blacks, that women don't like each other and can't work for one another."

Gloria then nods and says, "Isn't that the most incredible *shit*?" The audience sits stunned, hands paralyzed over coffee cups and *petits fours*. Then they titter. Yes. They came here to see a star and that's just what they have seen, for only a star could get away with that—a woman who isn't afraid she'll ruin her "femininity quotient" by saying "shit" right out loud in the White and Gold Suite.

"Is Gloria for real or did somebody make her up?"

—Puerto Rican politician

What is a Gloria Steinem after all? Not just a girl who can swear in The Plaza, nor one who selects as her favorite fan letter the variation she receives over and over on "long-haired, nigger-loving, Commie slut."

The first part is easy to answer. Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable says "A Gloria is a mixture of silk and wool used for covering umbrellas, etc." The Steinem part is more complex. In this instance, a Steinem is descended in equal parts from a flamboyant, mercurial, nonreligious Jewish father and a sensitive, gentle, French-German gentile mother. (Continued)

COMING OF AGE *in America*

The parental romance is Ohio, U.S.A., melting-pot stuff: Daughter of railroad engineer falls for devilish son of Ohio's first woman's suffragette leader in *the* looked-down-upon mixed marriage of their time and place.

Eventually everyone got to say "I told you so" about Ruth and Leo Steinem. The marriage ended when their daughter was eleven years old. But it had produced Gloria, a girl of wool and silk to shelter the weak under an all-encompassing concern.

Complicated. Gloria thinks of herself as "Hopelessly Ohio." Once, one of her interviewing gambits was to ask Paul Newman or Lee Radziwill or Barbra Streisand or Renata Adler or James Baldwin to define himself in terms of "essences"—food, flowers, smells. Told, in return, that she was a cucumber sandwich on thin whole-wheat toast, Gloria insisted she be lunch meat with mayonnaise on white Wonder Bread: "It's like when I'm described as a thin blonde and I think of myself as a fat brunette." There is a reason for that. To learn it one must consider Gloria in parts.

Take one: DEPRESSION'S CHILD YEARNS TO BE ROCKETTE.

She was born March 25 on a lionish day in Toledo thirty-five years ago. Her father was a charmer whose mother, Pauline Steinem, had been a briefly rich feminist, one of the first women ever to address a Congressional committee on the subject of women's suffrage. ("Maybe feminism, like certain diseases, skips generations," Gloria said.)

Leo Steinem lived on the periphery of show business, always his own boss, never saving any money. "I see his characteristics in myself," Gloria said. "He liked the infinite possibilities of life and so do I. It's just the other side of the coin from needing security. Not knowing what is going to happen has always been my security. I guess that's one of the reasons I haven't married. I once said the word 'marriage' was like a door slamming in my head. That's only because the role of 'wife' is so inhuman and unattractive to me. I've always feared that even if I married a 'liberated' man, I'd do the role thing anyway, out of my own brainwashing and the feeling that to be loved and approved of by husband and society I'd have to be submissive or phony. Oh, I'd do myself in. I care too much about people's good opinions."

Gloria spent early childhood summers at a resort run by her father. Here she learned to tap dance from a cigarette girl, later she starred in a dance-studio revue, "Glorifying the American Girl." After the Steinem divorce, Gloria and her mother survived rough days in the industrial slums of Toledo. The young Gloria nursed her fantasies on NeHi grape soda and dreams of upward mobility.

Take Two: SHOW BIZ LOSES HEADLINER TO COLLEGE.

"My mother sold her family's old house, which made it possible somehow for me to go to Smith," Gloria said. "Well, you can't imagine the revelation involved in college life. People lived in houses, had jobs, took naps! I was full of awful little desires then, wishing I had money or a more solid social position. I had this collegiate romance with the middle class. I loved Smith. They gave me all the books I could read and fed me three times a day. It was like finding a home in the army. I majored in government and yearned to become I don't quite know what."

Take Three: PASSAGE TO INDIA.

"In spite of my wanting the things other girls had, my consciousness was developing. I went to India after I graduated, on the Chester Bowles Asian Fellowship. That wasn't so great; frankly, almost nobody wanted it. I lived two years with Indian families, mostly around Delhi. Seeing how the other half lives cured me forever of wanting to be middle class. Up until then I had thought the United States was normal; but when I got home from India, I saw this country was like some big frosted cupcake in the midst of starving millions."

Take Four: POOR LITTLE MATCH GIRL COMES TO GRIPS WITH NEW YORK CITY.

"I'm afraid I wasn't much fun then. Seriousness had descended on me. And I was very academic. After all, that was what took me out of Toledo."

This little brown wren worked for an absurd avant-garde black-humor magazine, *Help!* She got the back of every important magazine's hand: "We don't hire young girls; we want writers."

For a friend, then *Esquire's* art director, Bob Benton, she began suggesting ideas and wrote a number of unsigned, unsung pieces for the magazine. It seemed self-defeating, but Gloria recalls, "Without Benton, it's possible I might never have written anything. He made me understand that even my own childhood was interesting."

"At the time I was living on about \$3,000 a year. I loved clothes, but had one outfit. One day I said to Benton: 'I know how to sew. I could make myself some clothes.' I'll never forget it. He stopped, stood there hands in pockets and just looked at me. Then he said, 'Who wants a girl that makes her own clothes?' Well, it's funny now, but it was the first inkling I ever had

that I didn't *have* to assume some mythic female role I wasn't suited for. He made me understand that I could be loved for myself, and I'll never stop being grateful to him."

Gloria's friend Bob Benton and I had gone to college together and in the late 'fifties I saw a lot of him around New York. I had a job as a society reporter and thought I was really something, sliding along in greased-lightning splendor on sheer press-agent slickum to superficial nowhere. When we'd meet, Benton always brought this mousy, bespectacled girl along. I wondered what a bright art director saw in a girl like that. She seldom spoke and was too shy to join the exhibitionism that passed among us for dancing. Still, I liked her all right and even offered to give her a leg up into what I thought of as my own "successful" world. She seemed not to have the wit to take me up on it and I dismissed her as not quite bright.

Much later I was working on a big charity fashion show in The Waldorf-Astoria. The models were all either movie stars or other famous names, everybody somebody, the dress rehearsal on a Busby Berkeley scale. Suddenly down the runway came a long-haired girl with the mouth of a film star and exquisite long-nailed hands spreading out the material of her pajamas. I wondered which one she was. But couldn't place her.

She descended the runway as if the steps might be about to disappear, came toward me, looked anxiously in my face, and said, "Liz, don't you remember me, it's Gloria—Gloria Steinem."

By now we are in Take Five: BRIGHT BUTTERFLY BREAKS CHRYSALIS—TURNS SOCIAL PROFESSIONAL SEX-STAR SUCCESS.

I was so struck by the awesome reality that (Continued on page 150)

TOP WOMAN IN HISTORY AT THE STATE DEPARTMENT *The Honorable* *Barbara M. Watson*

Administrator, with the rank of Assistant Secretary of State, of the Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs, Miss Watson is the first woman to be appointed to so high a rank at the State Department. Her network of command: 260 U.S. Consular operations with more than 500 officers around the world; 1,500 overseas national and local employees; 671 positions in the United States.

One of her most immediate problems is narcotics.

Hundreds of young Americans are now imprisoned around the world on drug charges.

Some may be in an bum raps, but Barbara Watson warns travelers that they "must submit to the laws of the country they're in."

Quite a job. Tall, with a quick, even grin and a throbbing voice, Barbara Watson, as the number-one female at male-centered State, where she was photographed in her office, said: "I enjoy it enormously. Gently, I've been trying to get the message across that women are as brainy as men, often more meticulous and understanding."

Daughter of a long line of lawyers, her late father the first Black man elected a judge in New York State, she was graduated from New York Law School, third in her class.

At home, she plays Mozart and grows white winter camellias and pink spring camellias, "my own little thing with my garden."

JILL KREMENTZ





BRUCE DAVIDSON

fighting hard

to set free women's "humanity, compassion, creativity"
—Bella Abzug

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Bella S. Abzug, Congresswoman from New York City's 19th Congressional District, above, who wrote the text below, has something of the street fighter in her—a street fighter in a stand-out hat—as well as the voice of a cornered fire engine. In her campaign last year, she brought politics to the streets and the park bench: "I decided it was time to send someone to Washington who really would do the things they said, and so, who else? . . ." Mrs. Abzug is used to doing things herself. A neighbor of Mrs. Abzug and her husband and their two daughters said, "She is longer on guts than anyone I've ever seen—man or woman. But the thing I like best about Bella is that she puts on fresh makeup and tries to have her hair done before a demonstration."*

The key word is "fight."

Not plead, hint, scheme, flirt, whine, nag, use, or sell their bodies, nor any of the other wiles to which women traditionally have been expected to resort to achieve their goals.

For me, the most remarkable development in the past decade has been the way in which women from so many different backgrounds and occupations have begun to fight—and organize—for their rights.

Women burning bras or asserting their right to be lesbians or to be fat or plain or just to *be*, without having to fit some ad writer's stereotype of Woman. That's the fireworks aspect of the feminine revolution, and an important part.

But Women's Lib goes far beyond that. All over America,

women are getting together to challenge a way of daily life that has made them an oppressed majority. Women are 53 percent of the population, and they live, on average, seven years longer than men. They suffer, however, the same kind of discrimination inflicted on Blacks, Puerto Ricans, and other minorities—and they run into it in their personal relations, in their education, on the job, and in the professions.

For millions of women, their reality is housework, raising kids *plus* working at a job. Last year about 40 percent of all American women were in the labor force. More than 12 million of these have children under eighteen years of age. Of these, over 4.5 million have children under six.

Most working women are married and have jobs because they need the money. The majority work at low-paying jobs and often earn less than men for doing the same work.

In the professions, women are worse off than they were thirty years ago. There are more women working in clerical jobs and in service industries, but fewer women hold professional and technical jobs, compared with 1940. In medicine, women account for only 7 percent of doctors and in my own profession, the law, only 3 percent are women.

Women have had the vote for fifty years, and it took them almost a century of unladylike struggle to win it. But they are still stuck with the dirty kitchen chores of politics—doing most of the actual work in political campaigns and getting no recognition for it. It remains an oddity for a woman to run for political office. In Congress, out of 435 members of the

House, only eleven of us are women. One woman sits among one hundred Senators of the United States.

Women are examining every aspect of their lives, deciding that it doesn't have to be that way. In Florida, a waitress who was denied a higher paying job in an aircraft factory because she had young kids took her case to the U.S. Supreme Court—and won. In New York, a coalition of women's groups took on entrenched special interests and won the right to have abortions legally and with dignity, setting what I hope will be a national pattern. In Ann Arbor, the University of Michigan has been directed by the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, acting on a complaint filed by a group of women, to halt all sex discrimination if it wants to retain its federal contracts.

Better jobs. Equal pay. Child-care facilities. Full citizenship and participation in the political life of their country. These are some of the things women are fighting for. In Washington, D.C., they are focusing on passage of the Equal Rights Amendment to the Constitution, enforcement of federal laws against discrimination, and passage of a comprehensive child-care law. (Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm and I have joined in introducing such a measure.)

And in the process of making these fights, women are discovering the effectiveness of political power and its potential for creating positive change. I do not, of course, believe that all women should or do think and act alike or share the same political beliefs and goals. It has been my experience, though, that women on the whole bring special qualities of humanism, compassion, and creativity to society; and these are the qualities that our country most desperately needs right now.

Women look at a nation run by a male power structure, a male Pentagon, and male corporations and banks; and they rightly ask: Would we, if we shared equally with men the authority of government, let a war drag on for years and years that is destroying the people of Indochina and tearing apart our own country?

Would we condone the spending of more than a trillion dollars in the past twenty-five years for killing and useless missiles when our cities are dying of neglect, when families go homeless and hungry, when our young people are becoming more and more alienated from a society they regard as without soul, purpose, or human feeling?

Women are the best organizers I know. I think the time has come for them to focus their energy, talent, and creativity on building a political movement in which they can participate fully as leaders and activists. Not *against* men but with and for men to create an America with sane and humane values. ▼

FIGHTING SOFT, WINNING OVER THE ART WORLD: *Elayne Varian*

Elayne Varian, right, director and curator of the Contemporary Wing of Finch College Museum of Art in New York, is a quiet-spoken woman with big ideas and an easy way with artists. Born in California, she was graduated from The Art Institute of Chicago and The University of Chicago, came to New York "for the art."

On a small budget and an even smaller salary, she has made a reputation for herself and Finch, putting on exhibitions that have scooped larger national museums. She manages her coups with a charming persistence: visiting artists in their studios, keeping her eye open for new trends, and Indian-wrestling with foundations and patrons for grants. After nine years with

Duveen Bros., Inc., a gallery dealing in old masters, Mrs. Varian switched centuries and at Finch began the Contemporary Wing in 1964. Her specialty is shows of artists at work: how their ideas grow and develop, a jump to the public's understanding and young artists' careers.

JACK ROBINSON





Eleanor Holmes Norton, a young attorney with a searchlight mind and a nose-wrinkling laugh, as Chairman of the New York City Commission on Human Rights, analyzes problems joyfully. A graduate of Antioch College and Yale Law School, she counseled the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party early on, then—for the American Civil Liberties Union—won a landmark agreement for the women employed by a news magazine. Commissioner Norton, wife of a lawyer and mother of a baby girl, fights for all under-advantaged, includes women in her constituency. She sees for them now a total redefinition of role. For women, she said, the ramifications are radical. Blacks can be brought to full equality within the existing order; full equality for women means a new society.

Eleanor Holmes Norton



Bricktop

Bricktop, photographed in her most deadly boa, hit Paris in the mid-twenties and made an American mark no one could miss by opening the nightclub of the century where she sang for F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, and the Prince of Wales. Friends were alarmed that she should seat the four or five kings that might show up just anywhere. But Bricktop, nicknamed for her then bright-red hair, didn't care: Cole Porter wrote "Miss Otis Regrets" for her. John Steinbeck sent her a taxicab of yellow roses. Now, Ada Beatrice Queen Victoria Louisa Virginia Smith Du Congé is putting all the names—hers and the others—into a book. About that book, her old friend, *The New Yorker* reporter in Paris, Janet Flanner, said, "We made this monster [Paris], so let's keep it as sleek and beautiful as possible." "And you know dahlin', Brick's going to do it. I may be seventy-five, but I don't have any wrinkles 'cause underneath I'm still a baby."

PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK ROBINSON

BERT STERN

FREED *Spirits*



Skydiver Barbara Roquemore, one of the free-spirited American women shaking sports out of the man-talk box, followed her husband into parachuting—went right on to win three championships in the United States, two world medals. The criteria: accuracy (hitting a six-inch target with her heels) and style (doing free-fall acrobatics). This young California mother has caught in the perspective of her jumps "a great feeling of peace and awe," but she's feet-on-the-ground about self-reliance: "If your chute doesn't open, it's your own fault."

Barbara Roquemore

ON TARGET: JUDITH PEABODY



SNOWDON

FRAUDS *can't* *make it at* *Reality House*

BY STEPHANIE HARRINGTON

"I have a need to touch people," Judy Peabody was saying.

The people Judy Peabody has been connecting with for the last five years are addicts and alcoholics and criminals and potential suicides. And not the kind who go to private clinics for rehabilitation. Definitely not the kind one learns to talk to at Miss Hewitt's classes. Of which Judy Peabody is, of course, an alumna.

Judith Dunnington Peabody is also tall, elegant, golden. Born in Virginia, her mother from California, her father from Massachusetts. Well-married, with a daughter Elizabeth, fifteen. (Those Massachusetts Peabodys—a bishop, a governor, a U.N. delegate.) Of The Hewitt School, of The Ethel Walker School, of Bryn Mawr College. Of the big-benefit circuit.

So what, then, is the common ground onto which she can emerge from her privileged niche and communicate with those who have been unable to find any niche at all?

Geographically, this common ground runs along Amsterdam Avenue, from 160th to 163rd Streets. The meeting places are four storefronts that, together, constitute Reality House, a nonprofit enterprise set up to help those who want seriously enough to get off narcotics or alcohol or other assorted death trips. Mrs. Peabody and her husband, Samuel Parkman Peabody, who is head of the Lower School of Rye Country Day School in Rye, New York, were among those who in 1967 founded Reality House. Mr. Peabody is chairman of its board.

Reality House is an extensive operation, largely funded by state and city agencies. People can come there off the street, get help in kicking their habits, and then proceed to various stages of rehabilitation designed to keep them from succumbing again. There are group therapy sessions led by paraprofessionals, many of whom once were addicts: woodworking and jewelry-making classes where the important thing to be learned is not the specific skill but work habits that will enable enrollees to get and keep jobs or to continue their educations. There are group sessions with staff psychiatrists and, finally, a placement service for those who successfully complete the program. The executive director of Reality House, Amos Henix, is a former addict and a good friend of the Peabodys.

Some may feel that the *gilt* with which the Peabodys are edged should be spelled *guilt*; that, thanks to the writer Tom Wolfe, we all know "radical chic" for what it is; and that the Peabodys should please come off it.

It is, after all, up to the people on West 162nd Street, not those on East Seventy-second Street, to tell the Peabodys to stay home. And that is just *not* what they're telling them up on Amsterdam Avenue. Judy Peabody spends three days a week up there. She is a paraprofessional group leader at Reality House, having qualified by participating first in group sessions at a rehabilitation center called Exodus House and then at staff sessions at Reality House. And anyone who ever has sat in on an encounter group for addicts knows that it is not the most enjoyable way to work out one's guilt. Everyone is vulnerable; everyone gets hit. And since one of the most important tasks of these sessions is to exorcise the con man that is in us all, the fraud does not remain a fraud for long—or he does not remain.

But Mrs. Peabody does. They take her as she is. And with obvious warmth. If there were ever any self-consciousness on either side, it is not apparent now.

But why is Judy Peabody there? Because, she said, "it's where I'm happy." She is extremely sensitive about people misjudging her motives, accusing her of being a leisure-time Lady Bountiful. So she is the first to deny that she is an altruist. Indeed, she insists that there is no such thing as altruism. She wants it clearly understood that she understands that she is at Reality House because of what's in it for her. And one of the things that's in it for her is the sense that she isn't "just" (Continued on page 40)

Shirley Verrett, right, tall, fierce, dramatic even offstage, was one of the world's leading opera singers before she was heard in a major house in this, her country. She put off signing with The Metropolitan Opera until they offered her, in 1968, the role she wanted: Carmen.

After singing at La Scala in Milan, Covent Garden in London, and the Bolshoi in Moscow, the New Orleans-born mezzo-soprano had decided to wait:

"I had my head in the clouds, but I had my feet on the ground." Now at the Teatro Colon in Buenos Aires, Shirley Verrett will open the Dallas opera season this fall with the rarely given bel-canto opera *La Favorita* by Donizetti. Shirley Verrett started singing at five, sold real estate to put herself through college. Her break at a television appearance on *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* brought a scholarship at The Juilliard School in New York, possibly the most famous music school in the United States.

"All of my training was American but it was Europe that wanted to hear me first."



ON TARGET: SHIRLEY VERRETT

most wanted 1971: Sexy

ANN-MARGR

Ann-Margret, the sex kitten who hasn't lost her pounce, is the star of her own show—whether it's a leggy *A.M./P.M.*, wearing the get-ups on these two pages, in Las Vegas or *Carnal Knowledge*, the film she has finished for Mike Nichols, or in Vietnam, entertaining the troops, with perfume sloshed on her battle fatigues. She is thirty, married to producer-writer Roger Smith, lives in the house in Beverly Hills that once belonged to Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. And she is the one co-star of Elvis Presley that no one could forget.

Ann-Margret: "I guess I'm old-fashioned, but I still believe the world is magic. I'm a woman first and after that comes the rest."

Tension: "There's big tension all over because people are scared of living."

Insecurity: "I get nervous just going outdoors. Frankly, I shake all the time."

Maturity: "I don't have it."

Show Business: "Don't cheat the public. Give them the glamour, give them the guts, but make it real."

People: "When people smile, I feel it's worth my being alive."

Women: "The question is what they think of me."

Perfume: "I have a thing about perfume. It's another way of giving yourself to a man."

ET

Books: "I've been reading the biographies of Zelda Fitzgerald and Dorothy Parker. What a price to pay for being a woman!"

Lovers: "My husband. He's the definitive man. Real honesty and kindness. After three dates, I knew."

Fun: "I'll go a hundred miles an hour on my chopper, my motorbike. I don't take anything for granted."

America: "I'm superpatriotic. I was born in Sweden and became a naturalized citizen in 1957. I'm very proud."

Work: "I abuse myself. When I do a show, I give everything I've got. I put myself on the line."

Cooking: "The only thing I do in the kitchen is open the refrigerator. Roger's the cook—chili, beef stroganoff, lasagna from scratch."

Sex appeal: "There's an animal inside everyone, but most people won't let it out."

Fashion: "Women should wear what their men want them to wear."

Growing up: "I just happened to have been hurt later than most girls so I was ready for it."

Pills: "I can understand why someone would take a pill to forget what they want to forget."

Marriage: "I've only been married four years, but I can't think of anything more fulfilling."

Money: "I don't know what money is. It all goes to my manager. I love cash. If I go on per diem on a movie, I hoard cash to buy hot pants or something."

Release: "That's obvious—the greatest joy of all."

Birth control: "Definitely."

Costumes: "I love dressing up. When the M.C. calls out 'Miss Ann-Margret,' I want the audience to get the same shivers I get."

Drugs: "I don't know about drugs. I'm a dancer and I don't want to be slowed down."

Movies: "I'd like some honesty. I'm turned off by the lies."

Women's Lib: "I'm completely dependent on a man and I love it, so I can't see being a woman any other way."

Las Vegas: "My favorite city in all the world."

Hurt: "When something hurts, I keep it inside."



Secrets: "I've got many. My husband, Roger Smith, gets so mad about my past. But I think there are things that must be kept secret."

Exercise: "I'm always working, so who needs exercise."

Sex and love: "You have to have both."

The young: "It's fantastic what they're doing. They're making the changes that should have been made a long time ago."

Pain: "I was hurt a lot before. That's why I hate dishonesty. The lies hurt the most."

Food: "I'm always overweight. I put on twenty pounds after I finished *Carnal Knowledge*. I eat at the wrong times—late at night—and I eat the wrong things so my weight goes up and down."

Elvis Presley: "It's surprising, but he has a terrific sense of humor. When I opened in Las Vegas, he sent me a giant guitar made out of white carnations outlined with pink ones."

Home: "For the first, glorious time in my life, I have a place I can go back to and two cats and two dogs and an orange-and-white cat on the way."

Feeling: "There's one. Why shouldn't a man cry? When a man cries, I say there's a real man."

Psychiatry: "If you have a sore foot. . . ."

MOST WANTED



Funny Lily Tomlin has American women laughing at themselves with recognition. Every Monday night, at television *Laugh-In* time, they get set for another strong attack of truth, and they swarm to her personal appearances. Lily Tomlin (*above*), uses Ernestine (*right*), Mrs. Earbore (*opposite*), Edith Ann (*right, below*), and her other creatures not to say nothing—she says plenty. She hits corporate hypocrisy, government incredibility, pomposity, cant, untruth telling of any kind. A slender, scrappy young woman with innocence-blue eyes and a smoke screen of brown hair, she performed at a New York coffee house six years ago, worked her way through club dates and television drudgery until she plugged into *Laugh-In* in December, 1969. A fear-free plain-speaker offstage as well, Lily Tomlin writes her own quotes for the press. Example: "Exotic and elegant comedienne Lily Tomlin sleeps in a snowsuit."



JACK ROBINSON

***"I don't have to say nothing if I don't want to—
and that's the truth-th-th-th."***

1971: funny

A gracious good afternoon. This is Miss Tomlin of the Telephone Company. Have I reached the party to whom I am speaking?

—Lily Tomlin as Ernestine

Lily Tomlin is in the kitchen of her neat, ramshackle Malibu Beach bungalow, brewing up a pot of mint tea. It's the evening after a long day spent rehearsing for *Laugh-In* and she's dead tired—so she absently laces the tea with too much honey and launches into a talkathon. It's understandable. *Laugh-In*'s rehearsals are nearly as insistently staccato as the televised show. And on this day she had mugged her way through most of the misfits in her *Laugh-In* repertoire. She'd done Ernestine, Mrs. Earbore (the Tasteful Lady), Edith Ann, and the Fast Talker.

And now she's dissembled as herself in a pink poor-boy sweater, high-waisted brown tweed Cary Grant slacks, and cowboy boots. Well, not dissembled exactly; but it's difficult to believe that this crinkly-eyed, conventionally pretty young woman—she bears a striking resemblance to both Loretta Young and Shirley MacLaine—is also *Laugh-In*'s middle-aged, mean-lipped telephone operator, Ernestine, and the show's stringy-haired, chocolate-splotched five-year-old, Edith Ann.

"One and the same—and that's the truth-th-th," she assures you in Edith Ann's slow-bubbling raspberry, then laughs from the ground up like Judy Canova. "*The New York Times* said that I said that I'm not sure where my characters stop and where the real Lily begins—or even if there is a real Lily. Well, there *is* a real Lily—and that's the truth-th-th."

The real Lily speaks like the Fast Talker—in streaks of abandoned syllables. "People tell me I

LILY TOMLIN

BY LETICIA KENT

never complete a sentence and I suppose it's true because when I talk, I free associate. Right now you *think* you understand me, but later you'll probably have to phone me and ask me to finish up my sentences." (Clearly the star has had other interviews.) She flashes a comprehensive smile. "Oh, write anything you want," she authorizes in Mrs. Earbore's highfalutin tones, "so long as it's *tasteful* and you say, 'Comedienne Lily Tomlin has a flawless complexion and a diaphanous sort of beauty.'"

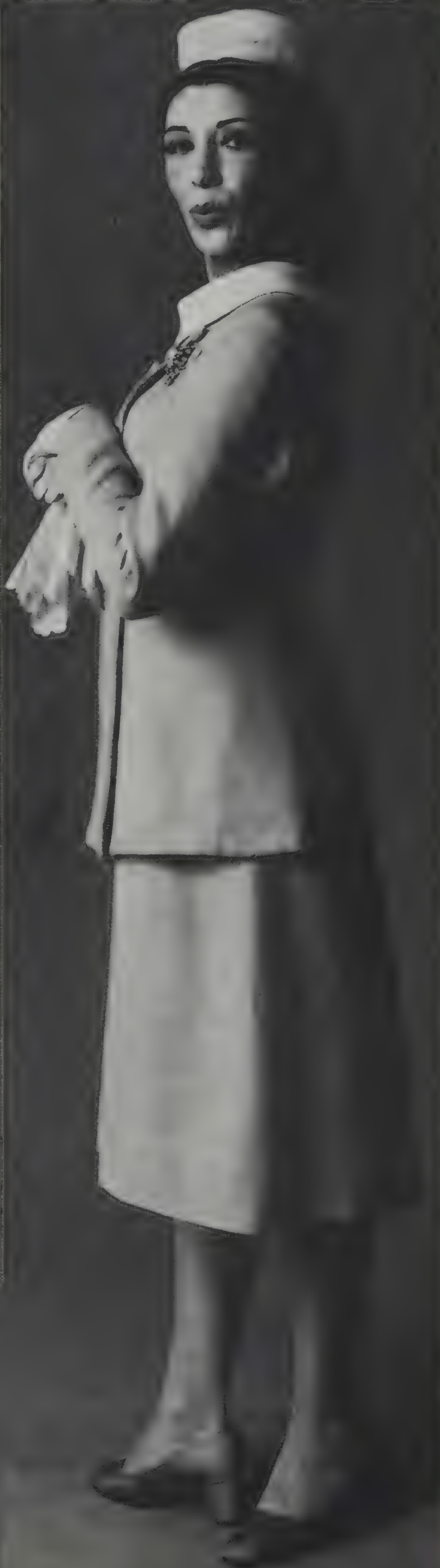
KENT (gazing at her like a malevolent searchlight): You seem worried that people will think you're ugly when you do your rubber-faced routines.

TOMLIN (looking tolerant and amused): No, I think I'm enormously attractive and I always have. People used to say I looked like Loretta Young and that gave me the idea that I was gorgeous. When I was six, my mother wanted to braid my hair, but I learned to set it in pin curls. I used to lie across my mother's bureau in a two-piece bathing suit fluffing my hair and admiring myself. I really thought I was the most beautiful girl in the first grade—but everyone else thought Molly Comstock was. And so she got to sing descant in "America the Beautiful" while [she sighs] I was among the multitudinous altos.

KENT: Are your characters modeled after people you know?

TOMLIN: I do what I see—people and their mannerisms. People who don't fit in and think they do. That's what's so beautiful about them. None of the characters I do think there's anything wrong with them and there isn't—to me, at least. I work intuitively. If I tried to work consciously, I wouldn't do well. But I *have* modeled some of the characters on my kinfolk back in Kentucky and Tennessee. There's Lud and Odie Mae and Ermadee. Mrs. Earbore—the Tasteful Lady—is patterned after a certain type of Grosse Pointe dowager. We lived in Detroit and my mother's maiden name was Ford, but we didn't have enough points . . . to get into Grosse Pointe. The Fast Talker is me, and, in some respects, so is the Fifties Teenager. Lupe, the Beauty Expert, was inspired by Helena Rubinstein and dedicated to all those girls in pink smocks who man the cosmetic counters in stores.

KENT: Is Edith Ann a convenient vehicle for making social comments? A child can (Continued on page 162)





SUZY:

“dare to be different”

There is hardly a female among us who isn't altogether certain that deep inside her are half a dozen women—all clamoring to be released.

Fascinating women.

Devastating creatures all.

Complete knockouts—just waiting to be sprung.

The trouble is (and it's a curiously American malady from which Europeans do not suffer) most of these U.S.A. females are scared silly to let their inner women out of the cage.

What they are is chicken—chicken to the wishbone.

Cravenly reluctant to change a hair or a hemline.

Terrified of anything but that same old tried and true (and found wanting) face peering back at them through the looking glass.

Afraid of what “people will say.”

Oh, they may fantasize. That's easy.

No guts required to conjure a vision of themselves:

Three inches smaller in the waist.

Two sizes smaller in the feet.

Two cups bigger (or smaller) in the bosom.

Porcelain-dolly skin.

Masses of—take your pick—jet-black/tawny-blond/red-gold curls.

Doing something—well, interesting—with—take your pick—Gregory Peck/Paul Newman/Ryan O'Neal. It's a pretty cop-out.

What does take guts is getting that way.

Being all those things.

Shoving the fantasy out and the reality in. Telling people who put you down because you don't conform to hang it in their beak.

A real woman is many women. And looks like all of them.

To become all of them she gets off her bottom.

She musters her resources.

She changes her hair (color and style).

Her makeup (eyes and lips).

Her clothes (over and under).

Her type (oh, yes, you can).

As often as she can get away with it (whether she can get away with it or not). It's not enough that she do the best she can with the tools she has to work with. She changes the tools, too.

A dauntless woman is never a bore because she refuses to look the same old boring way, day in, day out.

She has the courage to alter her image.

Monday she's a seductress just off the Orient Express.

Tuesday she's a madonna with a center part and a parasol.

Wednesday she's a hippie in a leather bra.

Thursday she's a great lady in a gauzy Galanos.

Friday she's a tender tart in feathers with slippers laced to the knee.

Saturday you can see through everything she has on.

Sunday you can't see through *anything*. (It's a day of rest, you know.)

A clever woman uncovers what's good.

And covers what's bad.

Better still, by changing, she makes the bad good. And then uncovers *that*.

So—open the door and set your locked-up ladies free.

You'll all have a lovely time.

And don't expect any complaints from the man in your life.

He'll be getting six for the price of one. ▼

Who dares to be different? Suzy, that's who.

Suzy Knickerbocker, the brainy cream puff who tells who-did-what-to-whom-where in seventy-five papers in this

country and is now helping to launch

the new *Daily Mail* in England with her firewords.

On these pages, two faces of Suzy, who is in fact Mrs. Aileen Mehle, a bright woman in both senses of the adjective, with a lot more changes in her kit: “I have to change or I'll die,” she said.

Her manner, she discovered, almost unconsciously changes with her looks.

She is more subdued, contained when her hair is pulled back in the serene look above; more buoyant, laughing, head-tossing in the

“Oh-what-fun” look at the right: all fluff and

feathers and white shoulders. For both looks, her blond hair is all hers,

her makeup unchanged. Which of these two Suzys do men prefer?

Surprise—more men like the don't-touch look at the left. One explained:

“With her hair wild, she looks like she's too much to handle.

With her hair pulled back—maybe she could be approached.”



HAPPY marriage

Andrew Sarris: "Why do I say 'I'? Most of the time I think 'we'."

Molly: "For me, marrying was a gesture of freedom, not submission."

HE

I met Molly Haskell for the first time in 1966 at a screening of Kenneth Anger's *Scorpio Rising*. Molly seemed too good to be true. Her blond beauty coupled with her brilliant conversation made her almost a figure of fantasy for an overly stimulated romantic imagination like mine. There must be, I thought, hordes of Beautiful People in her life: bankers, brokers, successful novelists, dilettantes, or, at the very least, tenured professors. I remember having the feeling in our early dates that the Someone Really Important in her life was away somewhere on a trip, a mission, or an expedition and would burst through the door one night full of romantic self-importance. Resigned to the prospect of losing her, I stayed loose. Because I had remained single for close to forty years in spite of involvements with at least four other exceptionally superior women, I felt that a pattern of evasion had been established so that I would die a bachelor.

Actually, I had only just started making a living wage when I met Molly, and nothing emasculates a man in New York City as much as the inability to make money, not to mention the attendant social embarrassment of living with one's mother in Queens, and with a mother loving enough, moreover, to have given one, in Freud's phrase, the feelings of a conqueror. But if I have learned one thing in my life, it is that people can change their patterns when circumstances permit. Or is it merely luck? Our meeting now seems to have been inevitable, and our resultant romance inexorable. We became the stars of our own movie; and once we were positioned for our soft-focus profile two-shot, everyone else around us simply blurred out.

It took us a good three years to get married after our first meeting, and they *were* a good three years; but the nearly two years since our marriage have been even better. With so many marriages breaking up these days, it would be fatuous to argue that marriage is sacred or even practical. It all depends on the two people involved, and it so happens that Molly and I get along. I could leave it at that, and perhaps I should. Very often, the analysis of a marriage merely defines the terms of its eventual disintegration. It has been my experience that it is the people who talk most persistently about 'relationships' who have the greatest difficulty maintaining them.

Perhaps, the survival of a marriage depends more on privacy, habit, resignation, loyalty, and dog-like devotion than many of us care to admit. That is to say that even if my life with Molly were less fun than it is, I would feel strong moral pressures to stand by her. Carried too far, this attitude can easily degenerate into lethargic

conventionality and boozy *Bringing Up Father* self-pity, the kind of emotional cowardice to which our parents and grandparents succumbed too often in the name of morality. Nowadays the pendulum may have swung too far in the opposite direction, with marriage treated as a highly speculative lottery in which each player gambles on finding a partner to indulge every last one of the player's personal idiosyncrasies, in addition to performing every last one of the player's fantasy functions for a mate. Gratification rather than growth becomes the name of the game as narcissism engulfs all nobility.

But not with Molly and me; possibly because we both tend to be loners, lost in the splendor of our solitudes, and thus not needing so much to play games with other people. We laugh earnestly at each other's jokes and routines, and we can blend sentimentality and sophistication in our day-to-day existence. But we're lucky in that we both work at what we like and never have to unwind at each other's expense at the cocktail hour after a day of stomach-churning office politics.

I feel that I am an entirely different person since I met Molly. Indeed, I am beginning at long last to come to terms with my objective reality. My subjective reality has never been in question; it enabled me to think even when I did not really exist. My attachment to movies undoubtedly grew out of my unconscious desire to be an invisible voyeur, to see and not be seen, to understand and not be understood, to love and not be loved. What did it matter then if in the eyes of society I looked like a messy slob, if inside, out of sight, I had the mind and soul of a saintly mandarin. My love for Molly brought me finally and irrevocably out into the open, and I could never hide again from reality and society and eternity.

But why do I say *I* when most of the time I think *we*? And is this not what marriage is or at least should be: the replacement of two first-person singulars with one first-person plural? But not the obliteration of two personalities in one relationship, nor the swallowing up of one ego by the other. It may or may not be significant that neither Molly nor I have ever been in analysis. (When I needed it, I couldn't afford it; and when I could afford it, I didn't need it.) But Molly tends to be more self-analytical than I am, and we sometimes argue about it. I believe in letting sleeping dogs (and complexes) lie, and I prefer to let my raging unconscious slumber on as peacefully as possible. I am singularly uncurious about the mysteries of other people, though I enjoy gossip as much as the next New Yorker. I spread myself thin over the surface of things; Molly's range is narrower, but her perception is deeper.

I think I knew about Molly and me the day I read a thoughtful note she had jotted down for her roommate's father in the hospital. A little thing, really. A duty done with both dedication and inspiration, character and style. The magnificence (Continued on page 161)

SHE: Molly Haskell Sarris, a tall, tapered honey-blonde from Virginia, at work on a history of film.

HE: Andrew Sarris, a Greek from New York; movie editor of *The Village Voice*; lecturer and author of many books about films.

TOGETHER: Film critics, writers. Photographed doing movie homework in their apartment, they speak out here about their plunge into the American dream of happy marriage.

BRUCE DAVIDSON



SHE

When my thirtieth birthday, which like every woman I had been dreading, arrived a year and a half ago, I not only didn't turn to stone but I felt younger and somehow lighter than at any previous time in my life. Or at least since childhood. It's true I had prepared myself with every positive thought and mind-numbing trick short of Novocain. But my feeling of release was something quite different. For that I thank my husband, Andrew Sarris, and the institution of marriage, which has been far more liberating than otherwise. For others, liberation may be the Pill or the shrink or grass, politics or an exercise class. For me, it was marriage.

Being raised in the Southern-belle tradition, I may have been conditioned to think of myself as not yet whole until I was married, and that only then could I relax—a bitter philosophy and a hard one to unlearn. But I managed to withstand pressures and pitying glances until I was twenty-nine—beyond the desperate years—and by then I had come more or less into my own, professionally and personally. So I will always feel that my decision was made from strength rather than weakness (or sheer exhaustion); and that marrying Andrew was a gesture of freedom rather than submission.

For a lot of women, marriage continues to be a refuge. It's a time when, breathing a huge sigh of relief, they can shed the burden of their independence and be absorbed into Family and Motherhood, begin playing the roles whose lines have, with little variation, already been written. For me, it was the contrary: a time to divest myself of roles, to stop wasting my energy on projects and people I didn't care about, and to consolidate as an individual.

I can only speak for Andrew and me at this moment. The reasons for marriage, like the reasons for living, are not fixed but have to be reinvented every day. For me, marriage is an impossibly beautiful arrangement of constants and variables. It gathers into itself all conceivable relationships, changes of weather, reflections of the natural world into something unnatural, created and justified by man. Sandwiched between birth and death, marriage is the only man-made miracle.

With Andrew and me, two working (writing), would-be grown-ups, it's the problem and excitement of trying to work out some sort of balance between dependency and independence, between the ambitions and conflicts of two egos and the squishy sentiments

of two overgrown babies who just want to stay in bed and snuggle all day.

Because of the lives we lead, our marriage is wonderfully, shamefully irregular. No two days are alike. It is staying up and watching the late movie with no homework to do and nobody to make you go to bed; it's enjoying everything that happens not once but twice; it's finding that you can grieve as much for another person's sorrows as your own; it's fighting, i.e., scratching and relieving the itches of mutual adjustment; it's having the security to feel like a sensual creature and behave like a tigress; it's questioning everything except a person's basic worth, of which marriage is a continual reaffirmation; it's making love or not; it's talking, talking, talking about everything under the stars, over coffee, and in *The New York Times*; and it's having, in this guerilla war of egos, one immutable ally.

He wasn't easy to find, but once found . . . well, even that wasn't easy. I first encountered Andrew in his brilliant weekly film column in the New York newspaper *The Village Voice*. His writing was personal and autobiographical—his soaring sensibility embraced everything—and I fell half in love with the person I found there. When I began working at the French Film Office in New York in 1965, I expected we would meet sooner or later. I caught my first glimpse of him at the New York Film Festival that fall. He was heavy, swarthy, with great black circles under his eyes (the image of Wolfgang, my panda bear). When he opened his mouth and spoke, his words were music and his paragraphs pure inspiration. It was a case of love at first sound.

In 1966, at a screening of *Scorpio Rising*, we were introduced. Andrew wanted some material for an article and promised to come in the next day. Several weeks later, Andrew arrived. He staggered into the office one afternoon, bulging with several newspapers, an overstuffed briefcase, sagging pockets, black raincoat askew, a gruesome necktie, and presenting on the whole an aura of such disarray as to discourage any but the most ardent (and equally sloppy) admirer—which I was. And even if I hadn't been, his awkward gallantry would have redeemed him for all time.

Unfortunately, our next encounter, our "first date," threatened to set back what had not yet begun. After an early afternoon screening of Chabrol's *Les Bonnes Femmes*, we went across the street to Howard Johnson's (after all, I told myself, it's only four-thirty). There, as I waited eagerly over my black coffee to exchange insights about the film, Andrew, between mouthfuls of a banana split and slurps of a chocolate soda, proceeded to tell me about the various deals he was working and "berths" he was in line for. The disillusionment was severe, but I persisted in be- (Continued on page 161)

RAPE, TRUE *and false*

Sanche de Gramont: "A forced act of sex is a denial of sex."

Nancy: "We expect the protection of men; we are numb to danger."

HE

As part of my sexual education, my mother advised me that there was no such thing as rape. "All a girl has to do is cross her legs," she said. "And if she has to fight off a man, he will get so flustered that he won't be able to do anything." I have since discovered that she was wrong on both counts: that fear makes women submit to force and that the rapist, far from being flustered, is sometimes a man who can only perform in a struggle. At the time, I took her word for it. I discovered magic words that uncrossed legs, and magic potions, and talismans. It never occurred to me to use force. The normal currency of courtship provided. A man with money in his pocket to buy food doesn't steal it. Courtship and rape pursue a similar end, the first in a voluntary and reciprocal manner, the second at knifepoint.

For most men, rape is not a preoccupation. They have probably never thought about it. But it does concern all women. The tiny number of men who are actually rapists presents, by the indiscriminate nature of their act, a threat to all women. Rape becomes to woman a dangerous possibility, which she must accept as part of her condition. I have heard of men who claimed they were raped, but I find it difficult to identify with them; whereas a woman will have a tendency to say, when she hears about a rape victim: It could have been me.

The dictionary definition of rape is: the act of physically forcing a woman to have sexual intercourse. But a forced act of sex is a denial of sex, which should be a mutual giving of pleasure. Rape is a refusal to seek consent. As such, it constitutes a synthesis of the two most basic anti-social drives, aggression against property and aggression against persons. The man who commits rape is stealing something from the woman, something that is only precious when it is freely given; so that in the very act of stealing it, he is depreciating it. Even if he does not harm her physically, he is debasing the central feminine function, for the victim of rape may become pregnant or contract a venereal disease. The aftereffects of rape may be more damaging than the rape itself. In this sense, rape should be seen as a Black Mass in which the sacrificial offering is the contamination of woman. In attacking one woman, in most cases a woman he has never seen before, the rapist attacks all women.

Rape is therefore an archetypal situation: Since it defines women as victims, they invest it with multiple meanings and extend to metaphoric and symbolic situations. Men, on the defendant's stand, accused of violence and a will to conquer, seek mitigating circumstances, such as enticement. Psychologists say that the most common rapist is the one under the influence of alcohol and that in many

cases the girl is partly to blame by permitting everything except intercourse to a man who is too far gone to control himself. There do seem to be certain women who repeatedly find their virtue threatened by rambunctious drunkards, and I would advise them to seek less perilous forms of amusement. After listening to the story of a baby-faced blonde who was raped three times, in each case by a man who forced himself into her apartment, I have concluded that, just as some people are accident-prone, some girls are rape-prone. Even in the most harmless situation, sexual coyness is a double-edged weapon, and the rebuff-enticement duality has been enshrined in the repertory of male prep-school-level jokes: "Stop! Don't! Stop, don't, stop don't stop don't stop."

Not that enticement justifies rape. But it can trigger rape among the three or four categories of men who qualify as potential rapists.

When you hear a group of liberated women talk about rape, as I did, you realize that they are talking about much more than rape, that they are in fact viewing the entire male-female situation in terms of rape. They are turning the actual dynamics of rape on its head and making, instead of every woman a potential rape victim, every man a rapist.

These women are extending the definition of rape to include almost every case of mistreatment of a woman by a man. One young woman, describing symbolic rape, told of having her panties removed by the bullies in her class, in a vacant lot, when she was seven. "I felt humiliated, and I didn't dare tell my mother," she said. A housewife described what she called "married rape." "I was used as an object," she said. "It was programmed sex, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, between seven and eight o'clock; my friends knew not to call me then. When I wanted to, he turned away; and if he wanted to, I couldn't turn away because if I did he took it out on me in other ways."

As distressing as such cases may be, they are to real rape as war games are to war, since in the first case we are dealing with the aggressive instincts of preadolescent boys, while in the second we are hearing about the dynamics of marriage, in which sex is used, as husbands and wives know, like trumps in bridge.

Another girl, describing a Trilby-Svengali relationship she had with her "lay analyst" (guffaws in the audience), made a more convincing case for what might be called metaphoric rape. She was, she said, the product of a strict Catholic upbringing. The analyst told her that she was repressed. To please him, she had affairs. His first words at every session were: "Did you get laid?" She continued to accept his down-to-earth notions of psychic balance, until the tensions produced by the "therapy" caused her to drop out of college, where she was an outstanding student. In this case, the analyst was performing the role of rapist without taking any of the risks, since he used his authority psychologically to force the girl to have sexual relations with other men.

Another girl convincingly made the (Continued on page 155)

SHE: Nancy Ryan de Gramont, a green-eyed, auburn-haired reed from New Jersey with a new book of poems, *The Scattering Depths*.

HE: Sanche de Gramont, a Frenchman based in Morocco; journalist; author of five books—latest, his novel *Lives to Give*.

TOGETHER: Writers, parents of two children. International in their outlook, their interests, they speak out, here, their shock at an American nightmare, real and metaphoric rape.

BRUCE DAVIDSON

SHE

In a movie called *The Knack*, a man and woman tussle in the lonely section of a London Park. The man has taken her there to make love or “make her.” She yells “rape.” The camera freezes. Her mouth is left open. Nothing more happens. I laughed. I did not laugh at a recent women’s speak-out on rape, as “rape” ceased to be literal and became an open-ended metaphor. Rape was happening to all women, everywhere, in every way, all of the time. Most important, “rape” was another name for “man” and “victim” another name for “woman.”

I witnessed a series of confessions told simply and for the most part without self-dramatization. It was what is called a “heavy scene.” Women are gifted with a special acid self-awareness. First came the straightforward rape: A girl who woke to find herself go slack, tried to pretend “nothing was happening.” Then the wife whose husband forces himself on her a specified three days a week. The Irish Catholic encouraged by her analyst to masturbate in his office though he must surely have known that for her it is the sin of self-abuse. The girl who admitted to fantasies of rape. The self-styled sociologist who hitched a ride only to find herself in the hands of a gang of professionals. (She decided that since she could not prevent it, she would keep cool, ask questions, note details, and expose them once it was over.) The nearsighted pollster who mistook a white-coated stranger in her elevator for a doctor until the “doctor” pulled her out at the fourth floor and into a stairwell.

My palms were damp. My shoulders tensed. I remembered Sunday afternoons when I was eleven or twelve, sitting in a movie matinee with a “boy friend.” He would clasp my hand, not daring to look at me, nor I at him. We each wanted desperately to come unstuck, but the ritual obliged us to adhere until the intermission, when he escaped to regroup with the boys and I retreated to a giggling bunch of girls. Did it all begin there, the metamorphosis of sex into status, girls and boys never friends (how I fought this in school, only to find myself in a no-man’s-land) but accomplices in

establishing the role of man-man who measures himself and is measured only by his success as aggressor and of woman-woman whose femininity is given marks only in terms of her capitulations? Surely rapists, unable to approach women in any other way than by assault, are themselves victims of a society in which, for so many, physical contact is neither offered nor received freely but is instead a form of exchange between the jockstrap mentality of the male and the coy come-hither of the female.

The story that disturbed me most was about a pretty girl on the way from her dance class who was seized in an alley and pushed up against the wall. The man exposed himself and began to tear at her clothes. She kept her eyes closed. He drew blood. Suddenly she felt an uncontrollable rage and screamed. He ran off, frightened. She pursued him like a bacchante, picking up a brick somewhere along the way. Catching up with him, she hit him on the head. He fell. She then, as she said, kicked him in his “precious organ.” Two women watching tried to stop her—she found this a cowardly betrayal, although they had not seen the attempted rape or his exposure—the police came, sent the man to the hospital, and took her to the police station. They doubted her story, warned her she was guilty of assault, treated her much as the police and society treat all victims of rape. Much as the Sioux Indians did. A woman was “good” so long as she remained within a certain prescribed area of the camp. If she left it, a boy was free to rape her and boast of the deed.

The notion that women are somehow responsible for their own violation is not new. The Bible tells of Susanna and the Elders; and Homer, of Helen and Paris. In the latter tale, blame is shifted, for though it is Paris who has stolen Helen, the contempt of Troy is reserved for Helen. Paris is seen as an irresponsible fool enticed by a love goddess. And when Susanna resists the advances of the Elders, they attempt to blackmail her. If she will not submit, they will tell her husband and the city that they have caught her in a rendezvous with a lover. She refuses to submit either to their “rape” or to their blackmail, which is surely a kind of psychic rape. She is accused. She is put on trial.

“Did you have an orgasm?” “Can I have a date?” the policeman asks the rape victim. If the complex relation between protection and aggression were not so self-preserving of the roles men and women have created for themselves, would shame and humiliation have had to be liberated like a gas at a speak-out? Would the need to obtain absolution through confession have been necessary? Perhaps it is because men, through their greater physical strength, are expected and expect themselves to protect women that a policeman, when faced with not only the obvious failure of a man to do so but with his violation of what he is supposed to protect, (Continued on page 155)

WIFE-*power*

"Lyndon kept leading me further; somehow I had the courage to follow him."

—**Lady Bird Johnson**

BY DALE McCONATHY

She calls him Daddy and he calls her Bird. The Lyndon Baines Johnsons, two-and-a-half years into retirement, are the most conspicuously happy married couple in American public life—out of politics for the first time in the thirty-six years of their marriage.

The dedication to Mrs. Johnson's 806-page book, *A White House Diary*, missed by reviewers, reads: "To Lyndon, With Love." Of it, Mrs. Johnson said: "They didn't notice the dedication, but it's very important to me. It reveals more about me and my story as a woman than anything else I could say."

"I became all I am in response to Lyndon. I'm not as daring as he is. I can't see as far as he can see. He can take your breath away. He's a rare and powerful person and he has worked hard—all his life really—to become what he is."

"I thought it must be a joke when Lyndon asked me to marry him. But I guess he knew what he was doing. [A gentle laugh.] I was so shy and he was so strong, so outgoing. He said a lot of things on our first date that I didn't think he should have said; but he, as always, had courage."

Mrs. Johnson still wears the worn gold band and small diamond her husband gave her in 1934. She is small, serious, admiring beside her tall, rambunctious husband. Mr. Johnson plays the beau to her shy East Texas ways, wrapping his long arms around her. Often, when she returns to the LBJ Ranch alone from her office in the Federal Building in Austin, Mr. Johnson ambles out to the dirt and gravel drive, lets out a yelp, grabs his wife by the behind, and firmly kisses her. Once, when asked if she were embarrassed by her husband's enthusiastic public kisses, Mrs. Johnson said, "No, frankly, I love it."

Their rollicking, joking response to one another is central to the Johnsons' marriage. Mr. Johnson aims to startle; a brilliant, bullying student of responses, he watches his wife's face carefully for effect, always delighted to take her off-guard. It is the playful tribute to her power and the grave admiration with which she can straighten his tie or stroke his hand. But when asked by him for her opinion, Mrs. Johnson doesn't hold back: "My husband honors me to trust my judgment," she said rather fiercely.

Since Mr. Johnson's serious heart attack in 1955, when he was at the height of his influence as a Senator—perhaps the most powerful figure ever to serve in the Congress—Mrs. Johnson has waited for the day when they could leave public life. She wanted time for their daughters, the ranch, their business, and, now, four grandchildren. "Strangely enough, we had more time together in the White House than all our years in Washington. There is a great closeness that comes from being there, seeing the world as no one else can see it." Each year, as Mrs. Johnson wrote in her diary, the anniversary of the heart attack came as a grim reminder and finally caused her to

seek her husband's decision not to run again.

The Johnsons' lives have come full circle, back to the part of Texas they love. The Lyndon Baines Johnson Library, begun in 1967 before Johnson's decision not to run was made public and just dedicated on the University of Texas campus—along with the dome of the state capitol and the UT bell tower, one of Austin's three landmarks—is about sixty-five miles from their famous ranch. "We ride through these rolling, eroded hills and the peace comes floating down on us."

Austin, the ranch, the hills have their inner geography for the Johnsons. Central Texas is almost too large; blazed, even in winter, with light; drab at first, and then, on second look, varied and rich. The colors change with the minutes, with the coming and going of the shadows. Everywhere, there is the sense of (Continued on page 152)

Mrs. Lyndon Baines Johnson, right, photographed at sunset—the golden glow created by drought-produced dust—on the bank of the Pedernales River (pronounced as if it were spelled "Perdernoles"), a few hundred feet down from the main house of the LBJ Ranch, where she and her husband, the former President, returned from the White House in 1969. Warm, energetic, with brown eyes and a fervent manner, one of the first crusaders for ecology, Mrs. Johnson follows an amazing schedule—mixing the easy life at the ranch with long days at her office in Austin. Mrs. Johnson was appointed to the Board of Regents for the University of Texas in January, has resumed her position as chairman of the board of the Texas Broadcasting Corporation, and works with two local garden clubs, planting trees and flowers along the highways and streets of central Texas. The Lyndon Baines Johnson Library, including a $\frac{1}{8}$ replica of the White House's Oval Office, just dedicated on the campus of the University of Texas in Austin, has been, "from the ground up," one of her major projects. "We miss the people in Washington, of course, but after five years I learned what it was to be tired. We're living the life we dreamed of and worked for. We're lucky, very lucky. Now, I'd like to walk the Appalachian Trail spring to fall and visit the houses I haven't yet seen of the other Presidents."

TONI FRISSELL





perfume

IS FOR WEARING

Smashing clothes, gleaming skin, burnished hair—all are marvelous summer assets. There's another. This one requires no upkeep or maintenance; takes only a minute of shopping time; pops in a handbag; and delivers the maximum firepower for any woman's summer campaign. It is perfume. . . . A great perfume, or its lighter cologne or toilet-water version, sprayed or smoothed on skin from head to foot, worn constantly—an invisible, ever-clinging garment of fragrance, sensuous, enchanting—is the one, true summer indispensable. A powerhouse in itself, it also enhances other assets—pretty clothes, glowing skin, shining hair. Remembered, renewed, worn *all the time*, it can make any summer day a potential drama, fraught with high promise. Forgotten, it can cause the best-planned summer holiday to fall flat. . . .

Comparing perfume to a soft clingy dress is not really far-fetched. All great perfumes are in fact complex interweavings of many strands, or scents—two hundred or so, each part of the design, each setting off all the others. Some are light and cool, some heavy and warm; some bright and fresh, some dark and sensuous. Some act as stimulants, some as narcotics (and poppies aren't the only flowers that have this effect); some refresh, some lull. Some send out quiet, but insistent messages on a very deep, primitive level. . . . And here, we don't mean just the "come hither" message, important though that is: there are others. For example, many perfumes contain, somewhere in their panoply of scents, a faintly burnt or burning odor; because the smell of burning—an ancient danger signal, warning of fire—is reviving, stimulating, even when it's unrecognized by the conscious mind. (Incense, which is simply burning perfume, has this reviving effect.)

That scents do communicate on a subliminal level—sending out various messages, triggering various responses—is a fact that's been known by perfumers for centuries. Now, increasingly, it's being confirmed by scientific research—some of it the result of attempts to purify the air in space capsules. New techniques and incredibly sensitive new equipment have been developed which indicate that, while

our sense of smell may be less acute than that of other mammals—possibly because we don't rely on it as much—it's a great deal keener than we may have supposed. . . .

There are "olfactory cues" called pheromones which are well-known to influence the behavior of animals and insects—attracting or repelling, warning or reassuring. In a recent article in *Medical Opinion*, the English biologist, Dr. Alex Comfort, asks: "Do pheromones operate also in people? There is no evidence that they do not and some evidence that they do. Many psychiatrists believe that odor is among the 'cues' operating in the transference situation. . . . The psychosexual element in human odor-sensation is undoubted. We do use large-ring ketones such as musks, which are mammal sex odors, as attractants in perfumery. . . . The notion of pheromonal influences is speculative but could be important for medicine and for psychiatry." Elsewhere in the article he says, "Olfactory sensitivity varies greatly in humans—a perfumer can smell the differences between skin and hair colors, and many unskilled observers have noted the unique, pleasant skin odor of redheaded women."

Well. What does all this suggest? To us, it suggests with blinding clarity that any woman, redheaded or not, who muffs the chance to send out all those mysterious, agreeable messages—with which every great perfume is proveably loaded—is making a towering mistake. Of the two hundred-odd components we mentioned earlier, every one is known—some have been known since ancient times—to be attractive, alluring in some way; all 200 combined are pretty apt to be irresistible. Why, then, leave them all on the dressing-table (or worse still, in the shop)?

Great perfume is expensive, unavoidably: the ingredients are. If proof is needed, try pricing a pound of pure rose or jasmine "absolute"—and a throb of one, or both, underlies most famous perfumes. . . . It is worth every penny. For two hundred separate, delicious subliminal messages, it could be cheap at the price. As that undaunted charmer, Ruth Gordon, would say: Think it over.

PERFUME—AS WORN
BY LAUREN HUTTON
*Perfume is for wearing,
even when you aren't wearing
anything else. It goes on
first and comes off last,
so it isn't surprising that
Norman Norell, the master
clothes designer, should have
created a perfume, the madly
becoming Norell perfume.
Lauren Hutton wears it
beautifully, here, along with
David Webb's gold collar and
a little frosted lipslick called
Hot Cocoa, one of Charles
Revson's nifty new Ultima II
Luscious Lipsticks-in-a-Pot.
More of Lauren coming up on
the next two pages and in her
new movie with Marcello
Mastroianni, Excuse Me, My
Name is Rocco Papaleo. More on
Norell perfume in Beauty
Checkout, page 33. Lauren's
coiffure by Franklyn Welsh.*



MAINBOCHER

THE MAIN THING ABOUT EVENING

Main adores evening. He loves to see women looking soft and pretty, as Lauren does here, in that quiet shimmery lamé way that never fails to get across. The Main thing about his bronze and beige lamé dinner skirt, *at left*, is the fast glimpse of pink crêpe shorts beneath the slit skirt and sheer beige shirt. The gold and white lamé dress, *at right*, is another Main thing altogether—pure skill, pleats, gleamy skin. And skin does have to be seen to be enjoyed. Plenty of it is coming into view now, so be sure the view's a delightful one. Put on Dina Merrill's Moisture Mantle; it goes far to promote a really good view and keep your skin shining with the silken glow of health and well-being. Nothing simpler. Nothing prettier. The same goes for Lauren's ravishing tousle of curls—Franklyn Welsh's pin-up job that just shakes loose and ties with a ribbon. The evening turnout and dress are both made to order at Mainbocher. Wide gold cuffs, by David Webb.

LAUREN HUTTON



That was THE

DIARY OF A GLAD HOUSEGUEST—OR THE INSIDE STORY

It is untrue—or at least an exaggeration—that any Parisian who is discovered to have spent the hours between Friday evening and Monday morning in Paris will be dropped from his clubs and severed from any meaningful social life. On the other hand, Le Weekend, as it is called in French (and probably in Serb, Icelandic, and Portuguese), is held sacrosanct as a time to put aside noise, restriction, and naggers, to breathe other, cleaner air, to rest one's regard on sea and tree. It is a time to *changer les idées*—which, loosely translated, means to get out of town. Weekend idylls vary. There are mountains to climb and rapids to rush, but for me, the scrumptious weekend shapes up as a beach house belonging to an attractive friend with luxurious habits and no visible problems. Every aspect is certain to be a delight—the anticipation, the happening, and, finally, the rosy reminiscence.

Getting ready

FAST CLIP. The seashore is no place to anguish over one's hair. First thing this morning, I flashed out to Paul Mitchell at Bendel's. He is a great believer in short, close-to-the-head landscaping that goes along with the texture and vagaries of one's own brand of hair. This makes for felicity of line and also a drip-dry, dunk-and-dazzle hairdo. He gave me a crisp cloche-cut that makes me look young and unaccountable for my actions, and which ruffles back into shape with a few whacks of my Mason Pearson brush. (The Brits really know how to build a hairbrush; they've set the bristle on so cleverly that every bash puts a higher polish on my hair.)

BAREFOOT GIRL WITH CHIC. I have a warm, affectionate relationship with my feet. Nothing is too good for them, which is why I found time for one of Yolanda Brown's remarkable massages. She makes me very much aware that every nerve in my body has an ending in my feet. She works subtly and cajolingly on pressure points, and it all left me feeling relaxed and well-circulated. V. agreeable to have a massage without peeling to the buff. From there, I headed for Saks Fifth Avenue's beauty of a beauty salon where I had a loving-detail pedicure (calluses pumiced away, cuticles pushed out of sight, softening lotion worked in). Tried a new, darkly exciting nail varnish which will spiff up the tan I'm going to get. Same drill for fingernails.

AT LONG LASH. Still at Saks. Reminded myself that art is long and life is fleeting, so sprang for false eyelashes, put on one by one. This is done in the salon rotunda, at the Adrien Arpel nook, by deft, expertly trained girls, and only modesty forbids the impression that I am a genuine, deepdish swooner. The lashes take one hour to apply, and look and feel as if I grow them myself, and will stay in place for three weeks or more. It costs the earth—\$25—but worth every sou.

GOOD WITH FIGURES. Could not resist this burning-orange bikini. It's my color—what there is of it. Noticed sadly that my waistline is not only all it might be but more. Made vow to join Chocolates Anonymous beginning now. I can feel withdrawal symptoms already (the Late Show will never be the same without a Lindt Pralina bar), but came to my senses and remembered that deathless line of (doubtless) some former chocolate addict: "A moment on the tongue, three hours in the stomach, and six months on the hips." Will clip out the new Vogue Super Diet and carry it at all times. At least I won't have to give up eating: they lavish one with meat and salad and seafood, even butter and mayonnaise. Bought an exciting lipstick the exact color of new bikini.

SHARING THE GILT. Strolled about Tiffany's mentally squandering fortunes. Did make an actual purchase—a dear little vermeil box to carry the vitamin C pills Dr. Linus Pauling has me hooked on. Then I mulled over what you bring the hostess who has everything, and had a second box wrapped as a gift.

Away from it all

GUEST PRIVILEGES. This is the house that speaks most eloquently to my condition. The walls are stark white, the furniture white wicker, cushioned in lemon yellow, and there are flowers everywhere. My room is a bower of comfort, even to the tiny fridge that holds bottled water and fresh fruit. This morning, I lay against the pillows (one of them is filled with delicious, sleep-inducing herbs—probably heavy on hops—and brought from London by adorable hostess) and surveyed the windful of sky and sea. Cannot believe I have ever lived any other way. I dawdled over breakfast, which was plenty dawdlesome—freshly-pressed raspberry juice, crisp soybean crackers, and superlative black coffee—but suddenly I had to be out in all that sun and air. Loped into the bathroom, which is needless-to-say super-scrumptious, with shelves full of push-button foams to cleanse one's face, spray-on lotions that freshen or moisturize or butter one up after bathing. Just about everything is aerosol-powered, in fact, consequently untouched by previous guest-ly hands. It must be admitted the quick squish is amusing to play with. The bathtub is the absolute *dernier mot*: fitted out with Kohler's Hydro-Whirl, a clever tube attachment that turns water into a whirly tempest that makes my whole body thrum with vim. Must have a heart-to-heart with the handyman when I get home.

WEEKEND

OF BEAUTY AND THE BEACH

that was

WADING ROOM. The orange bikini appears to be quite successful. There were several cheery whistles, and an inch-by-inch survey by a v. attractive man who apparently arrived late last night. I spread a series of smiles around, and then took off for a walk along the water's edge. I have this mad passion for walking on beaches—hot sun on my body, cool, rushing water on my feet—I find it excruciatingly sensuous. Not, however, to consider this mere pampered abandon—sand-walking is the world's great exercise for feet and legs: every little muscle and tendon gets an overhaul. Some of the time I perched on tiptoe, for an even zippier workout. I must have done a mile each way, and then decided that even though I was covered with Coppertone's Suntan Cream, I had better duck into the shade for a bit, also stir up entente with the other guests.

BOARD MEETING. Daytime life is lived on the huge deck that looks over the beach, and has a swimming pool sunk into it. People drift off and play tennis or ride bicycles into town, but everything I want is right here. Mostly, I'm in the pool, swimming, or doing Anne-Marie Bennstrom's sneaky underwater exercises—the ones she teaches at the Sanctuary Spas in Los Angeles. There's a fantastic deal for bottom and thighs—I simply stand, shoulder-high in the water, and kick my legs backward, one at a time. Then there's an anti-knee-pad drill I do with my legs far apart, pulling them together without flexing anywhere or losing contact with the pool floor. After thirty of those, I was quite ready to fall into a deck chair and be flattered. (Was told my new outsized K.J.L. sunglasses make me look like a sexy lemur, which I think is flattering, but cannot remember what a lemur looks like.) Poor hostess (this is the *only* area in which she is poor) cannot expose one millimetre of her white tissue-paper skin to the sun. Never mind, she looks cool and mysterious in wildly pretty caftans, a big straw hat, and plenty of Sungard all over, just in case a sunbeam strays under her umbrella. I thought how lucky I am to be able to tan, and then I reminded myself how dazzling and creamy her throat and bosom and arms will look in the fall, against matte black jersey. Fair's fair. About eight months a year.

THE BEAUTY OF IT ALL. Changing for dinner—which can mean anything from embroidered shorts to wrappy, ankle-touching sarongs—is exceedingly pleasurable in itself. Pulled out a white Mexican cotton shirt and tiny, tucked shorts to match which can only be described as Far Out. Had a fragrant, bubbly soak; sloshed myself with more-than-usual body cream; and practically fell face-down in the makeup. With a glowy tan, there is an urge to experiment with makeup. Everything looks fabulous—the bronze-y gel on my face, the

startling flamingo-pink lipstick, an eye shadow the color of pale-blue chalk. I moon over my face like Narcissus and think—not for the first time—that Le High Life (sensibly pronounced by the French as Hig Leaf) is ever so embellishing. My makeup gets sealed for the long, long evening with Estée Lauder's iced Mineral Water.

BEAUTY AND THE FEAST.

Once the sun goes down, everyone drinks champagne. The merest of calories and full of nourishing vitamins, I feel sure. Also it goes to perfection with the sort of food we eat—watercress soup, soft-shelled crabs, range-fed baby rack of lamb with mushrooms and string beans and tiny, thumb-sized carrots, fresh from the garden. Salads are bliss—they even grow rugala. For dessert there are jewelled heaps of home-grown strawberries and raspberries the size of plovers' eggs. Everything we eat is organically grown, and the wholemeal bread is made by the miraculous cook with organic wheat, honey, sea salt, butter, yeast, and spring water.

NIGHT ERRANT. The dancing begins directly we have finished dinner. We're all dreamy-eyed about *No, No, Nanette* and *Follies* and everyone decided that now is the time to bring back the tango. How not? It is the most sensuous of dances—deliberate and arousing. "Orchids in the Moonlight" was on the hi-fi and I was slinking around the room in the arms of V. Attractive Man. When he swept me way back, over his arm, I felt like Astaire and Rogers in *Flying Down to Rio*. He murmured that my hair smelled like captive moonlight and I smiled enigmatically and did not tell him I was drenched in Guerlain's *Chamade*. What bliss dancing is. There, one is being the very nub of grace and invitation, exercising one's body and one's powers, expressing wordlessly thoughts one would not possibly utter.

RETIREMENT BENEFITS.

Sleeping is the most appalling waste of time in such happy circls. However, I behaved well and did all those things Nanny drilled into me—much less boring here, anyway. Brushed my hair with my head lolling down over the bed, to stimulate the roots. Cleaned my skin down to the capillaries with Bonne Bell's 1006 Lotion to be sure. Lastly, a kindly layer of Revlon's Eterna 27 so I can wake up dewy-skinned after all that outdoor living. Poked about in the little ice box and offered myself a nightcap: cold, cold Perrier water with a slice of lemon. Then the teeth (tried out the water-pik which is fascinating), and applied Blistex. How did anyone have both smooth lips and clean pillow slips before Blistex?

ALL QUITE UN-FAIR. If it had to drizzle, I'm glad it was the last day. It makes leaving less beastly. We all sat about playing a mesmerizing, charade-like new game called Body Talk. It's made by Dynamic Design Industries in California and is done with special cards depicting emotions like love, hate, anger—all to be acted out. Made me shatteringly aware of the impact of gestures and shifts in movement. Someone—a man—said I had terribly expressive shoulders. (I was doing Indifference.) Couldn't help noticing it was not my shoulders he was peering at.

Getting back

AUTO-SUGGESTION. Did not drive back alone, which made the rain quite cozy. Everyone was heavenly at departure. My arms were loaded with home-grown fruit and genuine tomatoes and masses of ivy-geranium leaves to stuff in the linen closet. Nothing else smells quite so gorgeous, and they stay aromatic for ages.

There is no doubt about it. What every girl needs is a glorious weekend every seven days.





So. You're flying to the Algarve . . . Ibiza . . . the Costa Esmeralda . . . or you're driving up to the Cape or out to Carmel. Wherever: if there's a beach in your weekend, you'll want all sorts of things to swim in, sun in, cover up in. Lots of things—when you're in and out of the water all day, it makes good sense to change often. Besides, how much suitcase-space do you need for beach gear like this? . . .

Leotard in the swim, far left—violet-and-turquoise print bathing suit cut like a little leotard with draw-string neck and long sleeves. And a giant straw hat for instant sunshade. Suit by Donald Brooks for Sinclair; Enkasure nylon (Soptra fabric). \$40; early July, Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus. Glentex shawl. Glasses: Cool-Ray Polaroid. Hat: I. J. Herman's.

Bare fact, below left: this bikini is one of the barest on any beach—just a narrow bandeau and teeny bottom in brown and maroon—and no straps to make tracks. Ban-Lon bikini by Ken Scott, of nylon. \$40; Mensorio Ricupero, New York. Shawl: Naty Abascal. Cool-Ray Polaroid glasses. **Sun flowers,** near left—big, bold, orange, pink, and green ones splashed on a halter-top bikini. Plus a matching slit skirt to button on when you want a little cover. By Cole of California; nylon crêpe. Each, \$26. Saks Fifth Avenue. Hat: I. J. Herman's.

Splashes of chamois, below—one-shoulder tunic stitched in red, with raggedy hem and swishes of bead and shell fringe. Underneath, a chamois bandeau and bikini. Giorgio di Sant' Angelo. \$120; Bonwit Teller. . . . On the beach, out of the sun: ideal set-up for weekenders with sensitive skin, and easily arranged with Irma Shorell's Protective Sun Creme—blocks all rays, stays on in water. (Water and sun scene here, Eleuthera, one of the Bahama Out Islands.)



B

EAUTY AND THE
BEACH LOOKS—
BATHING SUITS
TO MAKE A WEEKEND
IN THE SUN MORE FUN

Tension

If we try to answer the question why the American woman is prone to tension and dare to make an overgeneralized statement in full consciousness of the dangers of any generalization, we can say that the American woman is the victim of the very same driving force that makes her the most exquisite, attractive, and unique female in the world: *her competitiveness*.

While her competition, her efficiency, and her competence have given her the outstanding stature she has attained, she does not know when to disarm. Unlike the ancient Roman who left his fighting gear in the vestibule, the American woman enters her home fully armed. And a state of readiness for battle does not make for much tranquility. With whom is she competing? Men? Other women? A job? Her professional stature? The best-dressed woman or the most popular sex symbol?

In everyday life, the American woman seems compelled to be always a step ahead of her competing females. She is out to win. She is almost obsessive-compulsive in her drive to come near perfection, often at the price of her personal happiness. She just cannot easily allow herself to suffer failure or weakness or even admit that all may not just be O.K. or fine.

There seems to exist, and this is my own and perhaps limited experience (though I have treated a few thousand women in my life), a confusion about the American woman's *sexual identity*. This confusion contributes greatly to her insecurity. The term sexual identity relates to her position in the society she lives in but becomes more evident when she is confronted with men or with doubts about the role she plays in her home or in her relationship with her husband.

In her position as a married woman she only too readily takes, assumes, and usurps the dominant role, which may have come naturally to her by the power of conditioning and the process of emulating her own mother who most likely was a domineering woman herself. But the woman could not play that regal role if the American male would not allow it and if he himself would not be confused about his own role, which in turn determines the part he plays as a man, as a husband, and as a father. The man's role, as he sees it, is primarily that of the breadwinner. Consequently, he leaves everything that relates to the home as the woman's responsibility, and this includes taking care of the children—an area the average woman feels bitter about; she feels terribly let down. A recent study has shown that, generally speaking, fathers in America have abdicated their authority—which means that the burden of the lifestyle, including many decisions concerning the welfare of the children, is put on the shoulders of the woman. (Even in the Soviet Union a change seems to have taken place. A recent report from Russia states that Soviet boys are becoming more effeminate, because they do not have male teachers.) But in all fairness it must be stated that not all American men are

passive and abdicate their masculine and parental role. Many men act as mature, responsible and confident males. But, in general terms, the greater number of American men, according to their emotional personality structure, take on a more passive-dependent role at home, which may become evident only when we are able to strip off the strong, masculine façade many men are capable of displaying with great effectiveness. It is therefore no rare occurrence to find a man a lion in his office and a lamb at home.

One of the most frequent complaints I have heard from women is that the husband is either not aware or not interested in helping his wife with the physical and emotional burden she carries in the course of running a home successfully. He leaves everything up to Mom. He justifies this because of his preoccupation with his work and his ideas and the many worries he has about his job and his career which, as he puts it, is basically all in the interest of the family.

It is customary for a woman to manage her home and the home is her chief domain. But the modern woman has interests beyond getting her children off to school, doing or supervising the shopping, the laundry, planning the meals, and taking care of the social calendar. And unless her husband is a Prime Minister or the Secretary of the Department of Defense or the chairman of the board of a big corporation and therefore frequently detained from coming home exactly when the clock strikes 6:30, the married woman has a right to share the evening hours with her husband. I have heard women complain about their husbands' being late and I have heard men telling me that they had two bourbons with the boys before meeting the problems at home. And the woman waits. She has a need to talk and is upset if her husband says he is tired. He may with moderate enthusiasm play with the children, but what he really wants is to relax, to read his paper or his professional magazine or some important report he has brought home.

If this picture of family life strikes anyone as being exaggerated, I can state that there is no exaggeration in the most frequent complaint I have heard married women make when they say: "We don't communicate. . . ." There is indeed a lack of real understanding and mutuality of sharing interests and goals. We may wonder whether the time has passed when it was said that behind a great man there is a great woman. It still exists, I am sure, but it seems that there is a lessening of involvement and a greater loss of genuine interest in what each is doing. This very fortunately seems to change with the younger generation where there is much more involvement. But with many married people, instead of a deepening of compatibility and living more intimately with one another, there is a lessening of unanimity and more of a stale, living-side-by-side existence.

Many people blame a great deal of the tension on the uncertainties and complexities of our times.

Everything—events, political developments—moves fast. People are either in the act or out of it and uninvolved. And the woman who does not get the attention, the love and support of her man, be it her husband or lover, becomes withdrawn and passive. She is bound to lose her interest and certainly her enthusiasm. She experiences resentment and hostility which she represses, and it makes her tense.

When there is hostility between a man and a woman the most sensitive barometer of trouble is evidenced in the area of sex. When disappointed or ignored women react with a loss of interest in sex. And in a married situation various diverse little games are played. A woman may punish a man for his indifference by managing to go to bed later than her husband because she claims that she is not quite through with all her work. This is acting the role of the martyr, which is supposed to make him feel guilty but actually makes him feel angry. Or when the man wants the woman and calls her, she then tells him to wait just a little while because she wants to see the end of the movie she has been watching on TV. Or she may play another little trick, which is to appear to be asleep when he is about ready to go to bed. Or she acts out her hostility in an extramarital affair which may be an act of vengeance or due to a need to prove her femininity. At any rate, when there is tension at home it is contagious; tension arouses tension.

WHAT IS TENSION? Tension is a symptom, not an illness. It is a sign of a person's disturbed emotional functioning. Tension can be transient or chronic. There are people who feel constantly harassed and driven and simply cannot relax. They tend to blame their inner disquiet on a multitude of outer happenings. They are so "nervous" that they cannot stand noise and are jittery about meeting new people. Everything is a problem—being on time, meeting a deadline, or being confronted with a new task. Often they are ambivalent. On the surface they appear eager to meet the demands made on them with a display of great efficiency, but inwardly they may resist doing the work for fear of falling short of the super-standards they have set for themselves. Or they resist out of unconscious rebellion.

This type of chronic tension is a sign of more serious trouble. It differs greatly from temporary states of tension such as the experience of a young girl going out on a first date and feeling she has butterflies in her stomach. Or from the trepidation of a young woman before a first interview for a new job or an actress reading for a part. Or the palpitation and tightness of muscles in the chest and arms and legs a young woman may have before she is about to make her first public speech, or of course, the anxiety of a woman when she is about to commit herself to sharing her life with a man, even if the feelings of love should outweigh her doubts and possible tension.

Tensions similar to these examples are so frequent that we can pass them off as normal,

the everyday threat to American women . . . and what to do about it

BY ARNOLD A. HUTSCHNECKER, M.D.

because as soon as the threat or any of the anxiety-producing events has passed, the woman relaxes and swings back to her more easy-going way of life.

But, when we find tension in a person long after a stressful event is over or when a threat which causes tension does not exist in reality but is imagined, then we are dealing with a more serious emotional problem which should be examined and understood rather than alleviated by another drink, another cigarette, or a box of candy.

WHAT CAUSES TENSION? Tension is the result of unresolved inner conflict. It indicates a clash between impulses that demand action and a counterforce that inhibits the spontaneity of action. This inhibiting force is a necessity in a civilized society, for without it people would be too readily at each others' throats and would make us return to the jungle. We are witnessing right now a rise of excitation and an acting out of rage, anger and violence which is not constrained by the discipline and maturity of civilized behavior. The angry and rebellious people lack the control of a balancing power of inhibition. By the same token, over-inhibition can become destructive as can be seen in the alarming rise of withdrawal and escape from life by means of drugs, ending up in drug addiction. Healthy living means striking a balance between the forces of excitation and inhibition, of aggression and control.

Inhibition, while necessary, does deprive us of some of our *joie de vivre*. But when balanced, it leaves us enough freedom of self-expression to enjoy our existence. Only when our natural aggressive energy is not being used creatively but is being overly inhibited do we experience tension. We may do this because of the way we have been educated or conditioned, which includes acquiring the fear of consequences, or because of the harshness of our conscience urging us to live up to the rigid demands of society.

Theoretically speaking, acting out hostility may be healthy and may make a woman feel good for a moment, but it amounts to a return to the willful, uncontrolled, and selfish demands of the child, and it will get her—as an adult in a world of reality—into trouble and disgrace and certainly reduce her stature and her self-esteem. While not acting out may preserve a woman's image of maturity, it often leaves her in a state of frustration and tension. In order to learn what to do about her tension, she must understand the dynamics of conflict.

WHAT DOES TENSION DO TO THE BRAIN? Man, like the animal, reacts to the two all powerful forces of excitation and inhibition. Living means perceiving stimuli all the time at an estimated rate of several thousands per second. Stimuli are constantly being related via nerve pathways to tiny centers in the multi-

billion mosaic structure of the brain. A specific signal prepares the body for either fight or flight. Adrenalin is poured into the bloodstream, the muscles flex, the blood pressure rises. Now comes the countersignal. We must not fight. It is not proper, it is not civilized. We may be making fools of ourselves. Also, it may cause one to lose one's job. Physically, we could be beaten, for the opponent may be stronger, physically or perhaps in a more powerful social position. To increase a woman's dilemma there is the fact that she cannot run. Pride does not allow that. Our society disapproves of cowardice. So, we freeze our action. We remain in a state of fright and we suffer tension.

Of course, we can seek escape, we can inwardly shut off and hate in silence. Or we can remain outwardly calm and release our aggression in daydreaming and the fantasies of a child. As children we have all done that. We can put up passive resistance. We can become oppositional and turn out bad work. We can emotionally withdraw, commit acts of negligence and procrastinate and thereby save some of our pride. But in adult life it does not help us to succeed nor does it help us to get rid of our tension. We therefore have no choice; we must learn to cope with the problem.

A BRIEF CASE HISTORY may illustrate some of these points. It concerns a married couple, well-liked and considered happy in the eyes of their friends.

The woman was thirty-four, an attractive, poised, well-dressed housewife. She tried to appear self-assured but, when she came to see me, she admitted feeling tense and embarrassed about seeking help. "It took me several months before I finally decided to make an appointment. My husband disapproved of seeking a psychotherapist. He called it an act of self-indulgence. He insisted one must have the strength to work out problems by oneself. Finally, when I could not live with my own tension any longer, I talked it over with my minister and asked him how wrong it was to see a doctor. He encouraged me to do so." Most of the time a patient in trouble asks the family doctor to recommend a psychiatrist or psychoanalyst. In this woman's case she and her husband had trust in their minister who said he would talk with the husband. After their meeting her husband said it was all right for her to seek help.

What was her problem? She was not quite sure. She apologized with a trace of humor: "I feel awfully dumb for someone who graduated from Vassar." All she knew was that for quite a while she realized she was feeling unhappy. She said she could not quite pinpoint what she was unhappy about. With a faint smile she said, "I thought it was part of that package deal of marriage."

This woman had been married for twelve

years; there were four children. She described her husband as basically a nice man, a dependable man, a hard worker. He was happy in a new job and seemed to have no complaints about the marriage. But my patient wondered why he was drinking a bit more lately than he should. Outwardly, everything seemed just fine. They were living in an upper middle class suburb in a nice house, not exactly her taste, but the area was good and the house was the best they were able to get at the time they were married.

WHY WAS SHE UNHAPPY? The more she tried to think, the more she was confused, she said. Under direct questioning her problem began to unfold. It came to her suddenly. "We don't communicate," she said. "That's it . . . I think I have been resentful about doing less and less the things I like and doing more and more the things he likes—sports, vacations, even the people we invite to our house. It is always his family that comes first."

What about sex? "That has become a sort of routine. I have lost interest. He is not affectionate. It has come down to just the raw sex act. Maybe it was like that always and I was not aware of it. Sometimes I think he's testing his power over me. Now I withdraw and only occasionally do I have an orgasm."

The patient returned a week later. The aftermath of her first session was disturbing and exciting. "It was like an explosion," she said, "with the worst fight we have ever had. But suddenly I felt free to say things I would never have dared to say. I don't know what gave me the courage. I told him that I didn't love him. This was an amazing realization, and surprisingly, I was clear and knew that all the other problems I had had were peripheral. It became clear to me that we had no relationship and that I had lost my love for him." . . .

"After this outburst I experienced two amazing things," she went on to say. "One was an enormous sense of relief and the other was the sudden consciousness of feeling bothered by his personality. I now question whether I want the marriage and whether we can work it out."

After the fight my patient was surprised to hear her husband admit that he then had an awareness that he had failed her, that he had let her down a few years before when their youngest child was very sick and she needed him, but he left the critical decisions to her to make alone.

The following week I saw the husband. He looked like an astronaut. A few years older than his wife, he was pleasant, courteous, but somewhat rigid though he tried to appear free. His manner had the ease of a business technique.

He was shattered by what had happened the week before. He insisted that he loved his wife and that there was no doubt he wanted the marriage. "It was rough," he said. "She told me I bore her. But the thing she kept bringing up over and over was that business of 'relating.' " He insisted he didn't know what she was talking about.

To relate means to be emotionally in touch with another human being. It means to have a rapport, a mutuality of feelings, and to understand the needs of another. I told him that there can be no marriage without a feeling of involvement and of relating. He had to think about it, but he admitted that since the explosive weekend they were at least talking. Since then things seemed to be better.

I had two more (Continued on page 156)



IT'S JUNE, IT'S BEGINNING TO BE HOT. IF TODAY ISN'T SUMMER, TOMORROW WILL BE . . . AND HOW WILL YOU LOOK? IF YOU HAVEN'T THOUGHT ABOUT IT, DON'T WORRY. WE HAVE. . .

REAL-LIFE DRESSING... THE REAL COOL

Say this is you, with one foot in town and the other in the country . . . and now begins the whole summer rhythm of getting away for weekends and housefuls of guests and small dinners in city gardens and children home from school and not enough help, and it's all very fraught and busy and gay . . . and somehow wonderfully relaxed. Whatever your life, you live it more easily in summer. And you dress accordingly. Everything simple, simple, simple . . . your clothes, your hair. To be super-comfortable is all . . . dressing to feel free, stripped-down, clean. So let's take it from there. . . .

YOU . . . CAN GO TO TOWN IN BARE LEGS AND A

SHORT SHORT SKIRT

Far left: Brown legs and a mix of classic little haberdasher patterns in olive, wine, blue. Diamond-print shirt with daisy print showing when the collar's open, cuffs flipped back; reversible wrap skirt—daisies today, diamonds tomorrow; print shorts underneath. V. sharp. Tzivia Horiuchi trading beads. *Left:* Purple, rust, black, ivory—the haberdashing mix in a stripey shirt and reversible skirt that's dotty or stripey, as you wish (or chuck the skirt; let's see how nifty you are in the print shorts under it). Turnouts: Beene Bazaar by Hazel Haire; Avril and cotton. Shirts, skirts, each about \$22; shorts, about \$24. All, Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Maison Blanche; Swanson's. On these twenty-four pages: hair by Kenneth.

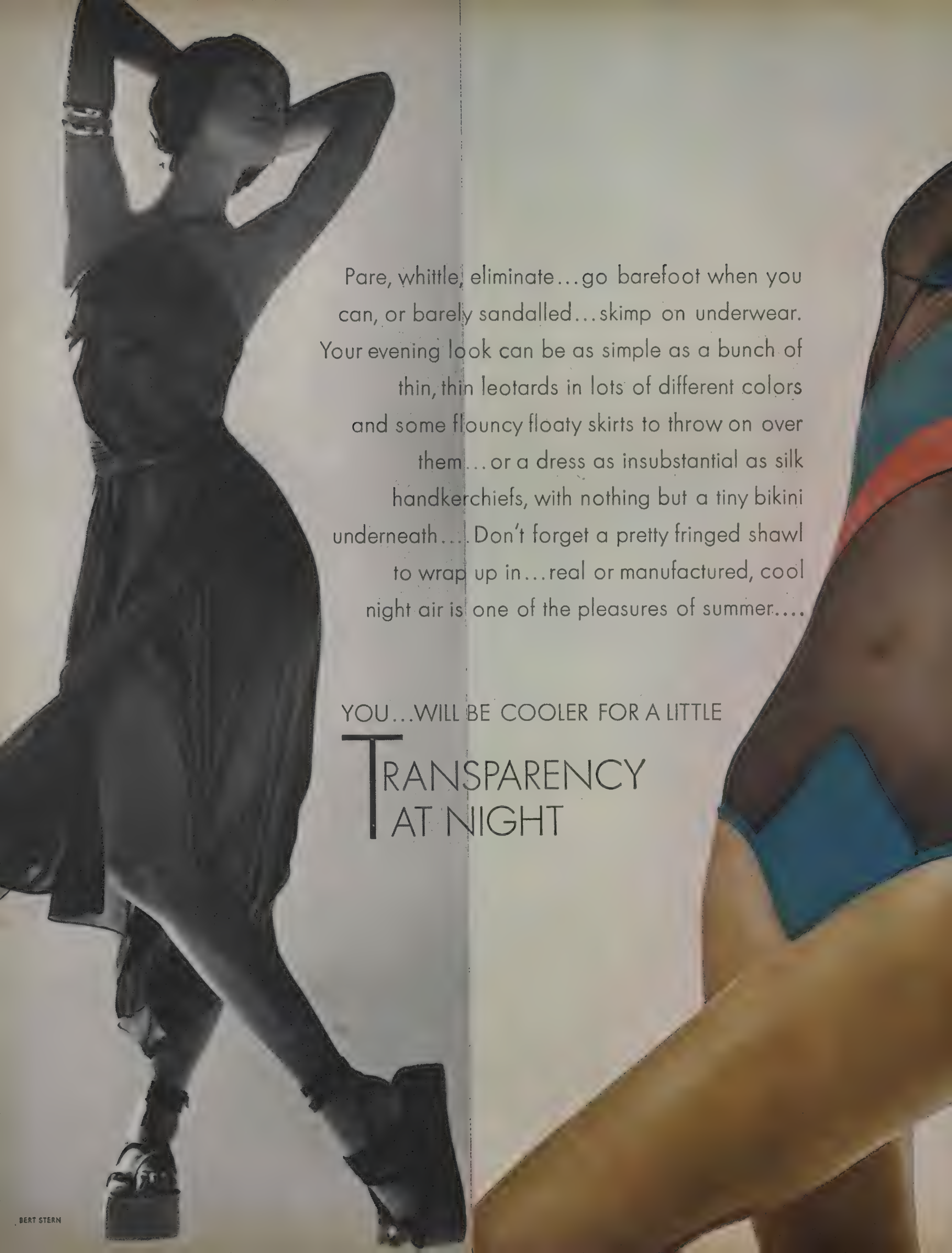
Here you are with those all-American legs of yours getting nice and brown . . . and you haven't worn shorts in town yet? Don't let another minute go by! There's never been a season when shorts—and short, short skirts—looked so absolutely correct and adorable. Just think how it's going to be when the eggs are frying on the sidewalks and you're in your sandals and neat little shorts walking the dogs . . . pedaling in traffic . . . pushing the pram . . . picking up something cool for dinner. Act now . . .

YOU . . . THE GIRL FOR SHORTS

Right: No dog days in the city for the girl in a white linen shirt, beige linen shorts—and non-stop legs. Turnout by Miguel Ferreras for M. F. Creations, of Moygashel linen. Robinson & Golluber scarf. Golo clogs. Top, about \$24. Shorts, about \$16. Abraham & Straus; Jordan Marsh, Florida. *Center:* Lots of flowers in the country—lots of small bright ones on yellow snapped shorts and a red midriff top. Traina Sport designed by Kay Unger and Jesper Nyeboe, of Zantrel rayon and cotton (print by Julian Tomchin for Maxwell). Robinson & Golluber necktied scarf. Top, about \$22. Shorts, about \$20. Both at Lord & Taylor; Sakowitz; The Denver. *Far right:* Take off for the weekend in jumpshorts . . . wear them back Sunday with freshly tanned legs. Rocketship-and-cloud print in orange, grey and white nylon. Ban-Lon jumpshorts (about \$50; Bloomingdale's) and sandals: Issey Miyake.







Pare, whittle, eliminate...go barefoot when you can, or barely sandalled...skimp on underwear. Your evening look can be as simple as a bunch of thin, thin leotards in lots of different colors and some flouncy floaty skirts to throw on over them...or a dress as insubstantial as silk handkerchiefs, with nothing but a tiny bikini underneath.... Don't forget a pretty fringed shawl to wrap up in...real or manufactured, cool night air is one of the pleasures of summer....

YOU...WILL BE COOLER FOR A LITTLE

T RANSPARENCY AT NIGHT



Far left: Softness makes all the points—a peony-splashed handkerchief halter and blowy handkerchief-hem skirt in muted golds. Issey Miyake; polyester (Toray fabric). About \$100. At Bloomingdale's. Celia Sebbiri bracelet: Henri Bendel. *This page:* Close-up, the leotard you're going to pin a lot of little evenings on—transparent black with electric blue and pink chevrons. And, left, one of the cotton skirts that looks wonderful over it—wing-zing Aztec print—slit to the waist. Turn-out and choker: Giorgio di Sant' Angelo. Leotard, of Antron nylon and Lycra (United Elastic fabric). Skirt, of Concord fabric. Both, about \$215. Bonwit Teller; Giorgio, Beverly Hills. Both pages: Bernardo sandals; wigs arranged by Kenneth.



This page: Long stems walk right out of the garden—beige-and-Burgundy cotton skirt with a teeny Burgundy ribbed pull. Both: Crazy Horse; polyester-and-acetate top. Each, about \$15. Scarf: Robinson & Golluber. Hector Jorge choker. Belt: Kenneth J. Lane for Colony Designs. Sandals: Marianne Tater, Rome. Skirt and top: Franklin Simon; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Halle's-Cleveland; Jacobson's, Michigan; J. W. Robinson.

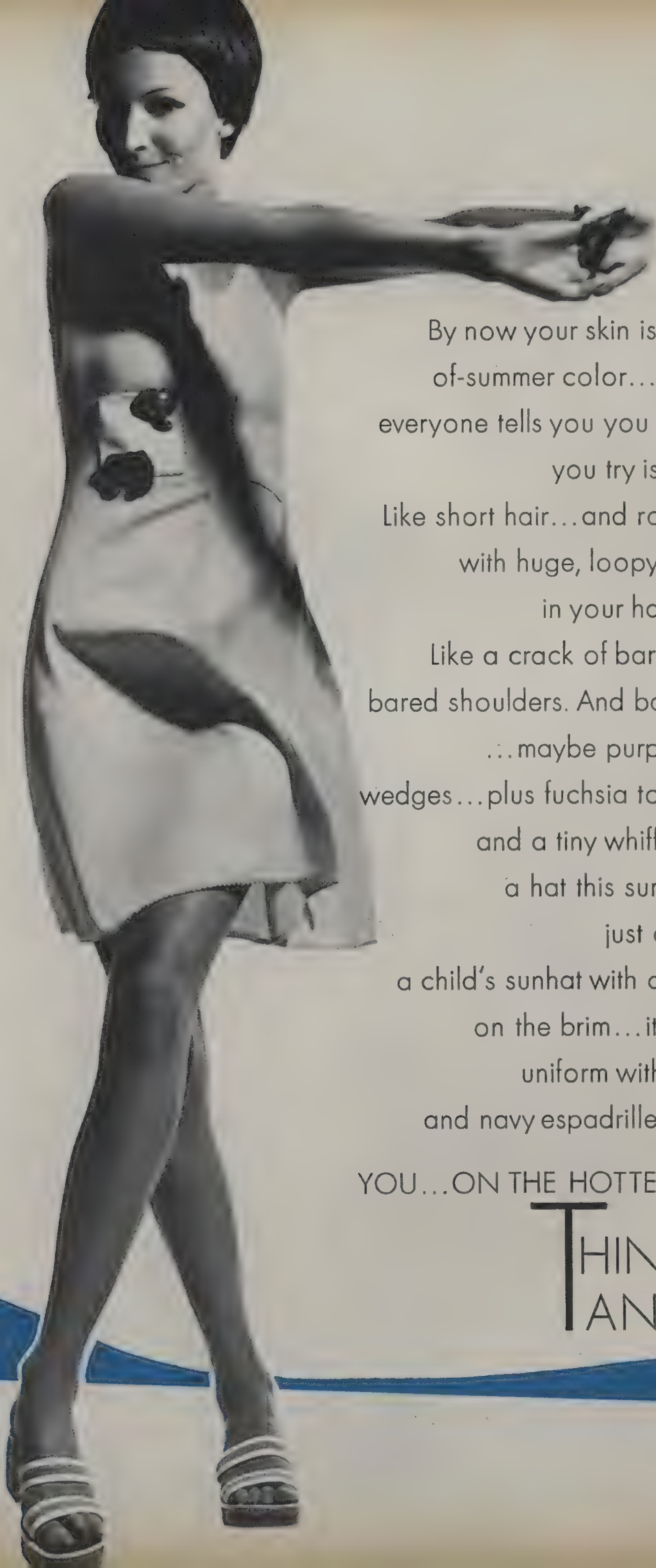
Right: Black cotton knit undershirt, crack of bare skin at the waist, and a slit of black-and-white cotton print to wrap everything up with a flare. Top, about \$16. Skirt, about \$40. Both by Cacharel for Mallory. Cuffs: William de Lillo. Espadrilles: Yves Saint Laurent. Top and skirt: Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Dayton's; Joseph Magnin. *Far right:* Scarlet's ruffled flounces—cotton eyelet embroidery whirling away over the smallest red leotardy jumpsuit. By Anne Fogarty. Jumpsuit, Dacron and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric). Necklace by Issey Miyake. Shoes: Capezio. Anne Fogarty turnout, about \$70, at Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Frost Bros.

Collect small things... little pieces of colored cloth to bandage your throat. Little bright plastic ducks to file along a neckline.

Lots and lots of poor little, mingy little shrunken-up T-shirts, undershirts, and skin-tight, too-tight leotards... any little thing you can hang a skirt on. A wrap skirt, a slit, a snap... just so long as it shows your legs, or flounces around them in some airy delectable way. And one day you put this top with that skirt... and the next day that with this... and you can keep it up all summer and never meet yourself on the street....

YOU CAN HAVE A FIELD DAY WITH
SKIRTS AND
TINY TOPS





By now your skin is that ravishing first-rose-of-summer color...you feel you look great, everyone tells you you do, and almost anything you try is going to be marvelous. Like short hair...and rouged ear lobes pierced with huge, loopy gold wires. Like ribbons in your hair, on your wrist, leg, toe. Like a crack of bareness at the waist...and bared shoulders. And bare, sexy sandals in town ...maybe purple, with ankle straps and wedges...plus fuchsia toenails, bare brown legs; and a tiny whiffly dress. And how about a hat this summer?...nothing serious, just a little gingham thing like a child's sunhat with a cartoony plastic poppy on the brim...it could be your everyday uniform with a navy undershirt dress and navy espadrilles with scarlet ribbons....

YOU...ON THE HOTTEST DAY IN TOWN IN A

T HIN LITTLE DRESS AND BARE LEGS




Far left: Bared feet, bared legs, and a swingy, under-shirty dress of bright yellow knit whipstitched in red . . . sooo cool. Of Supima cotton (Jasco Fabrics); about \$60. Stephen Burrows' World, at Henri Bendel; Hutzler's; Swanson's. Red pins: Carol's Attic by Carol Horn; Lord & Taylor. Golo clogs: Wig arranged by François of Kenneth. *Left:* When you really don't want to put on a thing, isn't this the very thing?—a thin little bias wrap-dress with flip-floppy sleeves in navy-and-white crêpe de Chine, to wear bare-legged over a bikini. Kloss•Pruzan; Celanese acetate and rayon (Fisher & Gentile fabric). About \$135. Henri Bendel; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Vince Pasacane beads. Hat by I. J. Herman's. Scarf: Hanae Mori Boutique. Capezio shoes, at Lord & Taylor. Coiffure by Kenneth.



YOU...HOW GREAT YOU'LL LOOK IN

BBLACK THIS
SUMMER



What can we tell you about black? It's sexy, it's discreet, and fantastically becoming with a tan. You can do your banking in black, lunch in black...you can tie ribbons in your hair, ribbons around your ankles, and go dancing at night in spangled black shorts....

Far left: Hair-ribboned long hair, soft and wafy for summer. Kenneth's doing. *Left:* Blown-back sleeves, blowy skirt—Ban-Lon dress of Antron nylon by Kloss • Pruzan. Maxwell fabric. About \$135. At Henri Bendel; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Sandals: Beth's Bootery, Saks Fifth Avenue. *Right:* Shining black satin-backed crêpe shirt and spangled shorts of Avisco acetate-and-rayon (Onondaga fabric). By Victor Joris for V&J. Design; about \$145. Saks Fifth Avenue; Maison Blanche; Sakowitz. Dionne bumblebee clip. Pancaldi by Walter Steiger espadrilles.

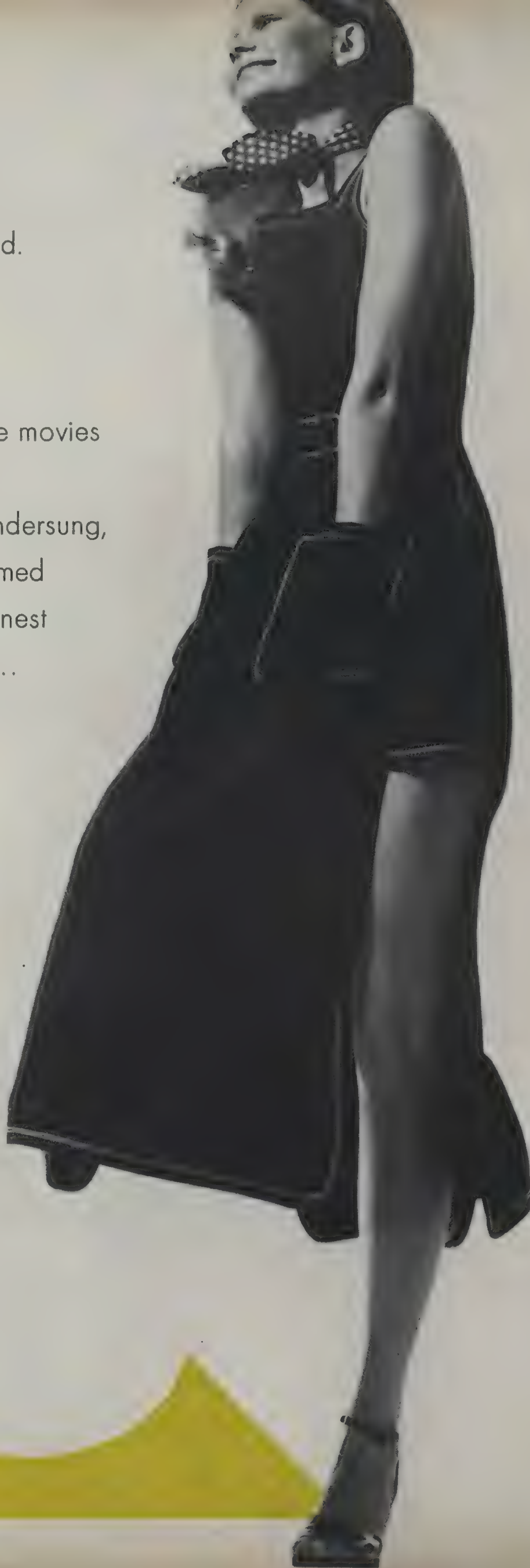


YOU...CAN DO A LOT FOR YOUR LEGS
WITH A

LITTLE BLACK
DRESS

You can report for jury duty in a little black shirtdress, more or less buttoned. And when the scene shifts, unbutton it all the way and show brilliant red shorts underneath, which is a charming way to go to the movies at six...and to walk around the city afterwards...and to stop at some undersung, over-chilled restaurant; but you're armed with your braid-fringed shawl of thinnest scarlet wool, and you'll be just fine....

Far left: Perfect knit shirtdress for lunch and dinner—slit over shorts and so soft it just blows. Kimberly, of Trevira Star. Dionne pin. Charles Jourdan sandals. Knit turnout; about \$95. Lord & Taylor; Halle's-Cleveland; Hudson's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. *Left:* Good long view of knit safari shirt, shorts, skirt, legs. Ban-Lon turnout; Traina Boutique designed by Kay Unger and Jesper Nyeboe, of Monsanto nylon (Barbet-Stretchnit fabric). Glentex scarf. Trifari watch. Belt; Anne Klein for Calderon. Yves Saint Laurent espadrilles. Turnout, about \$95. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; B. Forman; Stix, Baer & Fuller; I. Magnin. *This page:* wigs arranged by François of Kenneth and tied with a ribbon. *Right:* Cool your shoulders and legs and whole outlook on life in this jeans-stitched black linen jumper and shorts. Moygashel linen turnout, scarf, and sandals by Oscar de la Renta. Turnout, about \$230. Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Stanley Korshak; Maison Blanche; Swanson's; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City.





There will be some evenings this summer when you want to do something a little different with yourself...for a party, perhaps... or maybe it's just that the air is particularly soft and fragrant and the stars especially lustrous. Whatever, this is when you want ribbons and laces and sleeves that billow and skirts that blow and the feel of silk on your skin and chiffon flowers wafting around your legs....

YOU...CAN LOOK SO
ROMANTIC AT NIGHT

Left: Light, fresh-looking natural silk pongee—and what a pleasure to see it again—in a charming, Kate Greenaway sort of dress with lace bands, puff sleeves, a long crushed sash. Larry Aldrich; \$145. Hat: I.J. Herman's. Capezio slippers. All, at Lord & Taylor. *Right:* For small country-ish evenings, over tiny shorts or a bikini—a thin, creamy billow of shirt in China silk with drawstrings to keep it from blowing away. By Zandra Rhodes; about \$180. Henri Bendel; Sakowitz.





Have lots for evening;
 whether you've plans or
 not, it's lovely after a hot day
 to strip and bathe and get into
 something very, very
 fresh and pretty....

For small, easy evenings, a simple
 Indian muslin shirt, with bare legs
 and tiny diamonds in your ears
 is a delicious way to look....

If you've been strict and classic
 by day, you can change into
 Whistler's "White Girl" at night,
 with a beautiful garnet brooch
 at your throat. Or, if you've
 been uneasy about ribbons and
 batiste since your christening:
 scarlet slippers,
 scarlet flounces,
 a nuggety red coral at one ear,
 a nugget of turquoise at the other....

YOU...WITH SO
 MANY WAYS TO

LOOK ROMANTIC

Left: Tied—but not tied down—one of Zandra Rhodes' pale, creamy, air-blown shirts in China silk, to float over a bikini on evenings of a small sylvan nature. About \$175. At Henri Bendel; Sakowitz.

Right: Pink satin bands on white eyelet organza, sleeves to the wrist—for a pretty girl in an Edwardian mood. Elinor Simmons for Malcolm Starr; rayon organza. About \$165. Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Jacobson's, Michigan; Frost Bros.; The Denver. Hat, from I. J. Herman's. Capezio white kid slippers with grosgrain ribbons.



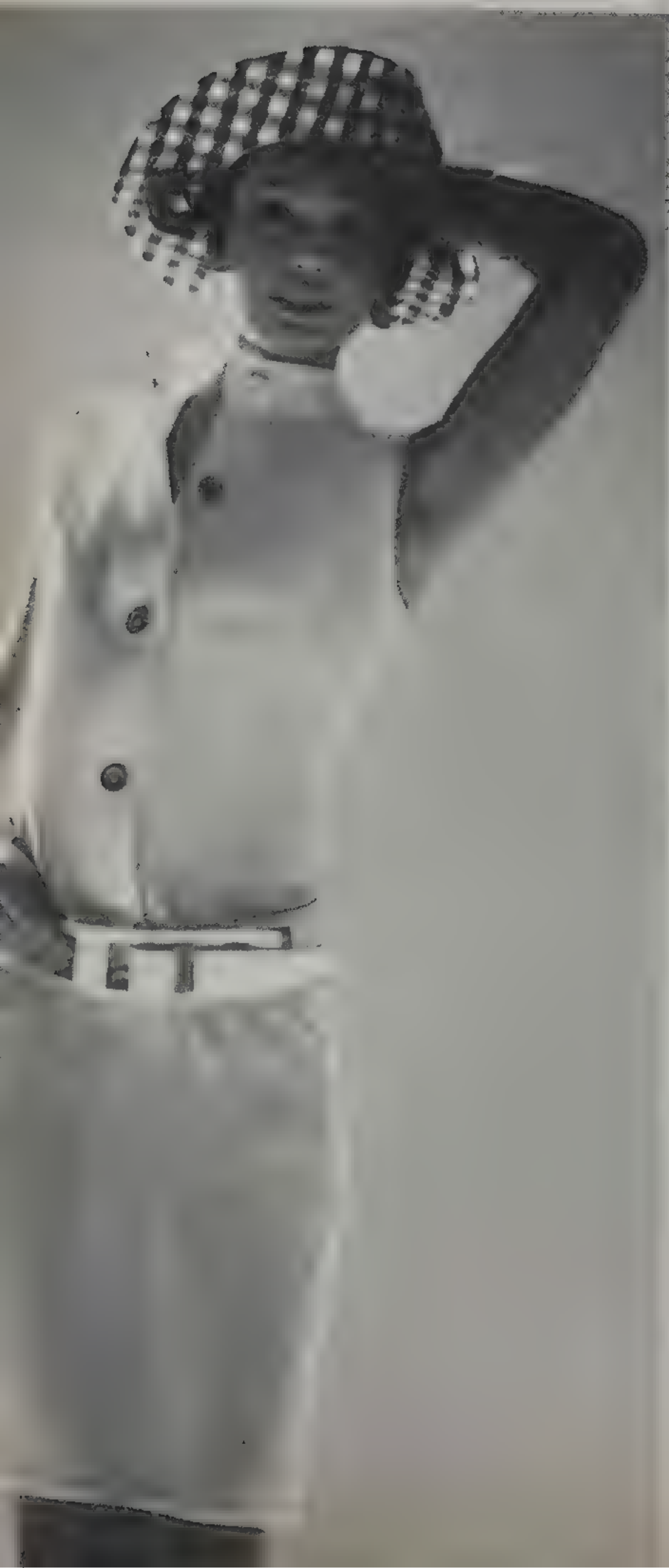


Let's say you have, in the way of things to cover up with: your trusty cashmere cardigan; your fringed Spanish shawl, sheer wool shawl, pailletted shawl... plenty of shawls; and jackets to pull together shirts and skirts or shorts. So... do you need a coat, too? Well, imagine yourself bare-legged in the city this summer, in and out of air-conditioned hotels and air-conditioned restaurants and air-conditioned theatres. Better: Imagine yourself in an air-conditioned store, and what you're looking for is something as easynarrownothing as a shirt or a cardigan... but a coat....

YOU...WANT A
LITTLE COVER

Left: Long, lean, and clean—white textured crêpe shirtcoat, slit up the sides over navy ribbed shorts, navy top. Henry Friedrichs coat, of Avisco acetate-and-rayon (Onondaga fabric). \$225; Lord & Taylor. Crazy Horse Dacron-and-cotton shorts, \$13; top, Durene cotton, \$11. Bergdorf Goodman. Vendôme necklace. Charles Jourdan sandals. Above: Sleeveless navy jacket belted over white shorts. Or—another day in town—over the little white skirt that comes along for the ride. Leslie Fay turnout, of polyester knit, about \$50. At Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Marshall Field; Joseph Magnin. Hat by Sant' Angelo for Sally Gee. Sandals by Capezio, at Lord & Taylor.

YOU...YOUR HEMLINES AND YOUR
TRIUMPHANT
LEGS



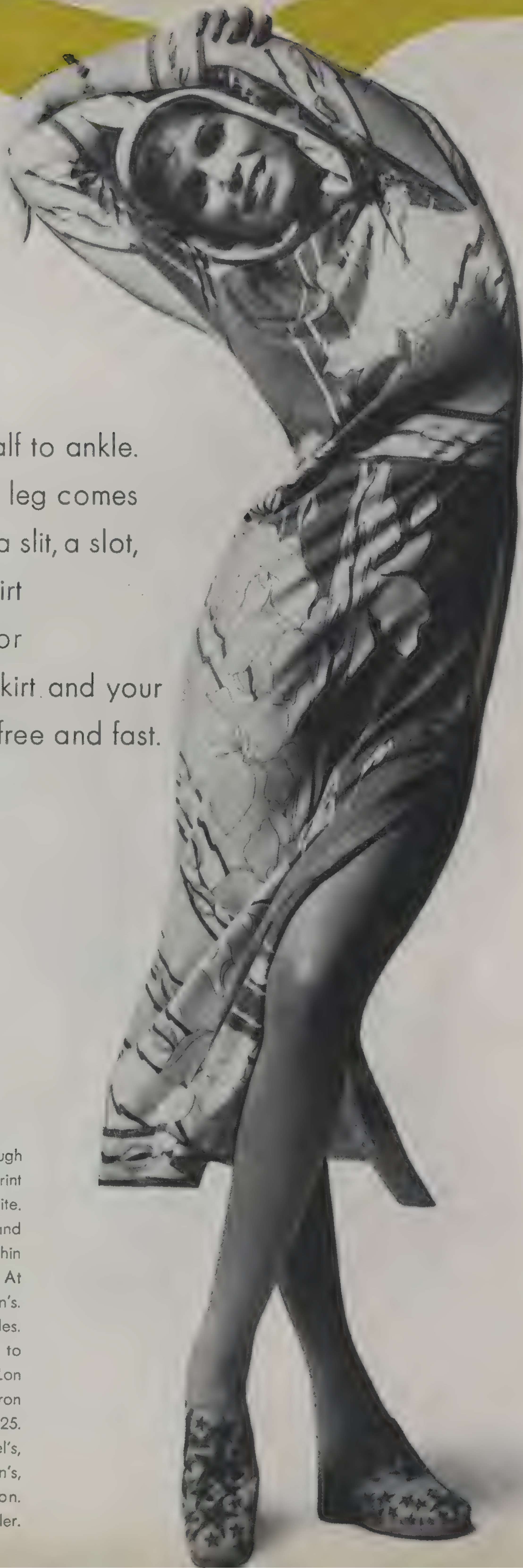
Far left: White knit, clean and simple—and short. Nardis of Dallas Dacron dress; about \$60. Joske's Houston; The Broadway. Daniel Hechter hat, at Betsy, Bunky & Nini. Calderon belt. Left: Trig little battle-jacket, unwrapped legs—a perfect summer suit in polished white cotton. Mary Ann Restivo for Sport Sophisticates. Jacket, about \$75; skirt, about \$40. Lord & Taylor; Stanley Korshak; Joseph Magnin. Bare sandals, by Capezio, at Lord & Taylor.

Nobody worries about skirt lengths anymore; those days are behind us forever. There is every length this summer...from

thigh to knee to calf to ankle. And every time, the leg comes through...through a slit, a slot, a slash...or in the way a long skirt whirls around when you walk...or you're wearing a short skirt and your legs swing out beneath, free and fast. One way or another, legs win!...



Left: The dress you walk through—a button-front shirt in a print of pinks, greens, blues, white. By S.T.J., of Zantrel rayon and cotton (print by Julian Tomchin for Maxwell); about \$80. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's. Yves Saint Laurent espadrilles. *Right:* Pink-and-wine print to cover all but one leg. Ban-Lon dress, snap-on hood, of Antron nylon. Paganne; about \$125. At Lord & Taylor; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Jacobson's, Michigan; J. W. Robinson. Starry clogs: Chelsea Cobbler.






Right: Shirt and pants give Berber blue a nifty workout here, with knotted bandana, buckle-down belt, and clogs to complete the job. Robinson & Golluber scarf. Belt by Anne Klein for Calderon. Olofdaughters clogs. *Far right:* The shirt on overtime—working out great as a shirtdress that unbuttons just past the knee. With knotted scarf, low-slung belt, and espadrilles. Robinson & Golluber scarf. Calderon belt. Watch by Bill Blass for Vantage. Espadrilles by Laura Tosato for I. Miller. All three Berber blues from one envelope: Vogue Pattern 8095. In Valtex Berber cloth, of combed cotton sateen; at Macy's; Joseph Horne; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres. Arthur of Kenneth coif. Pattern information, on page 161.

VOGUE PATTERNS

YOU...IN
BERBER BLUE



You may not be brown as a berry yet, but you've had a little sun and your skin has a little glow and there isn't a color that doesn't work for you...yellow, funny greens, purple, red, white, black. And—even if you're fair as a camellia—the blue known as Berber, a cool, faded, great-for-everyone blue that looks as though it has been washed in the sun and left out to bleach; if it had a fragrance it would be sun and clean air. Red is super with it...a red string shoulderpouch...a wide red elastic belt with a Berber-blue shirtdress, plus a little bashed-on hat with a brim in natural straw. Then, thusly dressed, you do what you have to do in town, see that the plants are comfortable for the weekend...and head for the hills.

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS



JACK ROBINSON

SUMMER IN THE CITY: Just the time to strap on your jump shoes and take a cooling hop around town. **Stephanie** shows us how in Jax's flag-red Trevira jersey short jumpsuit, zip front, \$35; a big canvas Jax mailbag, \$19. Jax, 7 West 57th Street. Of course, a N. Y. Mets baseball cap, red knee socks, striped sneakers, and, oh yes, bouncy coil-spring-bottomed jump shoes from F.A.O. Schwarz, Fifth Avenue and 59th Street, and off you go into a sunny summer day in town. . . .



SUMMER IN THE CITY

Above, lunching in the health foods restaurant, the Zen Hashery, at Serendipity III, **Season**, left, in olive-and-white printed duck shorts, bra top, short-sleeved jacket, and floppy hat, all trimmed with white rickrack. \$90 for the whole thing. . . . **Karen** in the limey-green T-shirt dress, flounced with white eyelet ruffles, orange rickrack, \$15; orange rickrack-trimmed straw hat, \$15. Everything by and at Serendipity III, 225 East 60th Street. . . .

Below, shopping at Mr. La Zecca's Grocery store on First Avenue for the sweetest green grapes, the ripest red tomatoes, **Erin** in the coolest brown-and-white geometric print cotton batiste dress. It is backless, with a halter top, wrap tie, and the hem is just above the knee. \$55. By Eric Lund for Narcissa, 242 East 58th Street. . . .

Above, crunching popcorn in Central Park, **Stephanie**, left, in popcorn-color nubby-knit cotton T-shirt, \$11; patchwork cotton shorts—lots of little beige patterned squares, lots of red ones, \$40. Roses Are Red, Violets Are Blue, 308 E. 53rd St. . . . **Season**, right, in a bright robin's-egg-blue Turkish tank top with green lacy trim, \$8; cuffed, cut-off saffron-yellow corduroy jeans, \$6; olive-green canvas shoulderbag, \$22. Betsy, Bunky & Nini, 237 East 53 Street. Both girls wear Yves Saint Laurent lace-up canvas espadrilles on rope wedge soles, \$24 at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, 855 Madison Avenue, and yellow straw hats like Huck Finn's. . . .



More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

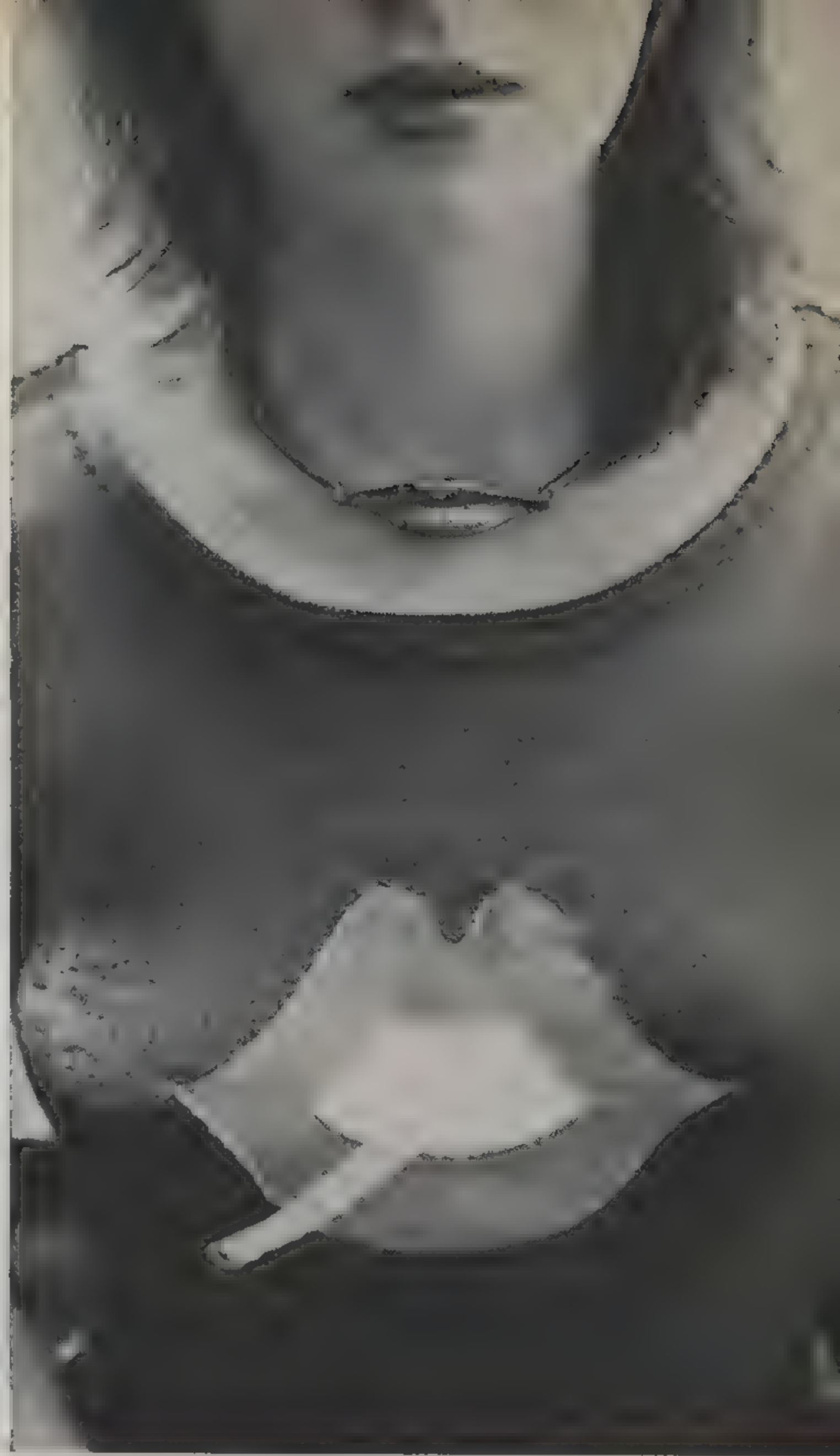
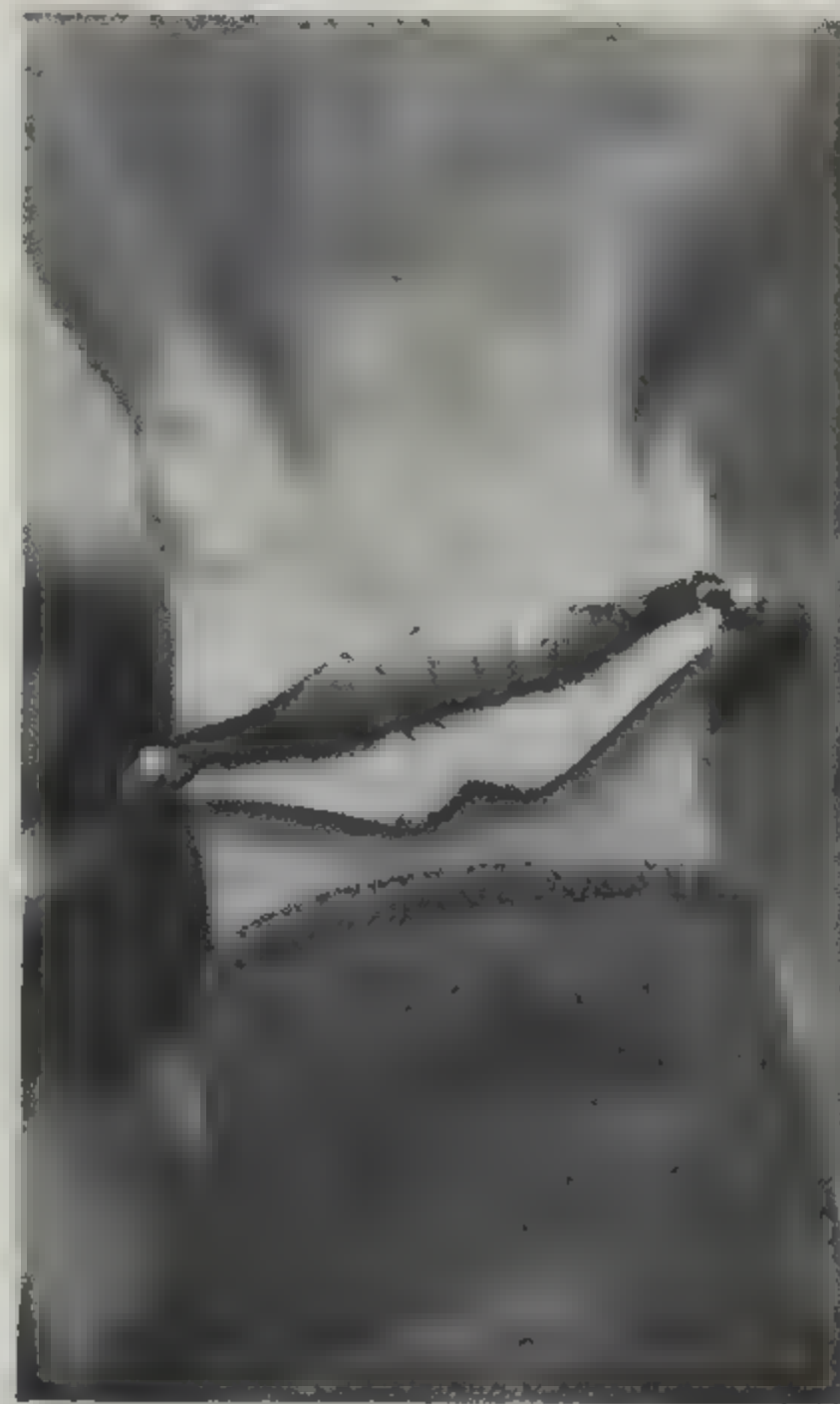


GLEAM.

Handcrafted jewelry with this excellence of design and remarkable workmanship is always a bit of good news . . . that the collection now on sale at Henri Bendel is the work of vocational students at the **Reality House** drug rehabilitation center—students who now can go on creating beautiful things—is really marvelous. Above: a silver ball ring, \$41; silver nail bracelets, \$11 each. Right, brass arm bracelet, \$24, silver-and-brass buckle, \$42.



LIPS.



MAURICE HOGENBOOM

All sorts of sexy lips, and sexy ways to wear them. . . . Now, one way would be to commission sculptor **Claude Lalanne** in Paris to cast your lips (or a lover's) in bronze—to wear on a little leather thong around the wrist, or the throat . . . and you might wear it with a pop T-shirt, red satin lips appliquéd across the front, from Mr. Freedom. . . .

AND BAGS

Left, the **Hand bag**: gold leather padded-appliqué hand on a black leather shoulderbag with braided silk cord, black tassels. By Maxine Clement for Maximilia. Henri Bendel, 10 W. 57th St., or Maxine's studio, (212) 686-4445. . . .

Right, Calvin the leather man's pretty wife, Joyce, whipping out of the new flower shop The Plant Store, at 24 E. 73rd St. **Calvin** has a new shop, too . . . Love Creations Through Calvin is now at 673 Madison Avenue, and is the place to find Joyce's patchwork snakeskin bag with the long black fringes and the patchwork snakeskin shorts. Each, \$90. . . .



(Continued from page 84)

young Kennedys first moved into a small, three-story house, 83 Beals Street, in Brookline, on which Joe Kennedy put down a borrowed \$2,000 towards its \$6,000 price. Four of their children, including John, were born in that house.]

A. T.: What about your relationship with your parents-in-law?

MRS. KENNEDY: I had a close relationship with the Kennedys. Every Sunday we visited them with the children, first in East Boston and later in Winthrop. We telephoned and always let them know the news. I believe in frequent visits.

Parents should realize that young lives are fuller than older ones and that relationships must be built up. It is up to the young ones to understand how lonely the older ones can get. Every week, in fact, I call an old friend in England to tell her the family news. I call my sister-in-law and we visit. Mothers-in-law should not impose on daughters-in-law but should let friendship and the relationship develop.

A. T.: What about being a mother?

MRS. KENNEDY: It is a vocation. Everyone teases me about the notes I write down for myself and for my family, sending off to remind various members of plans, to suggest a haircut for one child, a book for another. After one of Jack's television appearances, I sent a note that he might look better with a print tie than a plain one. He changed.

With notes, letters, phone calls we have a wide network of news. Sometimes the calls are daily. Not only from me to them but the family calling each other, calling me. We all fly a lot and there is constant visiting on the way.

A. T.: What about your relationships as a mother-in-law?

MRS. KENNEDY: I don't think of the in-law part. I get a great kick out of sons-in-law, my daughters-in-law. The relationships are easy, not stilted or artificial. Just relaxing.

They just come down here to Palm Beach when they want. No big plans. When they are here, do what they want, go their own way. Just be on time for lunch or dinner, if they are to be in. I see

that they have their favorite deserts.

A. T.: As a grandmother to your twenty-eight grandchildren?

MRS. KENNEDY: I keep *au courant* with what is going on in the world and in their worlds. They know that I think that from those to whom much has been given much is to be expected, as Luke said. There are no gaps as we are a cohesive family group, no deviousness. If I think criticism is necessary, I say so directly. That's when notes are handy. I learned that from my father. He pinned notes on himself.

At the table I put the older children together, letting the younger ones eat earlier. And we talk about national events, about what was in the morning paper or on the television news. We talked about the significance of certain religious holidays recently. Some of the children did not know about the Feast of Passover, did not know who was at the Cross when He died.

If the spread between the ages is too wide at table, the older ones do all the talking and the smaller ones all the listening. The little ones have no chance.

On Sundays, however, when the smallest ones were old enough, we had all nine children together for dinner. After Kathleen Kennedy—my oldest granddaughter, the oldest child of Bobby and Ethel—had worked during one summer with the Eskimos in Alaska and the Indians in the West, we talked at dinner about the problems of those children, of helping others.

People sometimes feel sorry for me; God has given me many joys and sorrows. He intends us to be happy, intends us to have joy as well as heartache. So many people dwell on the past. Enjoy the present. I am reminded of these favorite lines of President Kennedy's in *Ecclesiastes*: "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the Heaven: . . . A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance. . . ."

Now, I am finding joy and happiness, enrichment and fulfillment in my life with my children and grandchildren.

What is important is how we rise to tragedies and heartaches and disappointments. That is what makes us valiant. ▼

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GLORIA STEINEM

(Continued from page 92)

had occurred, so bemused by my obvious misjudgment, so flabbergasted that I said, "Oh, I didn't know you without your glasses." She whipped them onto her nose, but she was still beautiful, so different it was unbelievable, and yet with the same diffidence as when she'd been Benton's girl. She was writing something called *The Beach Book* and doing a few magazine articles. Nothing spectacular.

Nothing spectacular! The next thing I knew, Gloria Steinem had become a Pop Culture star up with Tom Wolfe and Baby Jane Holzer. My conscience hurt and my ego smarted. She wrote a sensational story for *Show* magazine after pretending to be a Playboy bunny. She was seeing the director Mike Nichols, and stories went around that Ted Sorensen had wanted to marry her. *The Beach Book* came out with an introduction by John Kenneth Galbraith. Her bylines were happening like tracer bullets.

Gloria refers to this period as a time when "I was always doing everything wrong. The bunny piece, for instance, was a disaster for me. It locked me into silly girly stuff for years. I reinforced all the problems women have by writing it and letting the notoriety of it take me over.

"At the time I guess, like most women, I was sort of shopping for the right husband. I went out with Tom Guinzburg (the book publisher) because I liked his family so much and longed to be part of something like it. I fell for the glamour and for the idea of marrying accomplishment rather than doing it myself. I was brainwashed as a woman. I was into the success, the 'important' right man for all the wrong reasons. It happened, too, with Mike Nichols—it was my fault that I let it go on and then fall apart, because I was in it for the wrong reasons. At that time I went around writing about Jacqueline Kennedy and Instant Sociology and movie stars and writers and Pop Culture.

"But things were gnawing at me. I wanted to write about politics, but no one would let me. I was beginning to meet people I respected in the Kennedy Administration."

Take Six: GOODBYE TO ALL THAT.

Gloria stopped writing just for money. She tried to soft-pedal her personal publicity. The New York literary establishment bitched: "She's just afraid to expose her affairs with Black men because it might hurt her ambitions for a future public life." At *The New York Times* they said, "If she can't stand the heat, let her stay out of the bedroom."

Gloria was hurt by this: "It's the press that 'protects' me from myself. When I'm photographed with Henry Kissinger, it's published everywhere and becomes a romantic myth, which never happened, of course. But let me be with Rafer Johnson and, though they take pictures, nobody prints them. Well, I'm proud of all my friendships, including the ones found unacceptable. And since I have no intention of running for office and wouldn't change my private life if I did, it's ridiculous." (It must be true; when Norman Mailer and Jimmy Breslin wanted Gloria on their New York mayoralty ticket, she refused: "The life is too painful for me. I couldn't be answerable for such responsibility.")

Take Seven: THE TOTAL COMMITMENT.

Whatever was in the air had captured Gloria in return. "Of course, it started for me with President Kennedy's death. But I didn't really begin to get it together until the Democratic National Convention in Chicago. That was a war, you know.

"There were pools of blood on the sidewalk where the police had beaten peace demonstrators. No one had slept in days. Everything was chaos. I'd already had a bad time, because I had to show the R.F.K. memorial film to newsmen in order to keep L.B.J.'s people from keeping it off the convention floor. I sat with a big lump in my throat all through it. John Kennedy's death was terrible, but it became more bearable every day. Bobby's death gets a little less bearable every day, because we began to see that he had been the only link between so many disparate people.

"I was crashing down the stairs in my hotel. I had on a shirt and skirt, all wrinkled. I ran into a crowd of Democratic candidates, and a reporter from *The Washington Post* rushed out, right in the middle of this hell, and said, 'Whose shirt is that you're wearing?'

(Continued on page 158)

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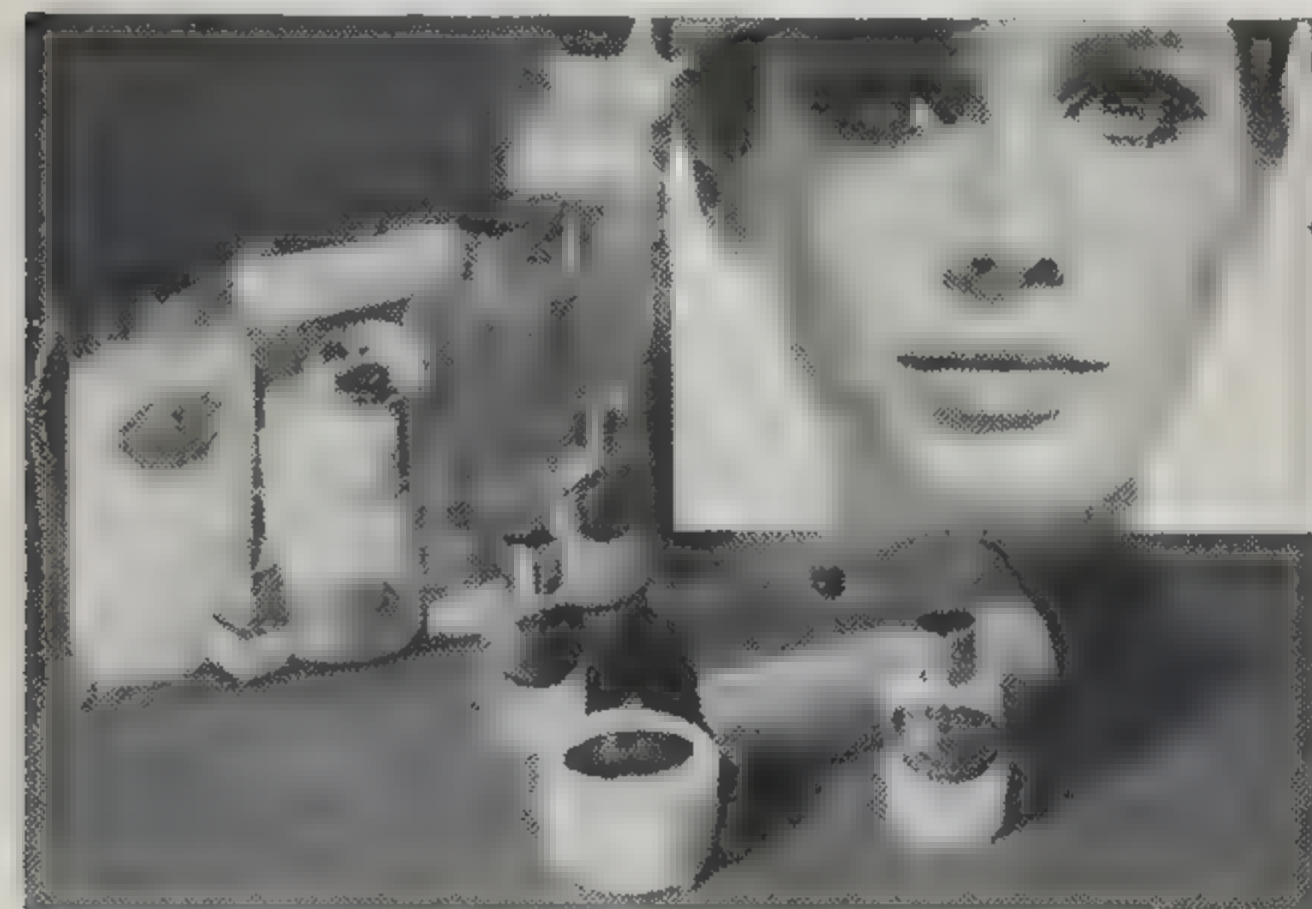


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MRS. JOHNSON

(Continued from page 110)

struggle, in the hills that begin just beyond Austin, in each tree and stick of grass. The hills toward the ranch emerge suddenly from the plain and, with them, the bleak flat land is swiftly altered: roughed, rolled, flaked, eviscerated. Gullies push into the hills, lifting out the limestone and seashells that came from the seas that once washed over Texas. Below the vast, open sky, there is the fight for life.

Nature does supply the metaphors in Texas. For Mrs. Johnson—out of the Depression, the public years, but mostly from her lonely East Texas childhood—there has always been "the world out there, a relief and a comfort, beckoning me like the pink crêpe myrtle that grew so high that it waved outside the second-story bedroom of the house where I was born." Taking a walk, her favorite sport, she nods right and left, reciting the names of plants and birds as they come into view, as if she were greeting old friends. It is the fervent manner, acquired in an isolated childhood, charming to please, of a personality caught between her maiden Aunt Effie who raised her—"she wasn't of this world"—and her practical father. She can call up at the spring sky, "Look—the first scissor-tailed flycatchers," and, for a moment, she is free of her shy, intense reserve.

This year's drought in central Texas, of disaster proportions, is causing Mrs. Johnson deep concern. The effect on the local farmers and ranchers is ruinous, many rivers and creeks are dry, deer and other wildlife dead on the rocky beds where they sought water. With the other members of the garden clubs of Johnson City and Stonewall, two small towns near the ranch, she has put on jeans, picked up a shovel, and placed plants and trees in the ground. Now, she passes the plantings with worry. How to get them water?

Mrs. Johnson seems to be re-making the whole Texas landscape in her mind's eye: About the Lower Colorado River that feebly courses through Austin, "I'd like to see flowering trees like the ones on the Potomac." About the faces of a row of old buildings, "Wouldn't it be wonderful to see flowers smiling from all these windows?" About the bare silhouette of the new John-

son library, "If only it weren't so stark." Bill McLaughlin, the young Supervisor of Landscape for the University of Texas System, who worked with her on the plantings on the overlook facing the Johnson Library (the overlook, a farewell gift from the Committee for a More Beautiful Capital), was delighted by the help her thorough understanding of his problems gave him in keeping the old, twisted live oaks on the limestone hill alive with only six inches of topsoil to hold moisture. The trees had not been in architect Gordon Bunshaft's original plans. In fact, Mrs. Johnson rescued the two-hundred-year-old trees from the bulldozer.

Last year, Mrs. Johnson gave her first award of one thousand dollars to the Texas highway maintenance man who had done the most to beautify the highways. The winner, Joe Derrick of Stephenville, studied the flowering patterns of the wildflowers in his area and mowed the rights-of-way along his stretches of highway after the wildflowers had seeded. In Texas, Mrs. Johnson feels that there is much she can accomplish that wasn't possible on the national level. In Austin, she hopes to plant flowering trees—"as far as the eye can see"—on the Lower Colorado River. In an old section of Austin, an old Greek temple of a post office has been refurbished, renamed in her honor to be used as a university building, and linked by a court and fountain with another refurbished building. In Johnson City, a tree-and-bench-filled park, given by Time Inc., in her honor, is cater-cornered from an architecturally first-rate new small post office, built in native stone, that seems to come straight out of Texas's Spanish past.

"Lyndon and I both have a deep sense of oneness with the land. At twenty-six, Lyndon was appointed state administrator—the youngest in the country—for the National Youth Administration and he began to build roadside parks, almost a thousand in a year, with tables and benches. Those were the first roadside parks in America, I believe. That's how I first became interested in beautification. It was Lyndon who showed me what was possible."

If Mr. Johnson has set the pace, Mrs. Johnson has steadily kept her own gait. "When we were married, I didn't know a thing about politics so Lyndon

told me to learn the names of the county seats and the outstanding men in each town. It was a good lesson." Scared by crowds and worried she had nothing to say, Mrs. Johnson didn't make speeches for her husband until he ran for the Senate in 1948. The separation from Texas, her old friends, even her daughters, had begun.

Since January, 1969, the fences have been rapidly removed from Mrs. Johnson's life. She is entirely at home. She is the sort of truly unpretentious American—fast disappearing—of unquestioning kindness and a quiet, unassertive generosity that keeps to itself. The doubts about her sincerity that caused the Eastern press in particular to flog her drawl and snigger at her Texas ways have largely disappeared. ("Certainly, I thought about what they said, but I quickly decided it was their problem, not mine.") But the new Mrs. Johnson is not much more believable than the old one. An editor on *The New York Times* once commissioned a story on her; and, when the reporter after some fifty interviews couldn't find anything bad to report, the editor killed the story. A well-known Republican woman, who didn't meet Mrs. Johnson until she was in the White House but became an instant convert, has said, "Anything she stands for, I'll back." Friends were long ago resigned that no camera would catch the high color of her eyes and skin nor microphone hear the real vitality of her voice. One friend said, "She doesn't want to be a beauty. It's only Lyndon's admiration that touches her."

Mrs. Johnson has turned her self-doubt into a rigorous program of self-improvement. "I never stopped asking myself questions. I learned not to take no as an answer, even from myself."

Nowhere is her self-mastery more evident than in her career in business. Mrs. Johnson's success gave her husband the financial backing to pursue his political career with great freedom. Now worth over six million dollars, the Texas Broadcasting Corporation is operated with the simple directness that must have served her father in his general store.

Mrs. Johnson's notes and letters to her husband, now in the collection of the Johnson Library, (Continued on page 158)

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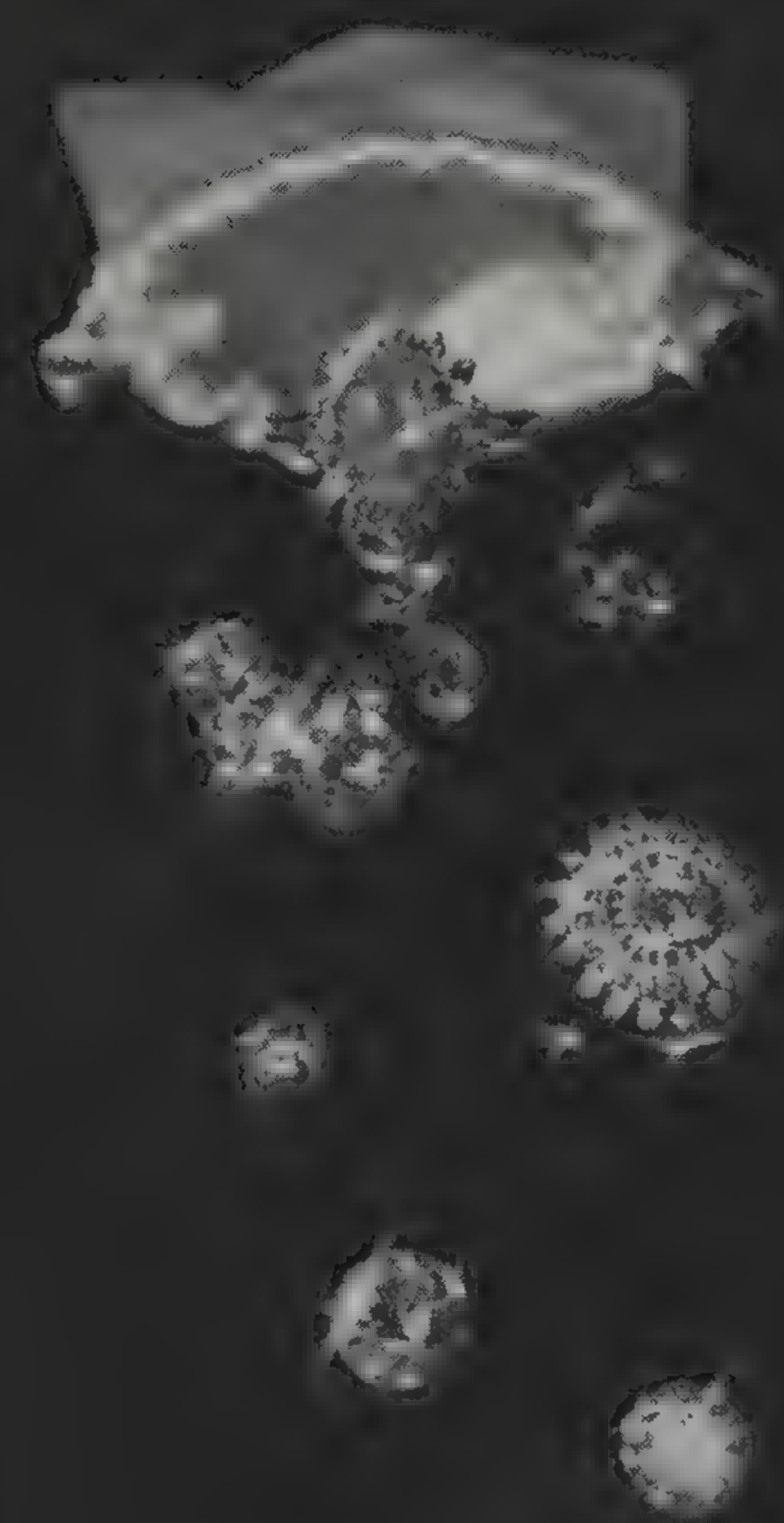
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Is it wrong to desire beauty?

RAPE

(Continued from pages 108-109)

SHE: feels a guilt that can only be rationalized by shifting the responsibility to the woman.

That was not what this "victim" suggested. She suggested rather that all rapists be castrated. There were cries of "right on," and applause. Her justice was of the Old Testament kind: the justice that stoned the adulteress, cut off the hand of the thief. This was escalation, no longer "a man" raping "a woman" but "Man" raping "Woman." The discussion of rape was not being used toward "consciousness raising" but as a retreat into the unconscious where the knife hangs ready as a final solution. It was a solution that started me thinking about Moroccan women.

For the better part of three years, I've lived in a country where the liberation of women is in its infancy. Brides are still bartered, adultery is still punishable by stoning, and a man may still occasionally divorce his wife simply by stating his wish to do so. Women do much of the work, manual as well as domestic. At home, sons remain, idle and spoiled. If there is a donkey or a

horse, the man rides and the woman follows on foot. Women wear veils. And the presumption of a veil is that a look rapes. In a mountain village, a husband returning from a day's hunting looked up toward his home to find his wife standing in the doorway. He shot her between the eyes. Not because she had been raped. But because she might have been, by a look, and he dishonored.

Yet the power of the Moroccan woman is as old as purdah. For out of powerlessness before their religion and law—one and the same—they have worked out a reciprocity that not only helps protect them but makes their men fear them. Impotence, fevers, blindness, insanity—women are believed to be invested with the magic to inflict one or all of these, unflinchingly. These women could not imagine a speak-out. But they tell their stories privately at home. There they concoct their revenges and pass their judgments. They are as involved in their own submission as any unliberated woman and as aware of their power within it as their more liberated sisters, American women.

If the presumption of a veil

is that a look rapes, our veils are off. As I was forced to think of rape as a metaphor, I found I had to take this idea to its logical conclusion, to the greatest rape of all: war. War, made by men to protect those back home, meaning women and children. We are accomplices, as we are accomplices in the system that supports it. I feel I share with all women an inadequate sense of physical danger. I, too, would think "this can't be happening to me." Because our role as women has accustomed us to expect and accept the protection of men, we are numb to danger, numb to our responsibility for the very "rape" we are victims of. We consent to a society that gives us roles with consequences of which we are largely unaware. We consent to the debasement, rape of our language. We consent to the rape of our landscape, and finally to the rape of the self that is happening to all of us without regard to sex.

I cannot believe that by treating men as an enemy, a collective brute force of which we are the victims, we will do anything other than perpetuate a situation that prevents men and women from distinguishing themselves.

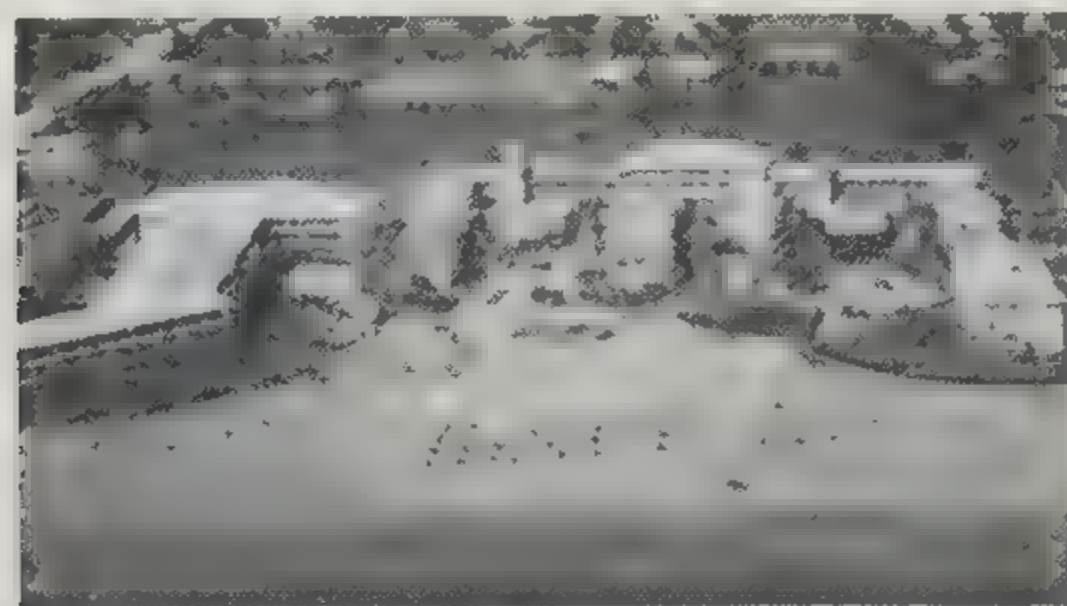
Distinguish means to achieve distinction. It also means to acknowledge difference, and not a difference that makes one unequal. If women only want a power take-over, if they only wish to replace men as manipulators of a "rape" in which our lack of consent is beyond our knowing and the rapist is a faceless, sexless offender, I do not see the possibility of liberation for man or woman, or the survival of a movement which could begin a genuine revolution. ▼

HE: point that the woman does not always have to play the role of victim. She looked like Barbarella, the female astronaut, in a blue jump suit zippered down the front, with her hair in a single braid that fell below her shoulders. She said that when a man pinned her to the wall in an alley, she asked herself: "Why do I have to let him do this to me?" She let out a yell, the man ran, she chased him, threw a brick at him, and knocked him to the ground. Her solution to the problem of rape was efficient, if somewhat extreme. "A drug addict," she said, "they take away his needle; an alcoholic, they take away his bottle; a hit-and-run (Continued on page 157)

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TENSION

(Continued from page 121)

visits with the wife. Her tension was gone. She had decided that she would like to work things out and keep the marriage. My reply was that she could probably manage since she had greater awareness and strength but that everything depended on whether her husband would accept professional help, which he needed. It was he who had so severely repressed genuine feelings and that was what had caused her to feel isolated.

A word needs to be said about therapy. The orthodox Freudian psychoanalysis now seems more and more to give way to shorter-term treatment that many doctors call psychotherapy. It aims to acquaint a troubled person with the psychodynamics that are the inner functioning of the mind or, more specifically, the unconscious interaction from the moment a stimulus or signal is picked up by the brain and the specific reaction that is taken. This type of treatment also gives support to a person in distress and helps him to make decisions even when there is as yet no full knowledge of the pattern of behavior and the forces which formed a specific behavior-pattern in childhood. In short, the therapist acquaints the patient with the awareness of why he behaves the way he does, and beyond this helps him break a pattern that makes him unhappy or is outright destructive.

The housewife described in this case was tense because she was trapped in an unhappy situation. She did not allow herself to see the reality. She repressed and actually denied her anger and frustration because awareness would demand action for which she was not ready. The ambivalence about her marriage, her love-hate conflict kept her confused and so she chose to suffer rather than face the grim facts of her situation.

However, once she had decided to seek help, she felt her energy, her spontaneity, and her sense of humor returning. The hope of being able to work out the problems with her husband helped her regain the security she had lost and approach the difficult task of readjustment with confidence and good will.

How much happier all of us would be if we would learn to understand ourselves a little better

—not that image we present to the outside world but the image we have about ourselves, in depth, with all the anxieties, self-doubts, and lack of security.

Let us look at the history of a young woman who seemed to have everything going for her. Why should she be troubled by insecurity and tension?

The young woman, let us call her Audrey, was twenty and unmarried. She was fairly tall, slim, and strikingly beautiful. She was pursued by a swarm of eligible young men, but she was not impressed by any of them. Those who were making a lot of money she disliked the most. Those who displayed over-affectionate Don Juan attitudes, with their hands all over her, she would cut off at once demanding to be taken home, sometimes even before they finished dinner.

Why did she come to see me? She had seen another doctor for a while because of her unbearable restlessness and tension mixed with fits of depression. She went to school and dropped out. She could not stand living with her parents and their "phony" values and their "phony" rich friends.

Her father finally allowed her to live by herself in New York, but living alone was no cure for her restlessness. Weekends she went to visit her parents in near-by Connecticut.

Before every weekend she built up an immense state of tension, but she did not dare to tell her parents that she did not want to come. Each time the display of parental love left her utterly exhausted.

Audrey was a difficult patient. She was late for appointments or skipped them, watching to see what my reaction would be, delighted when I told her that her father had to pay for the time she missed. But one day I caught her by surprise by bluntly asking how long she intended to play her little game. When she became aware that I would not play along, she blushed and turned into a most intense, alert, hard-working patient.

Her chief problem was the constant clashes she had with her father and, not being able to trust him, she distrusted all men. It was an intense love-hate involvement. I met with both parents. The father was a distinguished-looking industrialist who became successful by his own efforts. The mother was a still

pretty, slightly overweight, well-groomed woman who remained passive most of the time.

The father was genuinely interested and concerned about his daughter. "Nothing anyone can do with her. She has a will of her own," he said. He complained of how extravagant she was and the enormous bills she accumulated. I asked where she was getting the money. . . . "She has credit cards." . . . Who gave them to her? . . . "I did," said the father. "I guess I spoiled her."

She was tense with men because she was afraid of their either being overly critical or as cold and uninvolved as her own father was. But there were times when her father could display a warm interest. The problem Audrey had was his stress on intellectual achievement and there Audrey failed. Though she was bright, she felt defeated before she talked. She felt that she would end up in any discussion with her father by being inadequate, childish, and a disappointment to him.

Audrey considered herself a total failure. She had set unrealistically high standards to please her father, hoping one day to be accepted by him. And as every attempt failed, she became increasingly angry with him, saying that she hated him and sinking into states of depression.

Audrey began to realize that she was attracted to men who were like her father—tall, attractive, with sharp intellects, but men who were or seemed to be cold. Audrey has a long way to go to break her conditioning and develop a sense of independence.

One problem this young woman shared with many others was her lack of a sense of self-worth and her nagging sense of insecurity. And then there is the problem with men and with sex. Women say they are free about that old hang-up of sex. But denying it does not do away with the anxiety and guilt about it. They still resent their "inferior role" of waiting to be asked by a man to go out. And many women question how feminine they are and how well they perform sexually. The degree of inadequacy and insecurity in this area is astonishing, especially among the attractive, sincere, and hard-working girls.

CAN WE PREVENT TENSION? Since tension is a symptom of an inner battle, we must learn to be aware of what troubles us. If there is battle we can

expect battle-fatigue as an early symptom. We may lose our sense of humor or we may withdraw, we may feel quickly offended. We may quarrel readily or we may become depressed. We must learn to recognize the early warning signals and question whether the problems we are worrying about are real or imaginary, whether we are dealing with a growing sense of failure or a forerunner of depression. We must learn to listen to the voices within telling us that we are unhappy and why. Like the married woman described in the first case history, we can make ourselves so numb that we are hardly aware of our unhappiness or, when questioned, may even deny it.

Once we recognize prolonged states of tension or a growing intensity of it, we may wonder what we can do to break their force and help the mind and body relax. Keeping in mind that there is conflict and that we inhibit an aggressive desire to act out, we can "sublimate" the aggression. We can channel stirred or bound-up energy into physical activities. . . . One young woman said, "If you tell me once more to play tennis, I will be really angry." . . . Physical exercise is immensely helpful but doing something with one's hands, such as sculpture, helps the brain to

switch from a conflict situation to an activity which becomes creative the more one gets involved. The same is true of painting.

AND THE CURE? A pill to reduce tension is a poor substitute for the recognition of inner trouble. I have no quarrel with taking a pill, but the aim must be to restore a state of balanced functioning, either alone or with professional help.

Self-awareness will not only eliminate or certainly greatly reduce a woman's tension but allow her to function as she should with more ease and pleasure and a greater sense of fulfillment. Although I know that no woman can tolerate weakness in a man and his submission to her because deep within her she needs his strength and wishes a man to stop her aggression, I also believe that a great deal of a woman's tension would fade away if men would be a bit more realistic and seek in women less divinity and more femininity.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Hutschnecker, a graduate of Friedrich Wilhelm Institute in Berlin, has practiced in New York since 1936—first as an internist; later, convinced that mind and body are one, he became a specialist in psychotherapy. He is the author of The Will to Live and The Will to Happiness.*

RAPE

(Continued from page 155)

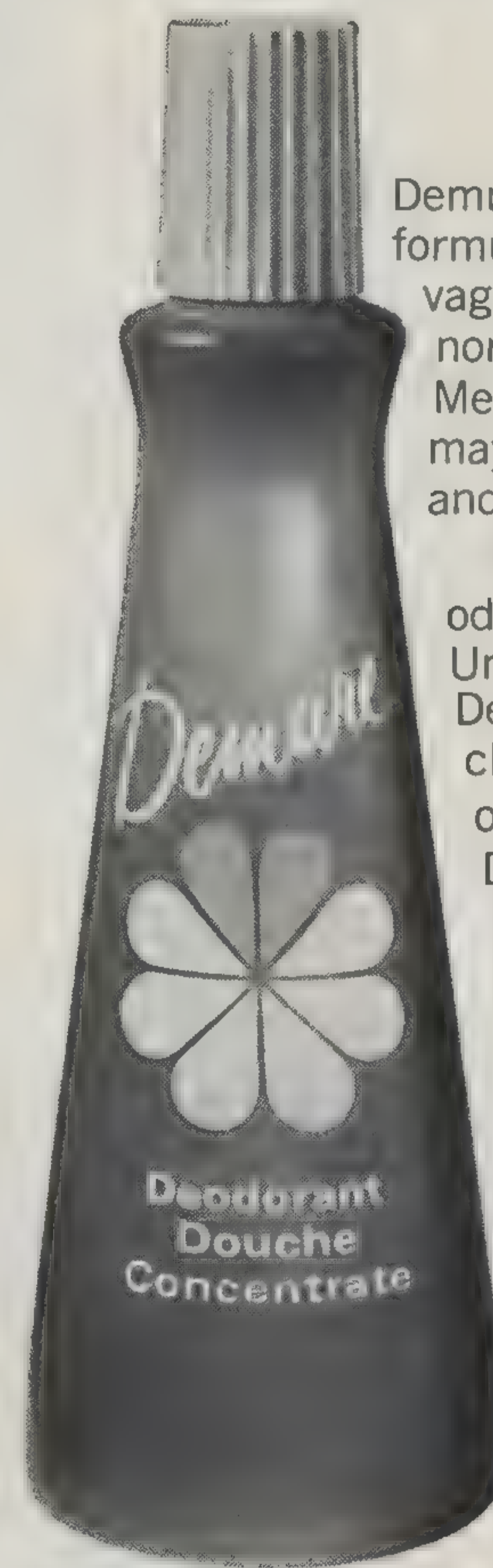
driver, they take away his license; so with this kind of man, the answer is: Castrate him." The analogy made me feel uneasy. I found myself instinctively crossing my legs. I felt the girl was telling us less about the rape attempt against her than about herself, and I wondered whether to attribute her castration compulsions to this single encounter with a rather timorous rapist.

As enlightening as these cases of symbolic, metaphorical, and attempted rape were, the real problem remains the danger of physical rape, particularly in the natural environment for predators that the cities have become. I don't believe in collective guilt; but after hearing roughly twenty young women tell about being raped, I began to wonder about collective responsibility. Rape is the specific masculine crime. In this sense, I wonder whether all men are not to some extent responsible for rapists. Perhaps the attempt to make the woman

share in the blame is part of man's refusal to face his collective responsibility. This is most evident in the attitude of the police, which seems to be based on the belief that "it's the ones that want it get raped," and its corollary: "It's not a serious rape if no assault has been committed."

Detectives pursue a line of questioning based on the assumption that some degree of enticement is involved. This is what bothers me. To many men, rape is "just routine." Until it happens to your wife, or your sister. Men must realize that rape is not something unpleasant that happens to unknown women. Rape is the sexual form of violence. And violence for a man is both a conquest and an abdication. It is a test of his seriousness, and a proof of his failure. Without violence, or the threat of violence, the rapist cannot commit his act. With violence, he forfeits the advantages that consent might bring and violates the social contract that every man must negotiate with every woman. And for this violation, every man is in some part responsible. ▼

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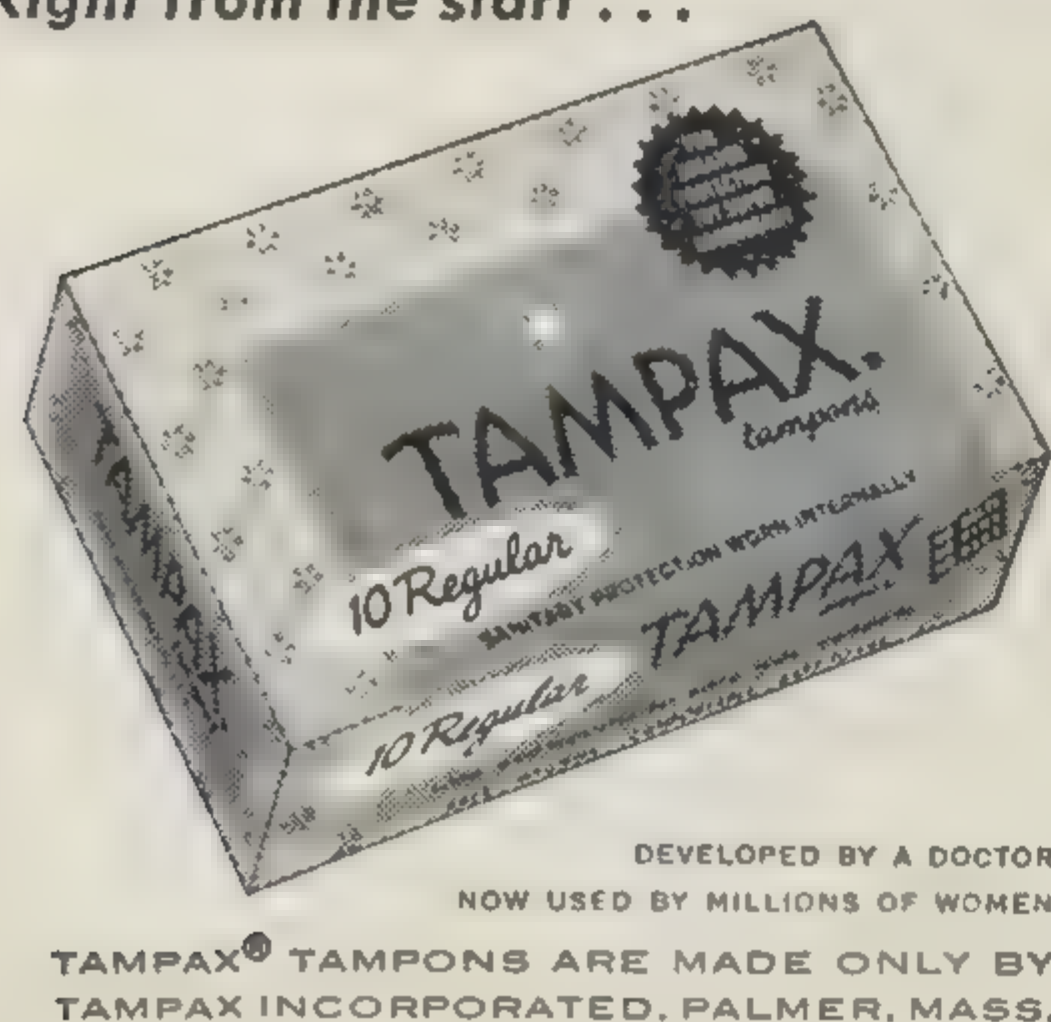
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GLORIA STEINEM

(Continued from page 150)

"I said something like 'Get away from me, you f— lady!' It's as good an example as any of the roles we force on each other, asking silly things, holding teas in the middle of street battles."

Gloria, who gets fed up with being described as efficient and cool, says she really went to pieces later, after the ten days' traveling with the Nixon campaign. Asked the question she sometimes asks people, "Do you cry often?" she said, "Not often, but when I do, I can't stop. I ended my Nixon piece describing myself in tears, but I toned it down. The truth was I went back to the press plane and couldn't stop crying. Nice people tried to comfort me, but I kept sobbing. My friend Barbara Nessim used to cry every day, but I don't know how to cry for just a minute. And, yes, I have cried since then—over a man and a situation I thought was impossible."

"As for the changes in my life, I can't say I have had any big sudden revelations. The changes came about gradually. I didn't make concrete decisions. When I went to work for *New York* magazine, I thought I'd still do a lot of conventional things; then I found out I couldn't."

"Many people go through a social-butterfly stage; you have that party thing going for you. You wonder if by not going out you may be missing something. Now I really don't care. I'd rather see my lover, talk to Dorothy, or be by myself. My idea of a big evening is to sit at

home with one person I love, watching old movies and eating Sara Lee cake.

"Women's Liberation is very important to me, but in a way it's just a part of life now, not a cause. Life's experience influenced me toward it. I had been rebelling privately, hoping no one would notice. Then, about two years ago, I went to a meeting of the radical Women's Lib group Redstockings, called to protest the absurd abortion hearings held by the New York State legislature at which fourteen men and a nun were asked to testify. I can't think of a more moving occasion, hearing all these women get up and speak of the humiliation and danger of getting abortions. After all, one out of every three American women has one; that's almost as bad as the common cold. That meeting made me understand that women are oppressed together, and so, have to get together. Race, economic condition, and sexual preference don't matter. We are all women."

Gloria was sitting folded up neatly on the floor of her New York apartment. The living room has a sleeping balcony hidden up over a North African bower, all upholstered in cushioned orange-and-red batik. It is an exotic room with parquet floors, glass tables, a fireplace, and Gloria's Indian "chachkies" scattered around. The rest of the apartment is chiefly a study where two phones ring constantly, books flow in tidal waves off of stacks, posters of everyone from George Wallace to Isak Dinesen (Gloria's favorite writer) to Bogart to Che Guevara to Bobby Kennedy line the walls. In one

corner is a magnificent photograph of the late Senator, gratefully inscribed from his wife.

Gloria sat stroking "Crazy Alice," a large grey cat. The brown eyes were hidden behind the blue glasses. "I just wear these all the time now because I can't bother with my contacts. Any woman who spends more than fifteen minutes getting herself ready to face the world is just screwing herself."

When I asked what size dress she wears, she said, "You'd never ask a man his suit size." When I asked what brand of cigarette she smokes, she said, "Pall Mall—because of the red package." This let me know that she's no movie star willing to be treated like a second-class citizen and that too many silly interview questions have already been asked of too many women. But she added, "I don't inhale."

Since many people believe Gloria to be on the side of the angels, I sought out which angel might be her guardian. It has to be Anabel, the one in charge of curing stupidity. I remembered how she questioned Hugh Hefner in a rare interview where her irritation with him showed through every line. Finally she asked, "What would you like on your tombstone?"

So I asked her the same. A pause. Then in that unforgettable Ohio timbre that is either enthralling or irritating thousands these days: "Oh, I guess, HERE LIES A GOOD PERSON. I mean it in the Jewish sense, a person with a good heart. That's how I'd like to be remembered, as somebody who tried to change things, to leave a little less pain in the world." ▼

MRS. JOHNSON

(Continued from page 152)

have a rhetorical ring, an echo perhaps of the books she read in her East Texas childhood. History for her is theater, a spectacle at which she has been often a startled, "wildly exhilarated" onlooker. "I've learned a lot from my association with the world. I grew up in deep Texas and the changes that have come during my years, particularly in civil rights, would have shocked the life out of me at seventeen. But Lyndon kept leading me further and further from that past. It scared me, but somehow I had the courage to follow him."

That's the grit of Lady Bird

Johnson. The enormous strength that comes from her marriage is that it doesn't depend on everything's coming up roses. If something has to be done, she'll do it. She'll make the speeches and shake the hands to get back to the Pedernales. Marriage for her is a way of a life, a vocation.

Life on the plains is tough, and one folk myth has it that old folks in rockers on sagging porches get to look more and more like one another until they are indistinguishable. A joke about devotion, really. An observance of what endures.

The road to the ranch passes the small Johnson family graveyard with its low rock wall and cast-iron gate and its heavy shady trees. A mile down the river, Mr.

Johnson was born. "The local folks like a good joke," said Mrs. Johnson. "One old farmer said to another, 'Well, Lyndon's come a long way.' 'Yow,' said the other, 'bout a mile.'"

Dirt isn't worth much in Texas. Only what it produces: cattle and oil. Frontier wisdom has it that for peace of soul a man should take up the work of women and old men, cooking and fishing. Perhaps, Mrs. Johnson with her shovel and burlap-balled sapling has tapped something valuable in her past, a lesson from the farm women of her childhood, transforming something menial and low into promise.

Across the river in Fredericksburg, Mrs. Johnson said, they're praying for rain. ▼

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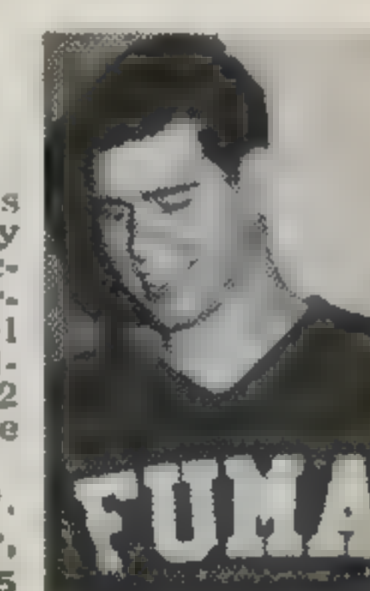
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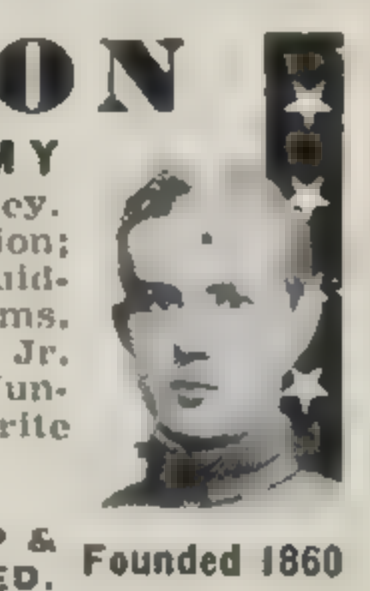
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MARRIAGE

(Continued from pages 106-107)

HE: of Molly blazed in my mind like the white-hot sunlight I remember from my childhood in the back of my parents' Pierce-Arrow touring car. And still the best was yet to come. We are still looking forward to brighter and more joyous experiences as a couple, even though our future as citizens of the world seems gloomier than ever. I find it ironic that in all my years of creepdom and failure, I never resorted to what Leonard Cohen calls "the universal alibi" by affixing my ills to the world. But now that I am personally happy with Molly, I find myself cosmically depressed. And yet as the character in *Les Enfants du Paradis* says, of a couple living together without loving each other, that if everybody who lived together loved each other, the earth would be so bright it would blot out the rays of the sun. Molly and I are only one couple, and I am sure there are many others, and who knows at what point a domestic principle becomes cosmic? ▼

SHE: lieving that the soul I had glimpsed would eventually rise to the fore.

The problem was getting through, to use a favorite Sarrisism, the personas. Here was Andrew, this Greek intellectual from Brooklyn and Queens, acting alternately like Sammy Glick and Leslie Howard; and here was Scarlett O'Hara who had sold her land and come to the Big City to groove on Sartre and rap about relationships.

I give this information only to indicate that whereas most people manage to put at least one

good foot forward, Andrew came on like a one-man disaster area; and it was all gold mining (with a little reclamation) after that. In the first five minutes, I knew everything bad there was to know. I knew—or would've if I'd stopped to put it into words—that he wouldn't be able to build bookshelves or remember birthdays or plan or save or relax, or retire without reading all the newspapers (fortunately reduced to three shortly thereafter) or enjoy vacations or throw things away. I also knew—or would've if I'd stopped to think—that he wouldn't care if I gave him soda crackers for breakfast and hot dogs for dinner (and that anything more would, if noticed, be ecstatically appreciated), that he had been coddled and overprotected, and that if he couldn't buy himself clothes or clean his apartment, he had the things that counted: an ego as strong as iron, the disposition of an angel, and an enormous capacity to love. What's more, Andrew's ambition to communicate and his power drive are perfect antidotes to my overrefined and re-tiring temperament. He pushes and encourages me, and corrects, in his practical aggressiveness, my own tendency to get lost in introspective self-pity.

And what does he get from me in return, besides good conversation—we still talk on the phone three times a day—and an occasional gourmet meal? As wives go, I'm more of a luxury than a necessity. I sometimes think Andrew should've married a secretary, somebody who would have devoted herself to him and his career. As Andrew said, "She would have taken it out on me in other ways." ▼

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 144-145; other views, yardages, details)

Near right: The shirt extended into a straight, buttoned shirtdress with patch pockets. Size 10 requires 27 $\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 45" fabric.

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CANDICE BERGEN

(Continued from page 79)

It seemed natural to extend the fantasy to the furnishings—games and toys: a wheel of fortune; a telescope; a plastic porpoise in the bathroom; a hand-decorated desk chair and hand-painted lampshades of pastel pastorals I'd like to curl up and live in—things I love to look at and things that make me smile.

The vast reaches of the bedroom constitute a spatial experience that was, at first, like waking up in an airplane hangar.

For reasons I am at pains to explain and have subsequently outgrown, I wanted a rainbow for a headboard. Jay, a Frank Stella devotee, designed it and the

graphics are superb.

However, the word "nursery" does spring to mind upon entering the room. I call it my "arrested-growth room," since on its completion I realized I was living in never-never land. It was, indeed, the perfect child's room, I saw somewhat to my horror, and incriminating evidence of my infantilism. Still, the bedroom, or Rainbow Room, banked with windows, crowned with skylights and crammed with sunshine, is the happiest room of all.

To fall asleep with the city blinking just beyond my brass bed, a full moon cached in a pine in the skylight over my head, floating the room in white night light, is the stuff dreams are made of. And in the morning, to look

up and see birds circling over me and to watch the dawn making soft changes on the hills before me is a grand way to start the day.

When I got my house, I thought, mystically somehow it would change my life because it was, after all, a mystical house. Well, it didn't act as the creative catalyst I thought it would. Obviously. But it did effect some change: my life is tracked with the footprints of plumbers, roofers, painters, electricians, and exterminators. I have broadened my horizon of friends.

Now the house is no more or less important than it should be. But I love it, it lets me outwit the city, and whatever its magic it works for me. ▼

LILY TOMLIN

(Continued from page 103)

speak frankly without risking much.

TOMLIN: In a way, but Edith Ann is *alive*. At first, the network executives didn't appreciate Edith Ann. They'd ask questions: "Is she retarded?" "Why is her hair so stringy?" "Is her face dirty?" "Why does she talk so funny—is that a raspberry?" But I knew she was a *person*. I think she'll outlive Ernestine. I like it when Edith Ann comments on the news:

EDITH ANN (in an adenoidal, contemplative voice): *You know what they could do? They could take a germ and they could put it in a box and then they could take the box and they could drop it on a person and it could eat your guts out. It's real sickening. But it's interesting—and that's the truth-th-th.*

KENT: Susie Sorority of the Silent Majority seems anything but a misfit.

TOMLIN (shuddering): Susie is downright disgusting. She's got a good look about her and she's identifiable. But she's a nonperson! She parrots what she hears. She's completely adopted her parents' values. If she's not an anachronism, then she's a throwback. She wishes it were 1955 and everything were beautiful: **SUSIE SORORITY** (in a timid, thin-as-eggshell voice): *I'm a charter member of YACF, that's Young Americans for Connie Francis. Now there's a person who has a lot of problems—like what to wear to entertain the troops, things like that. But you don't see Connie shooting glue or smoking acid or turning down or getting low or smelling those*

LSMFT tablets. No sir, when something upsets Connie, she just sings her little heart out and the troubles of the world . . . disappear.

KENT: Some critics have said your characters are parodies of parodies on women. What comments are you making on women?

TOMLIN: I don't make comments on women. I make comments on people.

KENT: Why do you suppose Ernestine is the most popular?

TOMLIN (exploding in mystified delight): I had no idea that Ernestine was going to strike a nerve in so many people—in telephone operators yet! People love it when you attack monoliths, headcrushers like the phone company. I mean, where else can you go? There's only one phone company, right?

At first, the phone company was very offended by Ernestine's comments on the poor service and the invasions of privacy—I should hope so, I didn't do it for nothing!—but later they offered me half a million dollars for a nationwide series of television commercials. I turned it down.

Of course, I *had* done commercials when I was relatively unknown. But now I'm known. And I don't want to lend credibility to a *crummy* product—or to any product. It was no problem to say, "No!" I simply didn't want to suffer the anguish of selling out. But I *do* plug my record album called *This is a Recording* which features Ernestine and is [she hesitates, then smiles sideways] . . . selling out.

KENT: Is there an erotic side to Ernestine? She's always touching herself?

TOMLIN (tastefully oblique): Ernestine is lonely. I think people who don't relate well to others touch themselves a lot.

KENT: I read somewhere that you don't ever want to marry.

TOMLIN (raising her voice and lowering her eyes): I said I'm not *looking* to get married. *Married?* The word doesn't even work on my ear anymore.

KENT: Do you ever censor your routines? Are some too strong for certain audiences?

TOMLIN: There *are* taboos in television, but I don't consciously censor anything—and I've gotten bolder as I've become better known. And I have wonderful, strong stuff recalled from my childhood:

RICH LADY: *Poor Lady! Yes, I'm talkin' to you standin' there in that old raggedy dress and them torn-up shoes. You see this beautiful dress that I'm wearin'? Well, my father paid a whole lot of money for it. And you see these beautiful shoes that I'm wearin'? My father paid a whole lot of money for them. And you look out yonder on that river at that big yacht? My father paid a whole lot of money for it. . . .*

POOR LADY (interrupting): *Hold on! Wait a minute, Rich Lady! Oh, you see this old raggedy dress that I'm wearin'? Well, my father has a long white robe waitin' for me. And you see these old raggedy shoes that I'm wearin'? Well, my father has a pair of golden slippers waitin' for me. And you look out yonder at that yacht that your father paid a lot of money for? That river that that yacht is sittin' on? That river belongs to my father . . . 'cause he's the King of Kings. He's the King of Kings.* ▼



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